THE Merry Musician;

OR, A CURE for the SPLEEN:

BEING A COLLECTION of the most diverting SONGS and pleasant BALLADS set to the VIOLIN and FLUTE; adapted to every Taste and Humour.

Let other Arts in Senseless Matter reign,
Mimick in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain;
Musick, the mighty Artist Man, can rule.
As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul.

VOL. III.

London, Printed for and sold by John Walsh *Musick Printer and Instrument-maker to his Majesty at the Harp & Hoboy in Catherine Street in the Strand.* Price Bound 3s. N°335

9 37. 21.
22.

A TABLE of the SONGS.

A

And gin ye meet a bonny Laſſie . . . 13
As ſwift as Time 33
A ſlighted Shepherd 62
Ah! ſtay ye wanton Gales 69
At Dead of Night 82
As in a Grove 85
A Cock of a humour gay 123
At *Athens* in the Market Place 124
A Ladys antient Lap-Dog 126
As *Silvia* in a Forreſt lay 129
As gentle turtle Doves 149
Aſk not the Cauſe why ſullen Spring 151
As on a Sunſhine Summers Day 164

B

Believe my Sighs 7
Beneath a ſhady Willow 17
By ſmooth winding *Tay* 78
Betty early gone a Maying 87
Behold the Skilful Artiſt's Hand . . 142
By a murmering Stream a fair Shepherdeſs lay 146

C

Charming *Chloe* look with Pity 18
Come cheer up your Hearts 20
Celemene my Heart 34
Come Laſſie lend 52
Cloe when I view thee ſmiling 71
Coſmelia's charms 96

TABLE of the SONGS.

Come all ye Sons of Adam ... 105
Could Gold immortalize a Man ... 119
Celia thou Faireſt of the Fair ... 161

D

Dame *Jane* a ſprightly Nun ... 63

F

Farewel to *Lochaber* ... 5
Fooliſh Women fly Mens charms ... 112
Females form'd for Loving ... 122
Freedom is a real Pleaſure ... 140

G

Gay *Bacchus* liking *Eſtcourt's* Wine ... 36
Gentle Air thou Breath of Lovers ... 80
Give me a Laſs ... 89
Gaffer and Gammer ... 90
Genteel in Perſonage ... 97
Gay *Myra* Toaſt of all the Town ... 185

H

Hail *Janus* ... 84
How much Egregious *Moore* ... 172

I

I will awa wi' my Love ... 11
If you by ſordid views ... 39
I that was once great ... 57
I'll face ev'ry danger ... 102
I now have an ambition ... 113

L

Love bid me hope ... 145

M

Myra reflect how oft the Year ... 15

TABLE of the SONGS.

Make haſte and away mine only Dear 98
My Paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong .153
My Time O ye Muſes .169

O

Oh Love what cruel Pangs .28
O *Bell* thy looks .76
O were Thorſday but come .132
O cruel Tyrant Love .137
One Night when all the Village ſlept .166

P

Pain'd with her ſlighting .73
Phillis as her Wine ſhe ſipt in .187
Phillis talk no more of Paſſion .160

S

Self-love directs .8
Sigh no more my lovely *Celia* .50
Silvia in theſe Sequeſter d Scenes .60
Sooner than I'll my Love forego .100
Soft Harmony diſpences .121
Should auld acquaintance be forgot .143
Says my Uncle I pray you diſcover .178
Strephon when you ſee me fly .181

T

To you who live at home at eaſe .23
The Nymph that undoes me .25
The Graces and the wand'ring Loves .26
The pawky auld Carle .29
To ſilent Groves .44
Talk not ſo much .55
The Lawland Maids .53

TABLE of the SONGS.

'Twas forth in a Morning 75
Thirsis a young and am'rous Swain . . 94
To you fair Ladies now in Town . . 107
'Tis now ſince I ſat down 110
Tho' for ſeven years and mair . . . 117
The Collier has a Daughter 162
The Sun was ſunk beneath the Hills 174

U

Unrelenting deareſt Creature 81
Vain *Belinda* 65

W

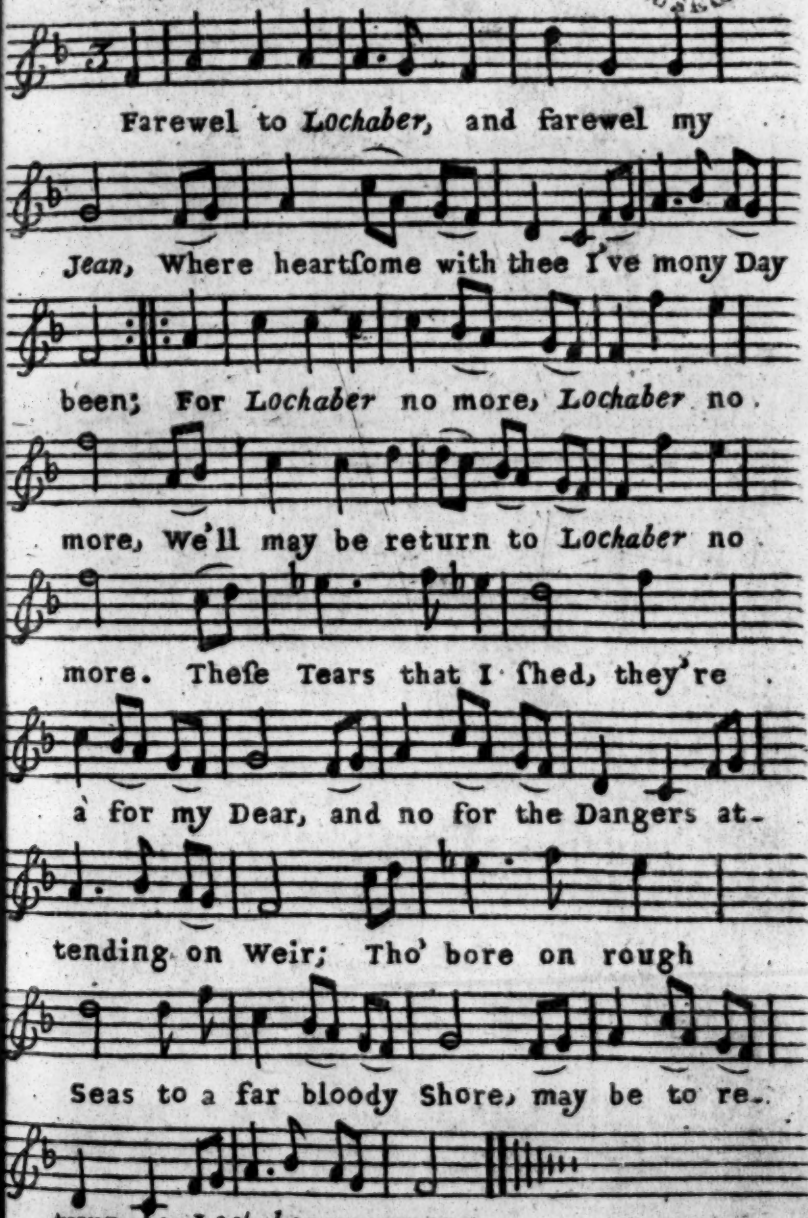
What tho' I am a Country Laſs . . . 9
While blooming youth 41
With every Lady 47
When *Strephon* firſt 48
What care I for affairs of State . . . 66
Why do you with diſdain 49
When as corruption 92
Without affectation 101
When Parents obſtinate 104
Woman thoughtleſs giddy Creature . 131
When thy Beauty appears 136
Who has e'er been at *Paris* 156
When my Love the other Day . . . 159
Wanton *Cloe* young and charming . . 177
When gay *Philander* 183

Y

Youth and Beauty flies away . . . 168

BRITISH MUSEUM

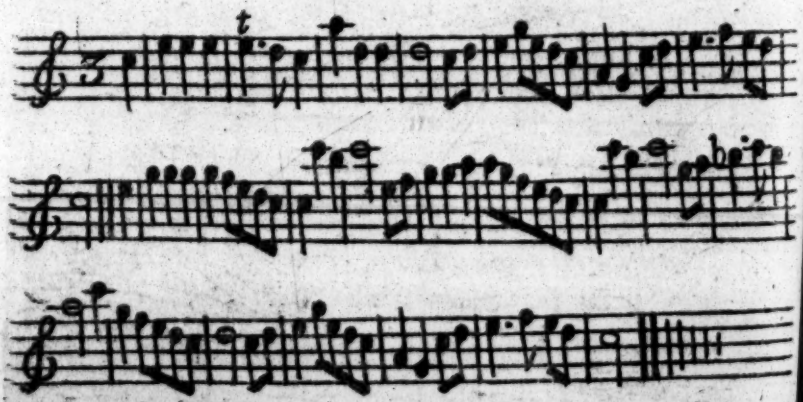
LOCHABER no more.



Tho' Harrycanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry Wind
They'll ne'er make a Tempeſt like that in my Mind;
Tho' loudeſt of Thunder, or louder Waves roar,
That's naithing like leaving my Love on the Shore:
To leave thee behind me, my Heart is ſair pain'd,
By eaſe that's inglorious, no Fame can be gain'd:
And Beauty and Love's the reward of the Brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

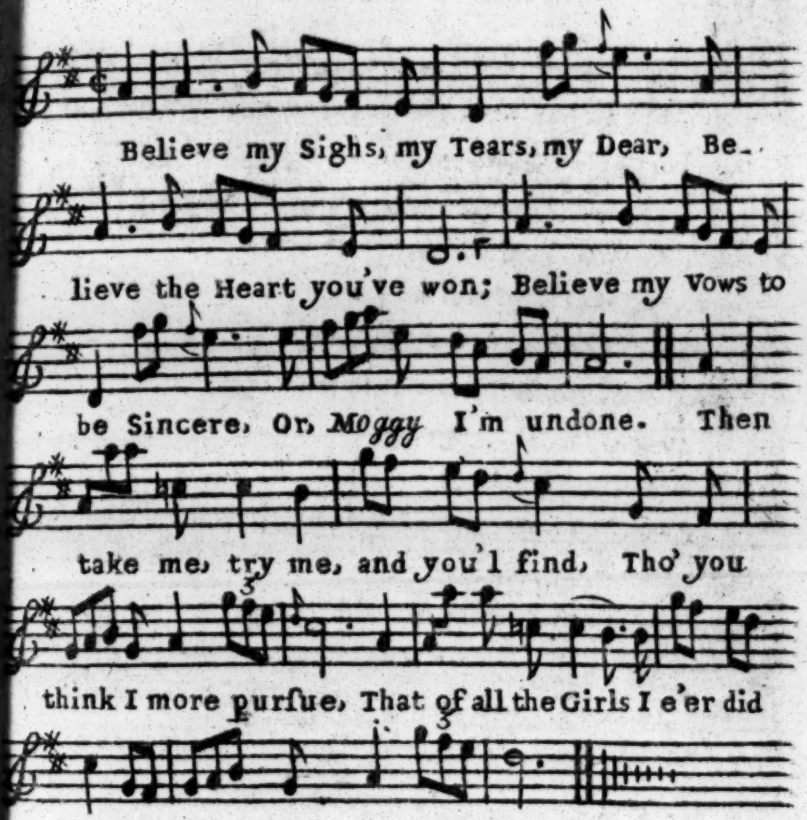
Then Glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my excuſe,
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
And without thy Favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my Laſs, to win Honour and Fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly Hame,
I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love runing o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

For the FLUTE.



A Cure for the Spleen.

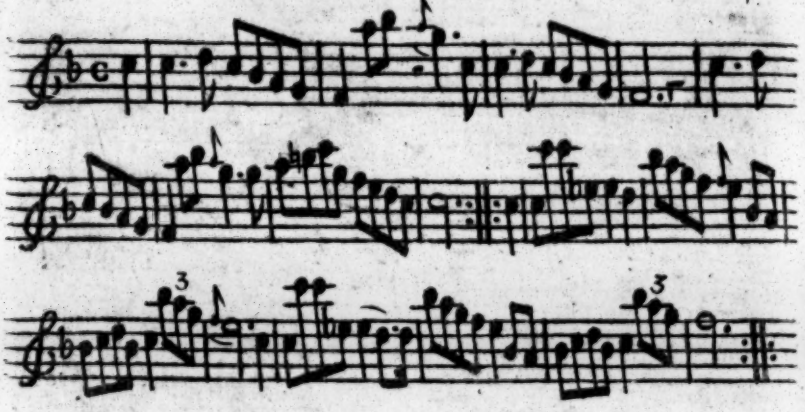
The SINCERE LOVER.



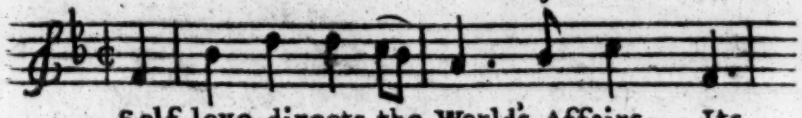
My Heart was once a lump of Ice,
'Till thaw'd by your Bright Eyes;
But Oh! tho' Quicken'd in a trice,
A Flame that never Dyes.
Then take me, try me, and you'l find,
Tho' you think I more purſue,
That of all the Girls I e'er ſhall ſee
I'll ne'er love one but you.

The Merry Muſician; or,

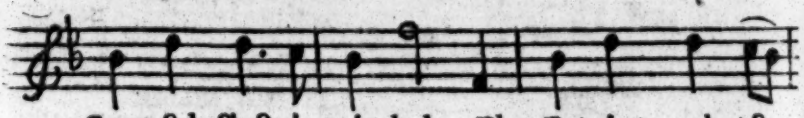
For the FLUTE.



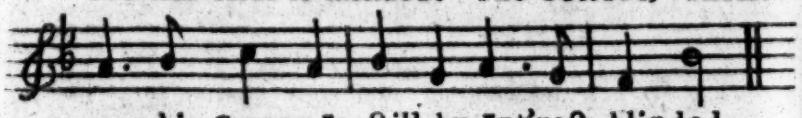
Corn Rigs are bonny.



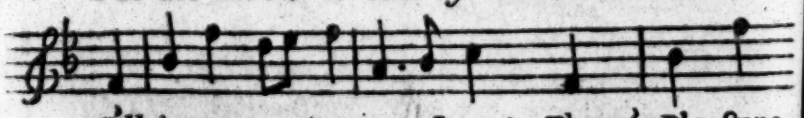
Self-love directs the Worlds Affairs, Its



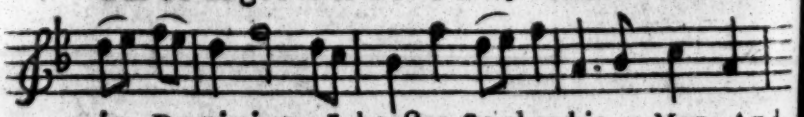
Counſel firſt is minded. The Patriot, whatſo-



e er his Cares, Is ſtill by Int'reſt blinded.



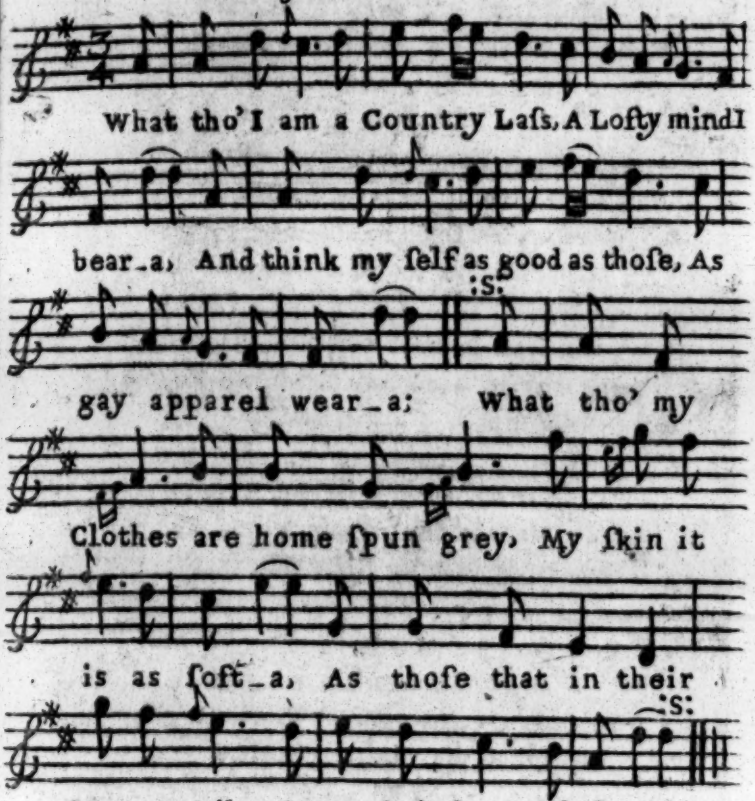
I'll be as great as e er I can; There's Pleaſure



in Dominion. I boaſt a Soul as big as Man, And

laugh at low Opinion.

The COUNTRY LASS.
Or *the Lofty* SHEPHERDESS.



What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
'Tis a thing that muſt be done-a,
A Garland of the ſweeteſt Flowers,
Shall ſhade me from the Sun-a;
And when I ſee they feeding be,
Where Flowers and Graſs do ſpring-a,
Beſide a purling Chriſtal Stream,
I ſit me down and ſing-a.

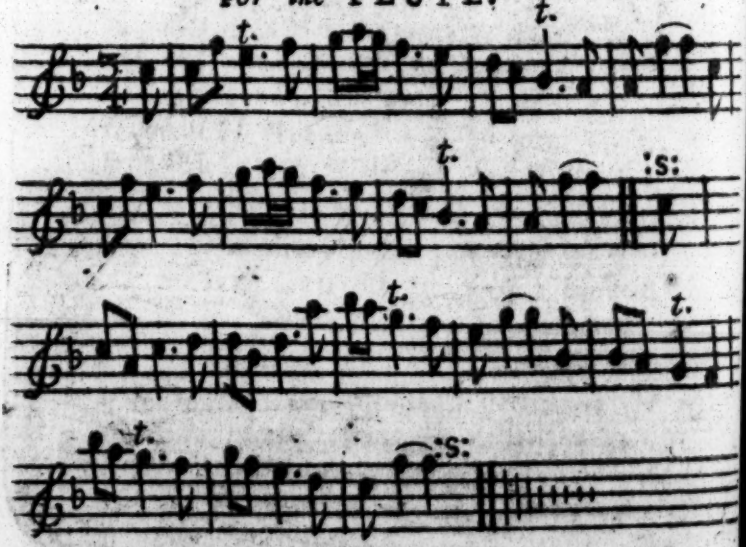
My leathern Bottle ſtuft with ſage,
Is drink that's very thin-a,
No Wine did e'er my Brains inrage,
Or tempt me for to Sin-a;

My Country Curds, and wooden ſpoon,
Methinks are very fine-a,
When on a ſhady bank at noon,
I ſit me down and dine-a.

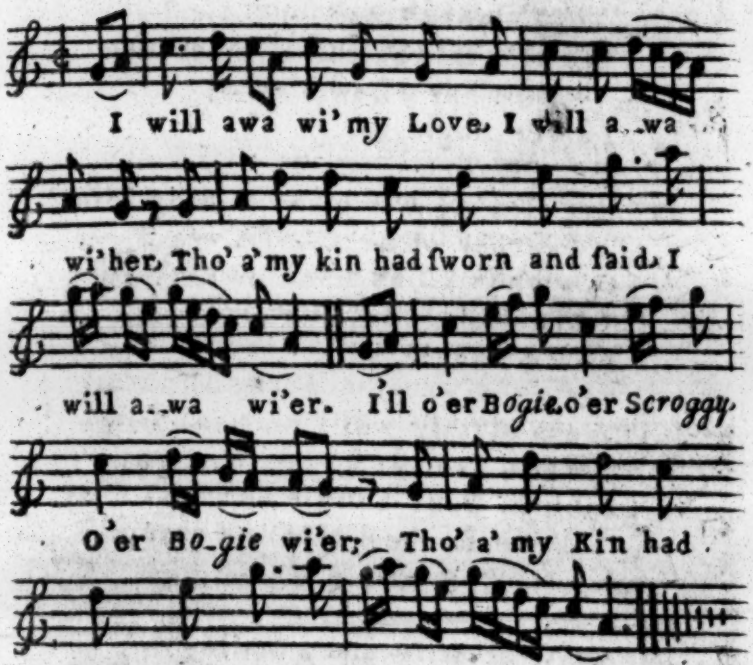
Altho' my Portion won't allow,
Of Bags of ſhining Gold-a,
As Farmer's Daughters now-a-days,
Like Swine are bought and ſold-a;
My Body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt mind within-a,
And for an hundred thouſand Pound,
I valu't not a pin-a.

No Jewells wear I in my Ears,
Or Pearls about my Neck-a,
Nor coſtly Rings do I uſe,
My fingers for to deck-a;
But for the Man, who e'er he be,
That I ſhall chance to wed-a,
I'll keep a Jewell worth them all,
I mean my Maidenhead-a.

For the FLUTE.



O'er BOGIE.



If I can get but her Conſent,
I dinna care a Strae,
Tho' ilka ane be diſcontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For now ſhe's Miſtreſs of my Heart,
And wordy of my Hand,
And well I wat we ſhanna' part
For Siller or for Land.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Let Rakes delyte to ſwear and drink,
And Beaux admire fine Lace;
But my chief Pleaſure is to blink
On *Betty's* bonny Face.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

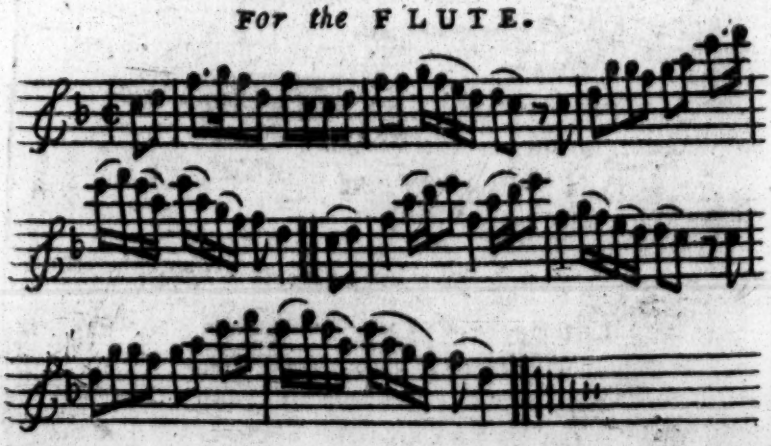
There a' the Beauties do combine,
Of Colour, Treats and Air,
The Saul that ſparkles in her Een
Makes her a Jewel rare;
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

Her flowing Wit gives ſhining Life
To a' her other Charms:
How bleſt I'll be when ſhe's my Wife,
And lockt up in my Arms.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and ſing,
While o'er her Sweets I range;
I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
Shame fa' them that wad change.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

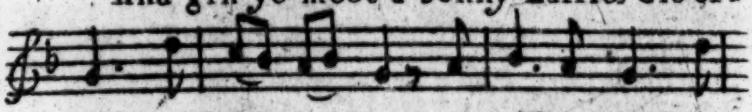
A Kiſs of *Betty*, and a Smile;
Abeet ye wad lay down
The Right ye ha'e to *Britain*'s Iſle
And offer me ye'r Crown.
I'll o'er Bogie, &c.

For the FLUTE.

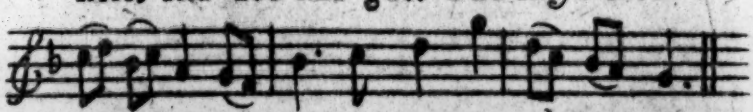


Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

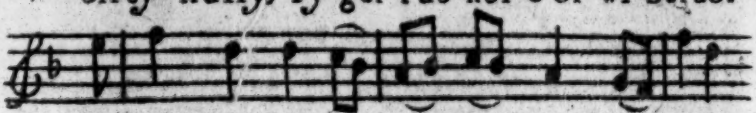
And gin ye meet a bonny Laſſie, Gie'er a



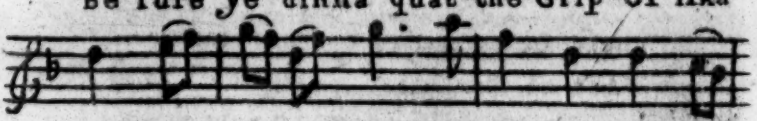
Kiſs, and let her gae, But if ye meet a



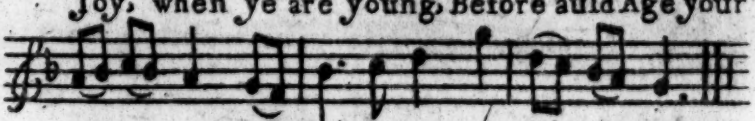
dirty Huſſy, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.



Be ſure ye dinna quat the Grip Of ilka



Joy, when ye are young, Before auld Age your



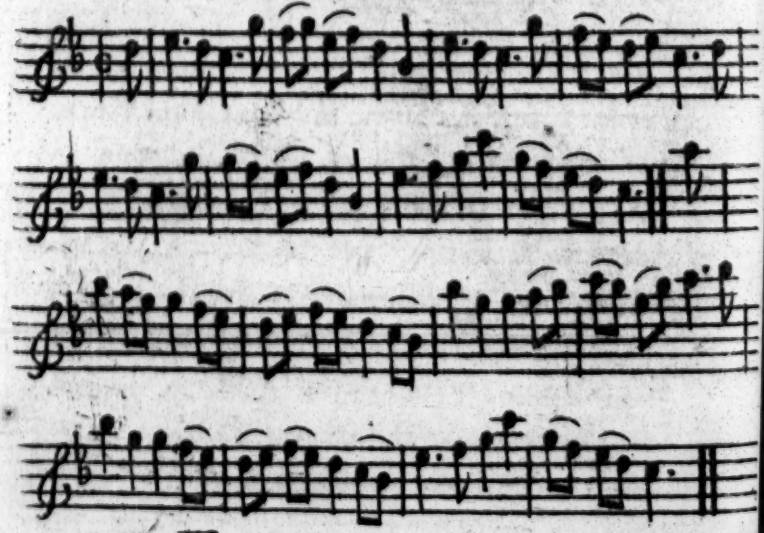
Vitals nip, And lay ye twa-fald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartſome Time,
Then, Lads and Laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the ſaft Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And Kiſſes, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
Syne frae your Arme ſhe'll rin away,
And hide her ſelf in ſome dark Nook.
Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
Nineteen Na-ſays are haff a Grant.

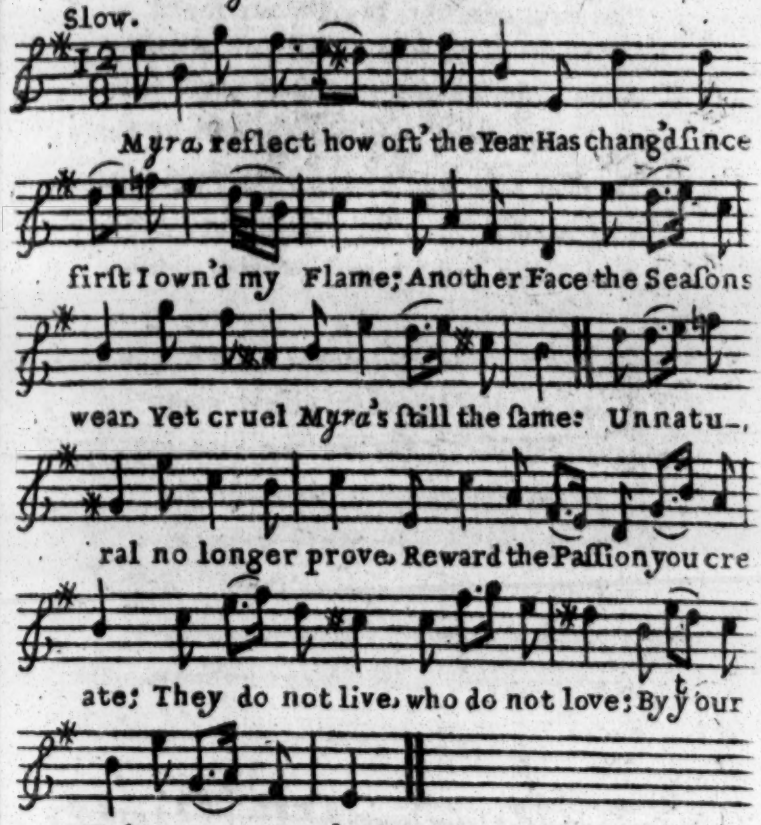
Now to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs,
Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bliſs.
Theſe Benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
Then, ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whining Cant.

For the FLUTE.



The NEW-YEAR's-GIFT.

Set *by* Mr. DIEUPART.

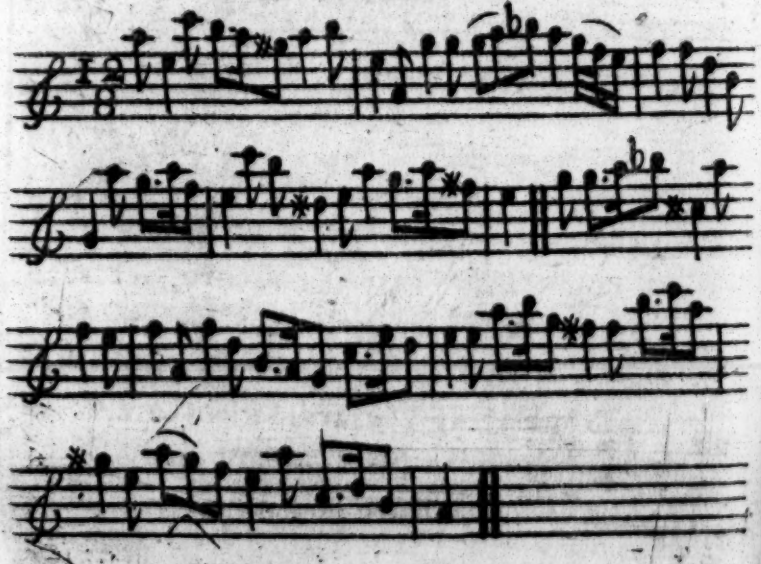


Tho' chilly Winter blasts the Fields,
And blooming Prospects are no more:
No Charms, tho' harrass'd Nature yields,
But seems t' have lavish'd all her Store:
The Earth no sooner feels the Sun,
But springing Verdure decks the Meads;
His genial Power the Flowers own,
And o'er all Nature he succeeds.

Yet, tho' when Winter's Rage is o'er,
The pregnant Spring ſhines forth again,
And, ſpight of Autumn's killing Power,
A new-born beauty crowns the Plain:
When your hard Autumn once ſhall come,
In vain you will expect the Spring;
Faces have ne'er a ſecond Bloom,
And Time will endleſs Winter bring.

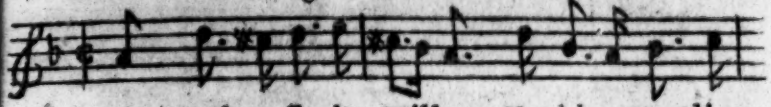
Then, while the Sun darts kind his Beams,
A plenteous Harveſt wiſely make;
Meet with a due Return my Flames;
A Heart both juſtly give and take:
So ſhall you never vainly grieve,
For fear your Beauties ſhou'd decline;
But to the World a Pattern leave,
And honour'd ſtill, to Ages ſhine.

For the FLUTE.

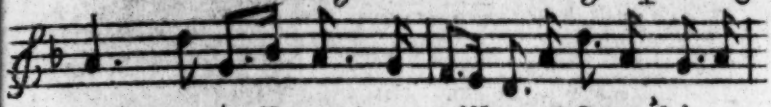


The DREAM.

The Muſick by Mr. HANDEL.

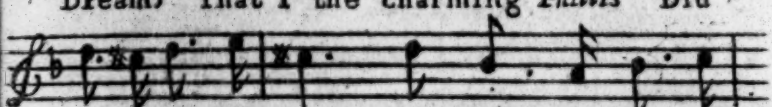


Beneath a ſhady Willow, Hard by a purling

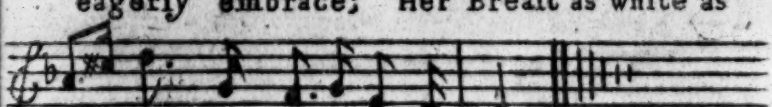


Stream, A Moſſy Bank my Pillow, I fancy'd in a

Dream, That I the charming *Phillis* Did



eagerly embrace; Her Breaſt as white as

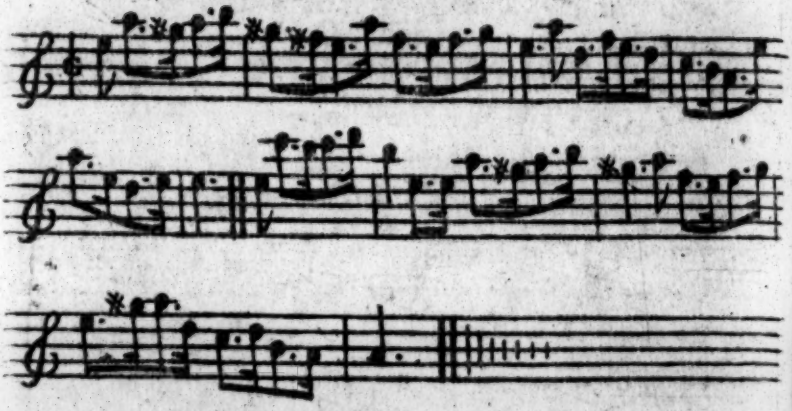


Lillies, And *Roſamonda*'s Face.

What ecſtacies of Pleaſure
She gave, to tell's in vain,
When with the hidden Treaſure
She bleſt her am'rous Swain:
Cou'd nought our Joys diſcover,
And I my Dream believe,
I ſo cou'd ſleep for ever,
And ſtill be ſo deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,
And found all but a Dream,
I fain woud have eluded
The melancholy Theme.
Ye Gods! there's no enduring
So exquiſite a Pain;
The Wound is paſt all curing,
That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

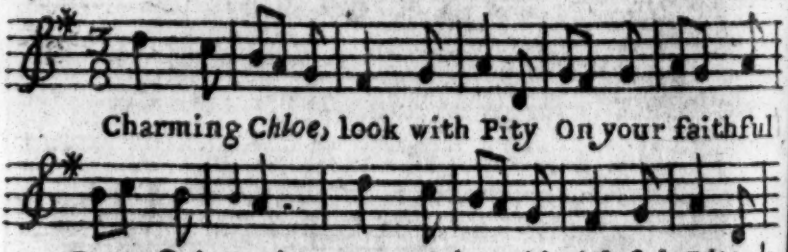
For the FLUTE.



TRUE LOVE.

The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.

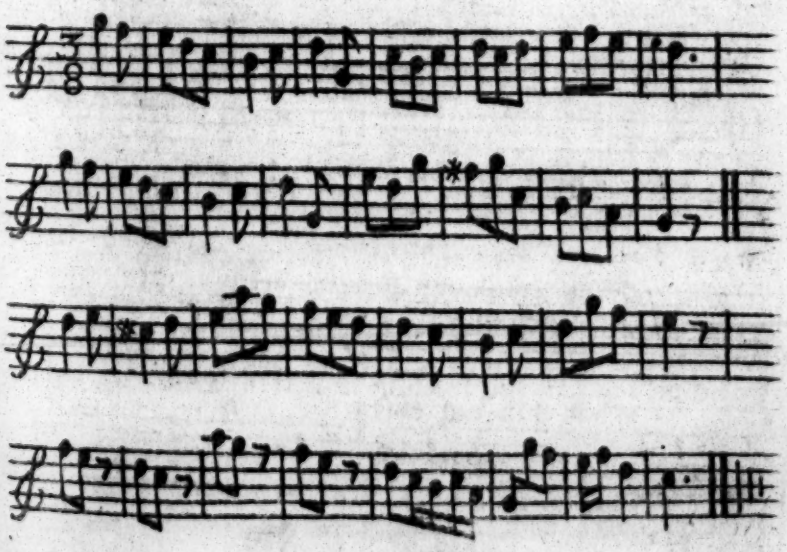
Set by Dr. GREEN.



Strephon, mov'd by lawleſs Paſſion,
For no Favours rudely ſues:
All his Flame is out of Faſhion!
Ancient Honour for him woes!
Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition:
But, if That is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his Condition...
Say, at leaſt, you do not hate.

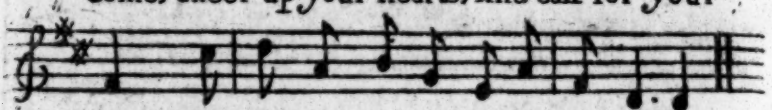
Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Arts of Guile,
Slight ſo true and kind a Lover,
Chloe, might not *Strephon* ſmile?
Yes. Well-pleas'd at thy Undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid.
Strephon, conſcious of thy Ruin,
Soon wou'd be a ſilent Shade.

For the FLUTE.



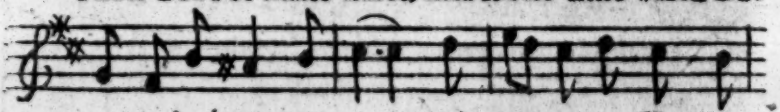
Set by Mr. I. SHEELES.

Come, cheer up your Hearts, And call for your

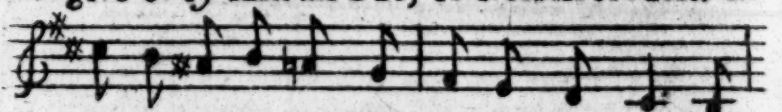


Quarts, And let there no Liquor be lacking;
We have Money in ſtore,
And intend for to roar,
Until we have ſent it all packing.

Then Drawer make haſte, And let no time waſte, But



give ev'ry Man his Due; To avoid all Trouble, Go



fill the Pot double, Since he that made One made

Two, Since he that made One, made Two.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine,
'Tis that makes a Man to ſpeak truly;
What Sot can refrain,
Or daily complain,
That he, in his Drink, is unruly:

Then drink, and be civil,
Intending no Evil,
If that you'll be ruled by me;
For Claret and Sack
We never will lack,
Since he that made Two, made Three,
Since he, &c.

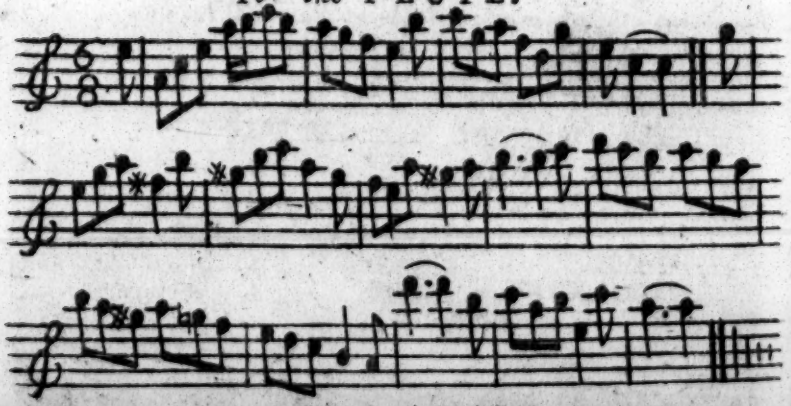
The old Curmudgeon,
Sits all the Day drudging
At home, with brown Bread and ſmall Beer;
With ſcraping damn'd Pelf,
He ſtarveth himſelf,
Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year:
But we'll not do ſo,
Howe'er the World go,
Since that we have Money in ſtore;
For Claret and Sack
We never will lack,
Since he that made Three, made Four.
Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine;
D'ye think that I'll leave you i'th' Lurch?
My Reck'ning I'll pay,
Ere I go away,
Or hang me as high as *Paul*'s Church.
Tho' ſome Men will ſay,
This is not the way
For us, in this World, to thrive;
'Tis no matter for that
Let us have t'other Quart,
Since he that made Four, made Five.
Since he, &c.

A Pox of old *Charon*,
His Brains are all barren,
His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry;
But we are for Wine,
'Tis a Drink more divine,
Without it we periſh and die:
Then troll it about,
Until 'tis all out,
We'll affront him in ſpite of his *Styx*;
If he grudges his Ferry,
We'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made Five, made Six.
Since he, &c.

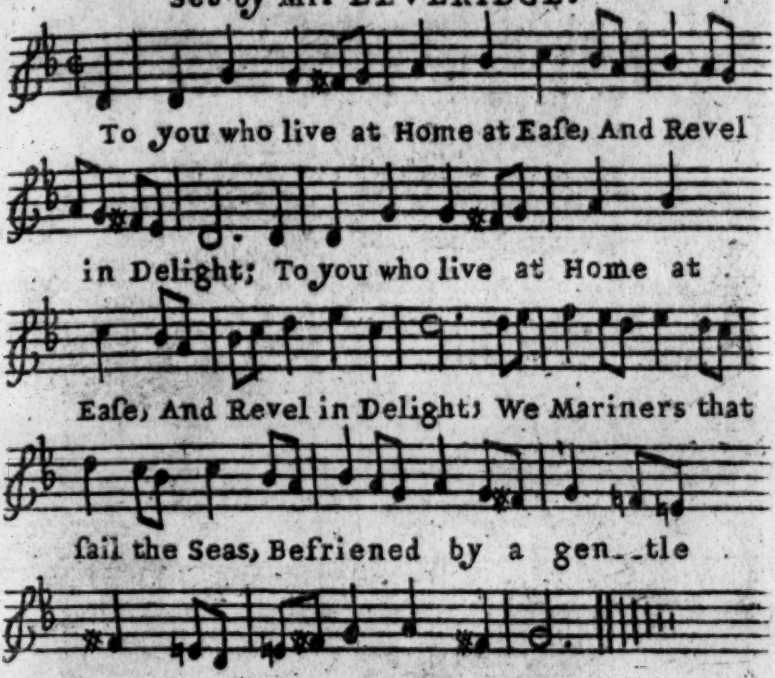
But now the Time's come,
That we all muſt go home,
Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
Which makes me repine,
That a God ſo Divine,
Won't give us one Cup at our Parting:
But ſince 'tis all paid,
Let's not be diſmay'd,
But fly to great *Bacchus* in Heaven;
And chide him, becauſe
He made no better Laws,
Since he that made Six, made Seven.
Since he, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The FAITHFUL MARINER.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Let all your Perturbations die,
Your private Feuds allay;
Let ev'ry Animoſity
For ever in Oblivion lye,
Now we are gone to Sea.

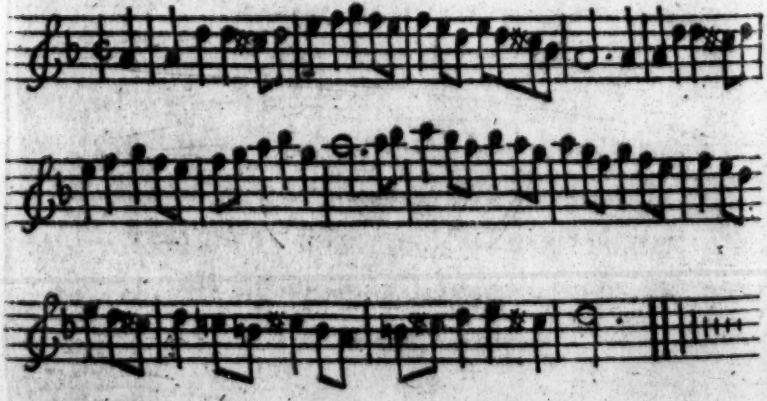
When forked Light'ning flies amain,
And Thunder ſplits our Maſt;
Think then what dangers we ſuſtain,
Compell'd by you to croſs the Main,
For Humane Frailties paſt.

I hope to ſee my Dear once more,
Tho' I my Voy'ge purſue;
Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
To waft me from *Britannia's* Shore,
I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the Wars Alarms,
Nor poyſon'd *Indian* Dart;
But while engag'd in Hoſtile Arms,
I'll be inſpir'd by *Molly's* Charms,
With whom I leave my Heart.

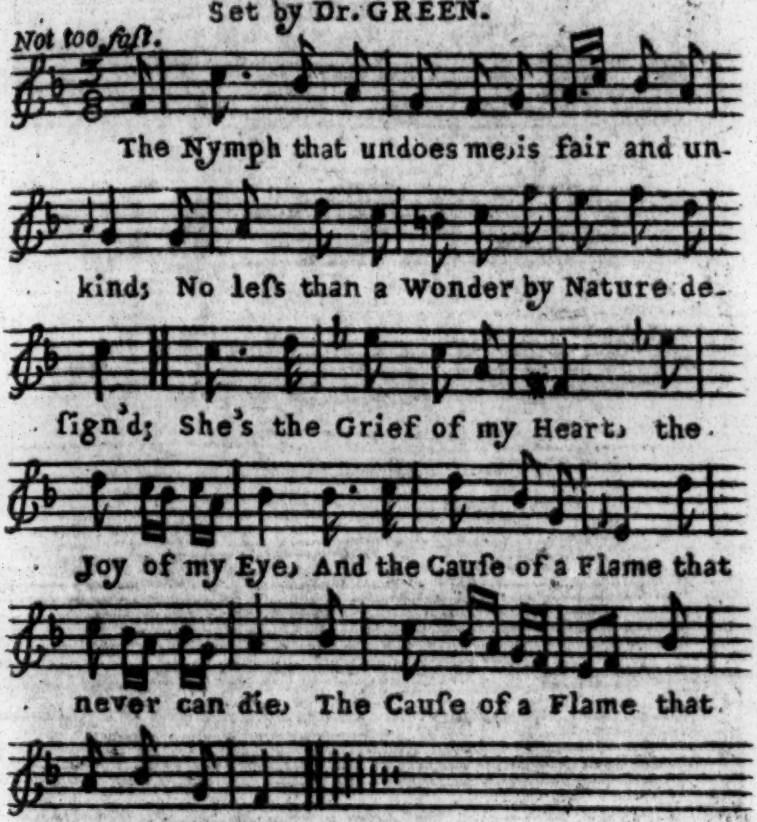
When having ſuffer'd an Exile,
And favour'd by the Wind;
Enrich'd with *Carolina's* ſpoyl,
And coaſting for my Native Iſle,
Perhaps ſhe'll then prove kind.

For the FLUTE.



CHARMING SILVIA.

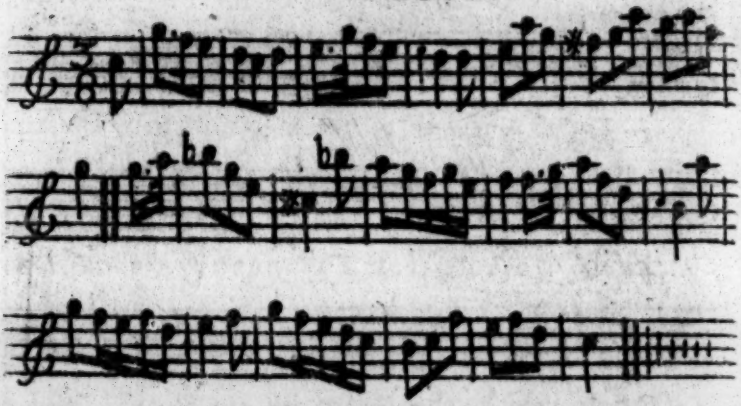
Set by Dr. GREEN.



Her Mouth, from whence Wit ſtill obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Bluſh, and the Smell of the Roſe;
Love and *Deſtiny* both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown ſhe can kill.

The deſperate Lover can hope no Redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Exceſs:
In *Silvia* they meet; ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, and who loves her muſt die.

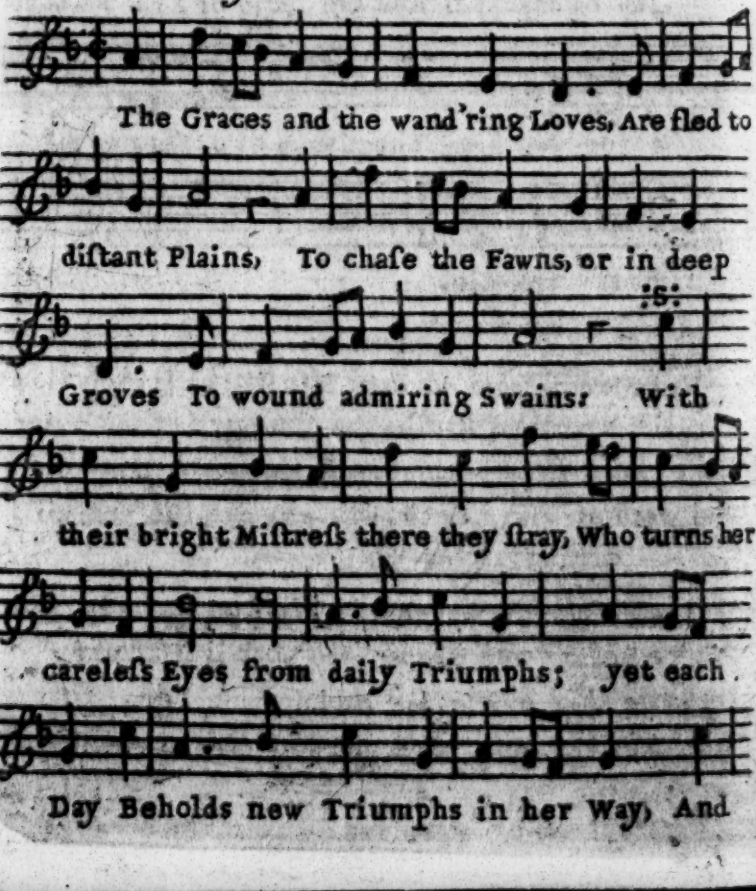
For the FLUTE.

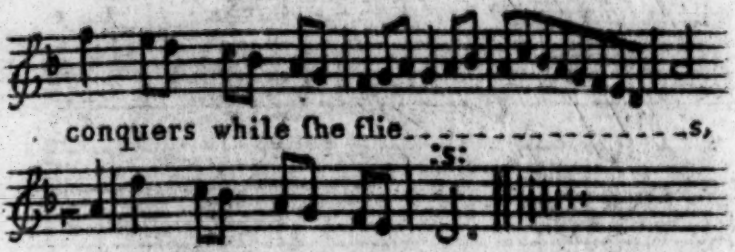


The WAND'RING BEAUTY.

By IOHN HUGHES Eſq.

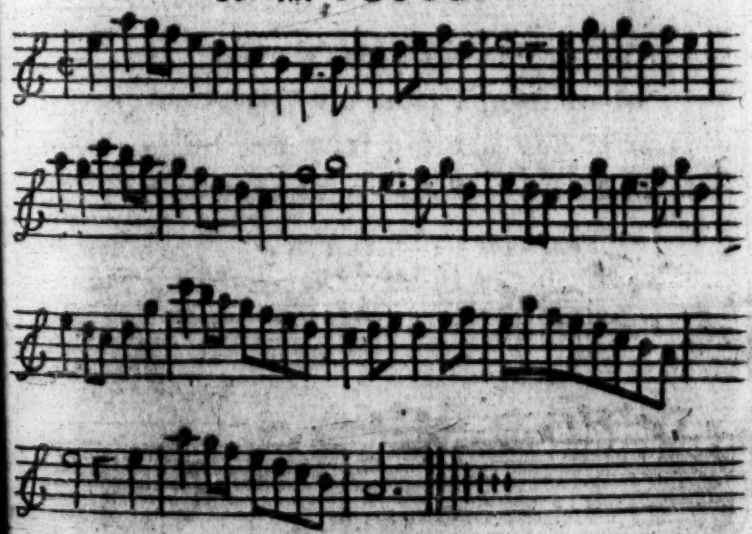
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.





But ſee! implor'd by moving Pray'rs,
To change the Lover's Pain,
Venus her harneſs'd Doves prepares,
And brings the Fair again.
Proud Mortals, who this Maid purſue,
Think you ſhe'll e'er reſign.
Ceaſe, Fools, your Wiſhes to renew;
'Till ſhe grows Fleſh and Blood like you,
Or You, like her Divine.
Or You &c.

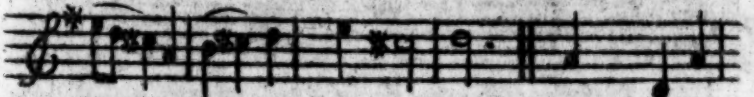
For the FLUTE.



The DESPAIRING LOVER.

Set by Mr. TREVERS.

O Love, what cruel Pangs are theſe! The



cold Effect of warm Deſire, Whoſe ago-

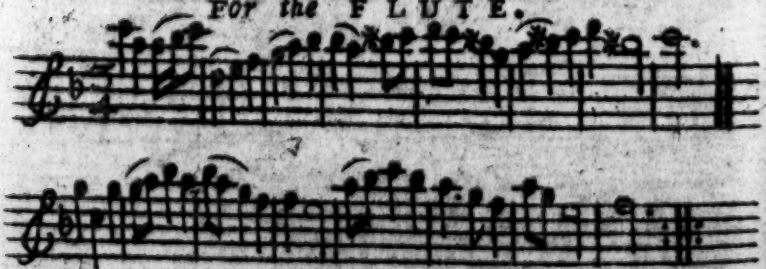
nizing Tortures freeze, Tho' ſprung from

your prevailing Eyes.

Her Abſence gave exceeding Pain;
But when from that I hop'd Relief,
You, ſtill reſolv'd I ſhou'd complain,
With Jealouſy augment my Grief.

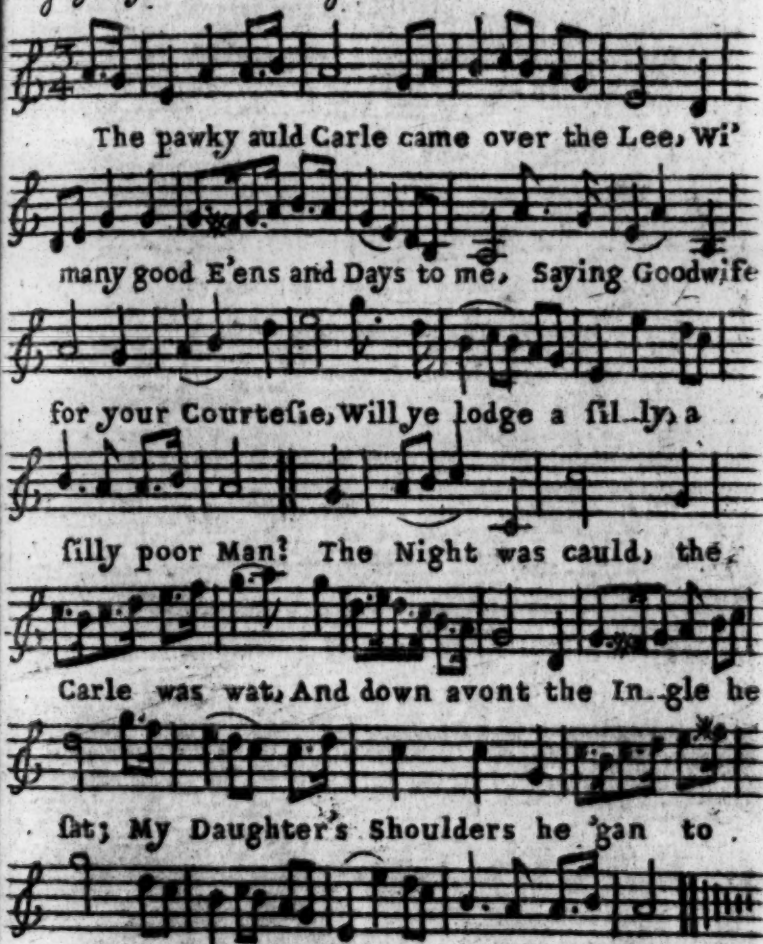
Too bitter is the Lover's Part,
When ſever'd from his Fair One's Eyes;
But if he's baniſh'd from her Heart,
Stabb'd with Deſpair, at once he dies.

For the FLUTE.



The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

The Words and Tune compos'd by King JAMES V. *of Scotland, on occaſion of an Adventure of his in Diſguiſe after a Country Girl.*



O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never, never think lang.

He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir ſlee twa togither were ſay'n,
When wooing, wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
And awa' awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quoth ſhe, ann I were as white
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
And awa', awa', with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raiſe a Wee before the Cock,
And wylily they ſhot the Lock,
And faſt, and faſt to the Bent are they gane.
Up the Morn the auld Wife raiſe,
And at her Leiſure pat on her Claiſe;
Syne to the Servants Bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer, to ſpeer for the ſilly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
For ſome, for ſome of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and ſome to Kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd, I've lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the Houſe, Laſs, and waken my Bairn,
And bid her, bid her come quickly ben.
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets were cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her Goodwife can ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O ſy gar ride, and ſy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe Traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' Horſe, ſome ran a fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay, but ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

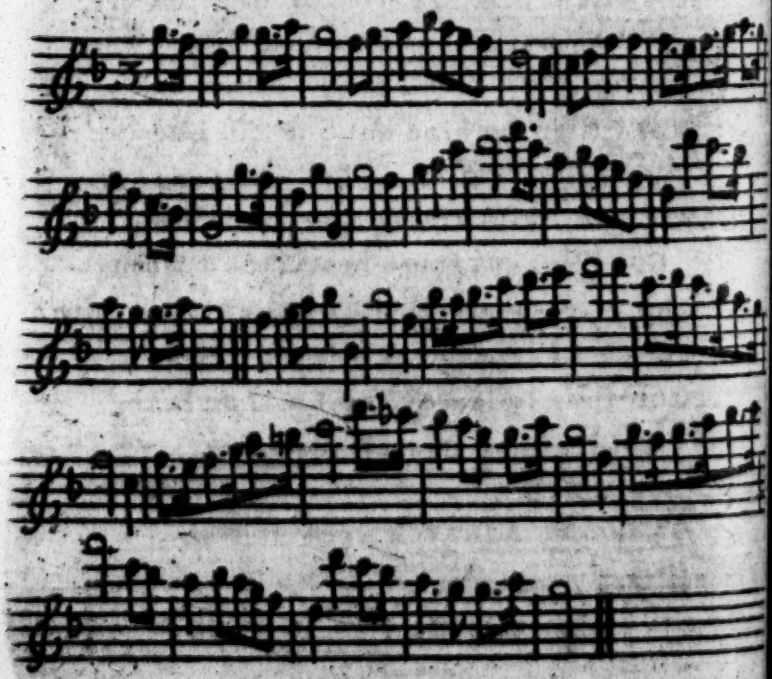
Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fu' ſnug in a Glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly Spert and Glee,
Cut frae, cut frae a new Cheſe a Whang:
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
Quo' ſhe, To leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her Mou,
Sic a poor Man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.

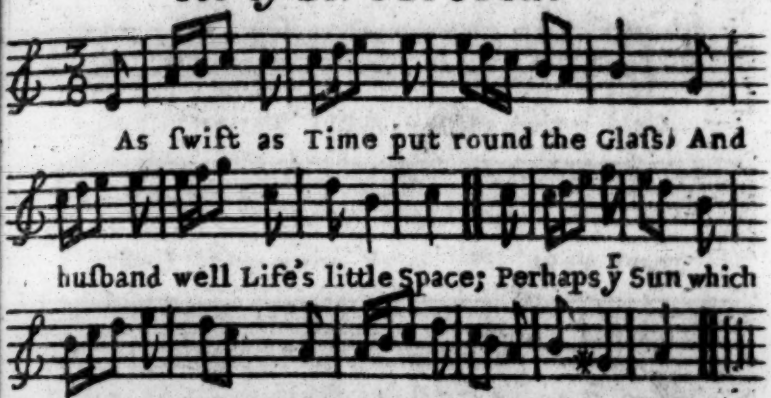
My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha'na learn'd the Beggar's Tongue,
To follow me fra Town to Town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie...O.
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple, or Blind they will ca' me,
While we, while we ſhall be merry and ſing.

For the FLUTE.



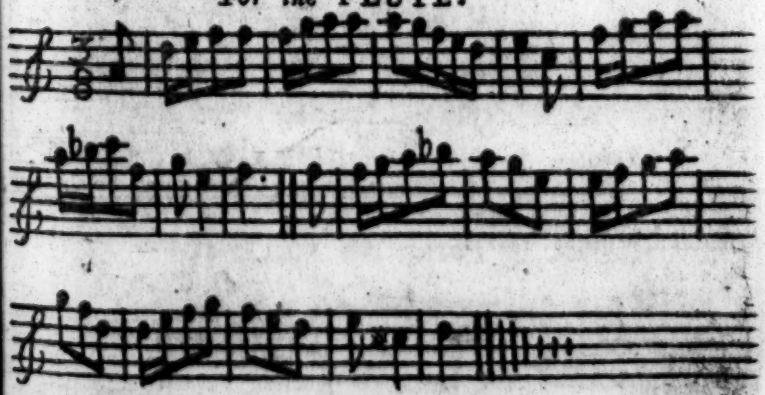
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



Or if the Sun again ſhou'd riſe,
Death, ere the Morn, may cloſe our Eyes.
Then drink before it be too late,
And ſnatch the preſent Hour from Fate.

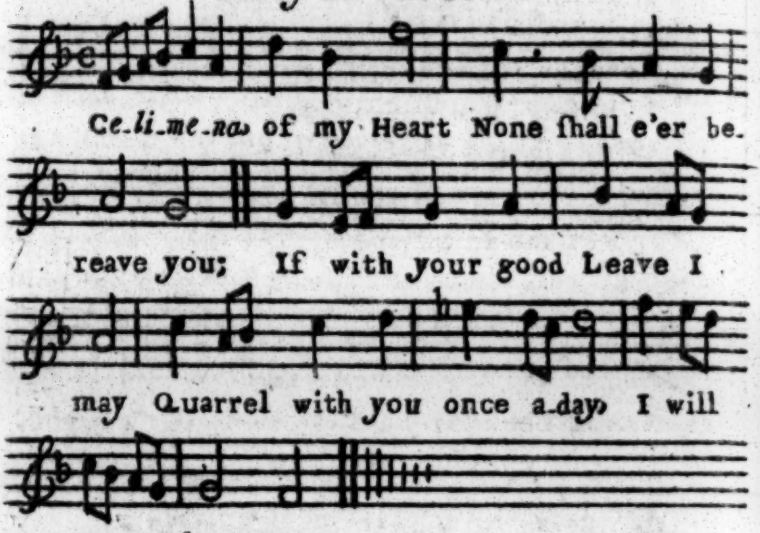
Come, fill a Bumper, fill it round,
Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound.
In theſe alone True Wiſdom lies,
For to be Merry's to be Wiſe.

For the FLUTE.



A DIALOGUE *between* DAMON *and* CELIMENA.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



CELIMENA.

Paſſion's but an empty Name,
Where Reſpect is wanting:
Damon, you miſtake your Aim,
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you muſt be ranting.

DAMON.

Love as dull and muddy is
As decaying Liquor:
Anger ſets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
'Till it works the quicker.

CELIMENA.

Love by Quarrels to beget
Wiſely you endeavour,
With a grave Phyſician's Wit,
Who to cure an Ague-fit,
Put me in a Fever.

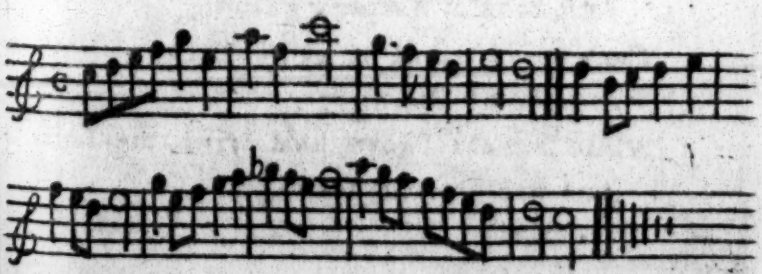
DAMON.

Anger rouzes Love to fight,
And his only Bait is;
'Tis the Spur to dull Delight,
And is but an eager Bite,
When Deſire at Height is.

CELIMENA.

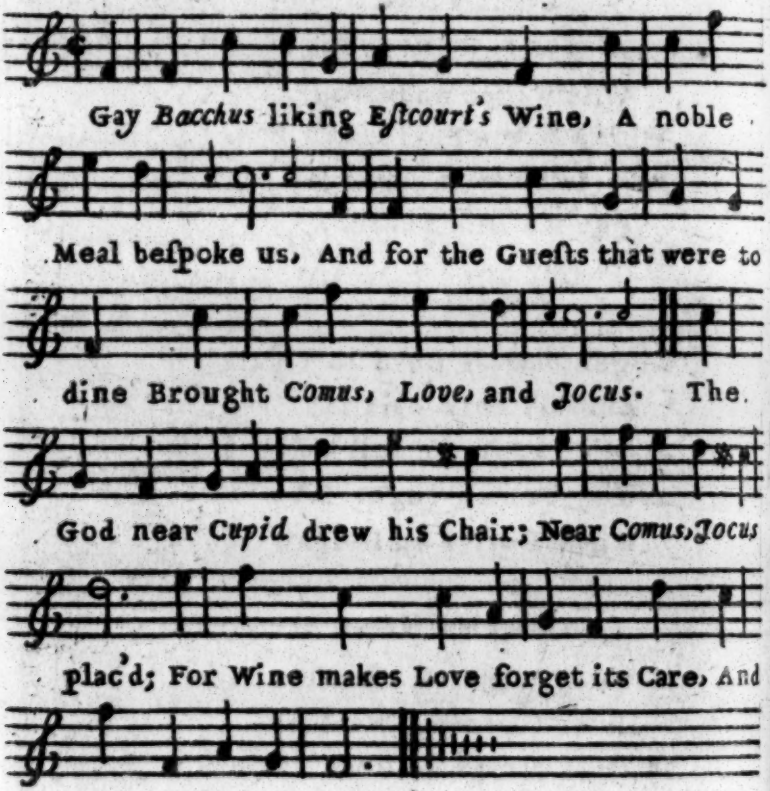
If ſuch Drops of Heat can fall
In our wooing Weather,
If ſuch Drops of Heat can fall,
We ſhall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

For the FLUTE.



ANACREONTICK.

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.



The more to pleaſe the ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging *Grace*
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.
Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glaſs
A Lady of the Sky;
While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper-high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his Brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
When-e'er he miſs'd the Toaſt.
They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And, if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid they did ſo then.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* ſtung,
By reck'ning his Deceits.
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits:
And *Jocus* droll'd on *Comus'* Ways;
And Tales without a Jeſt;
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet them all at Odds;
And, had I *Homer's* Pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.
To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make 'em ſoon agree;
Nay, had the *Furies* Selves been nigh,
They ſtill were Three to Three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow;
But kept ſome Darts to ſtir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Jocus took *Comus'* roſie Crown,
And gaily wore the Prize,
And thrice, in Mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

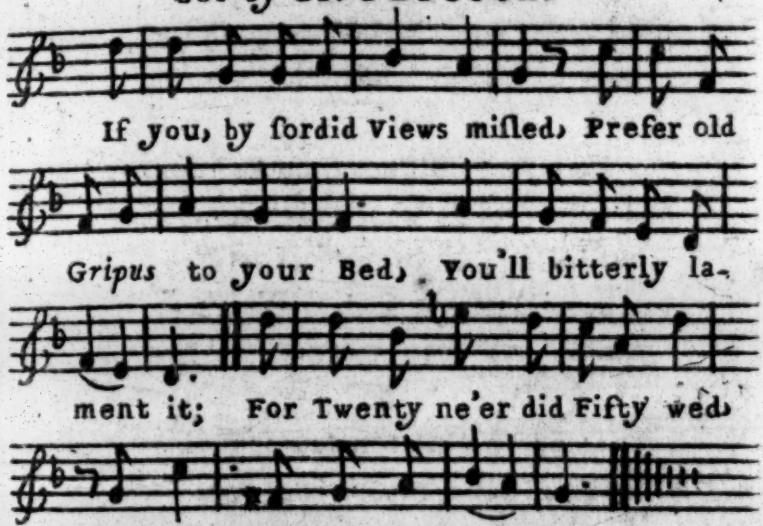
Then *Cupid* ſought the Myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* did recline;
And *Venus* cloſe embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at Wine.
And *Comus* loudly curſing Wit,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit,
In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Jocus*, ſtill behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare;
They Kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.
But part in Time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive Song;
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

GOOD ADVICE

To a YOUNG LADY *about to marry an* OLD MAN.

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



His Peeviſhneſs, and Thirſt of Gain,
Wou'd of each *China* Cup complain;
Each Ribbon, Patch, and Pinner:
And **Tit*, and **Briſk*, muſt ne'er again
Eat from your Plate at Dinner.

Alarm'd by groundleſs Jealouſy,
He'd to each random Word apply
Some baſe Interpretation;
Each meanleſs Smile, or caſual Sigh,
Wou'd be an Aſſignation.

**A favourite* Cat *and* Dog.

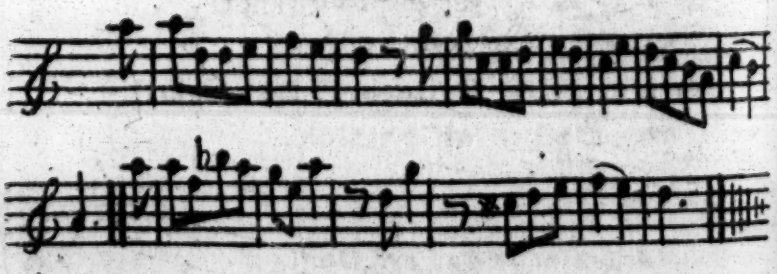
Or tho' you're from theſe Torments free,
Indulg'd all Day in Viſits, Tea,
And all that you petition;
Ev'n then, alas! all Night you'd be
But in a poor Condition.

For then he'd all Endearments ſhun,
And vainly boaſt what Feats were done,
When he was Young and Mighty;
But now, alas! thoſe Days are gone,
And ſo, my Dear, Good-Night t'ye.

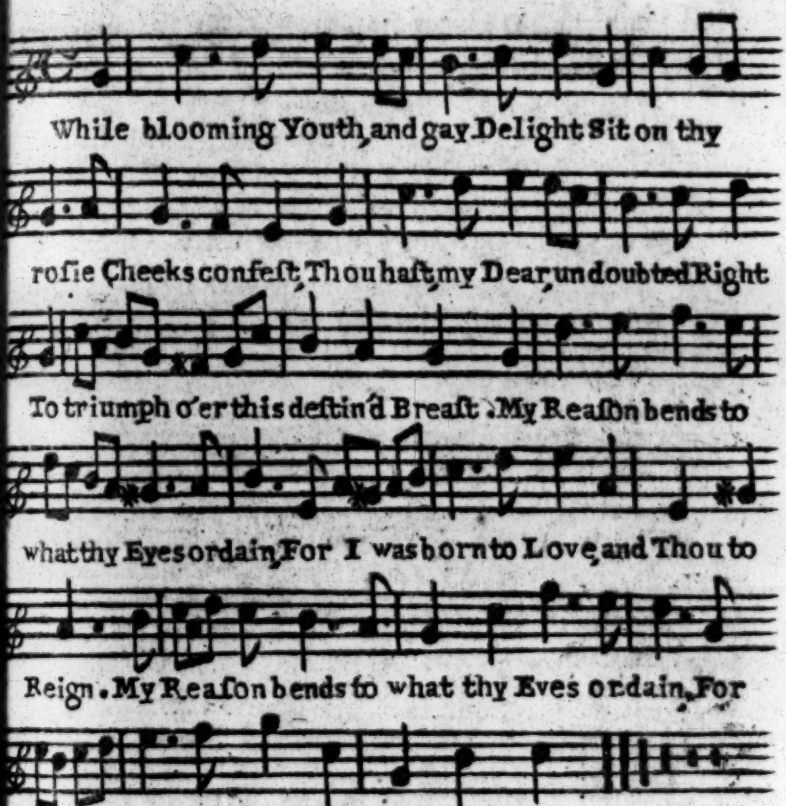
But if, by Inclination led,
A Youth of equal Bloom you wed,
No Cares by Day will teaze ye;
At Night ſuch Joys will bleſs your Bed,
As cannot fail to pleaſe ye.

While therefore you to chuſe are free,
Chuſe One whoſe Years with yours agree,
By Love alone directed;
Aſſur'd that happy Days may be
From happy Nights expected.

For the FLUTE.



An Ode Set by Dr. Green.



I was born to Love and thou to Reign.

But would You meanly thus rely.
On Power, You know I must Obey
Exert a Legal Tyranny:
And do an Ill because You may
Still must I Thee as Atheists Heav'n adore.
Not see thy Mercy and yet dread thy Powr
Still must I &c.

Take heed my Dear Youth flies apace.
As well as Cupid Time is blind:
Soon must those Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:

The Thouſand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Muſt drop their Quivers, flag thir Wings, and die.
The Thouſand, &c.

Then wilt thou ſigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears.
And putting peeviſh Humours on,
Seems but the ſad Effect of Years.
Kindneſs it ſelf too weak a Charm will prove
To raiſe the feeble Fires of aged Love.
Kindneſs it ſelf, &c.

Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows,
Will ſhew Thee Juſt above Neglect:
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold Reſpect.
A talking dull Platonic I ſhall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.
A talking, &c.

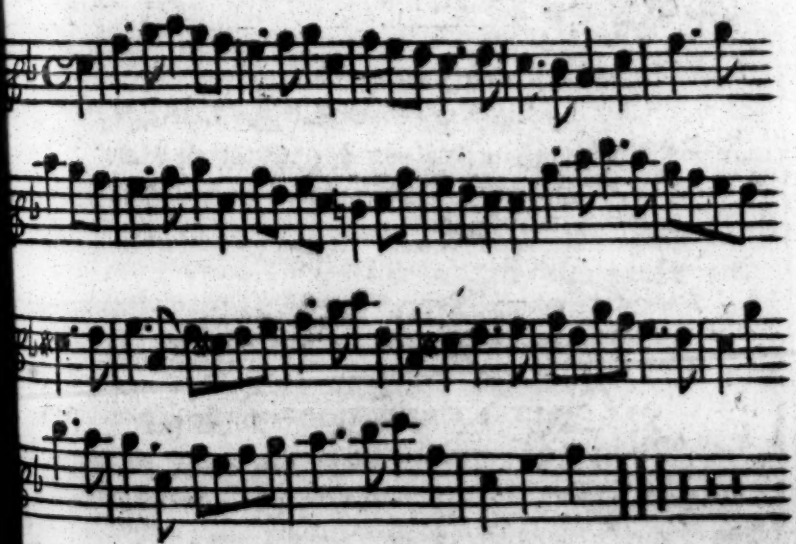
Then ſhun the Ill and know my Dear,
Kindneſs and Conſtancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make My Flames endure
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.
If thou canſt, &c.

Haſt, Celia, haſte while Youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent Voice,
Fill ev'ry Senſe with ſoft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Looſe to Joys.
Let Millions of repeated Bliſſes prove
That Thou all Kindneſs art, and I all Love.
Let Millions &c.

Be Mine and only Mine, take care,
Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide:
To Me alone, nor come so far
As liking any Youth beside:
What Men e'er court Thee, fly 'em and believe
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted Eve.
What Men, &c.

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age:
So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
While still We wake to Joy and live to Love.
So Time it self, &c.

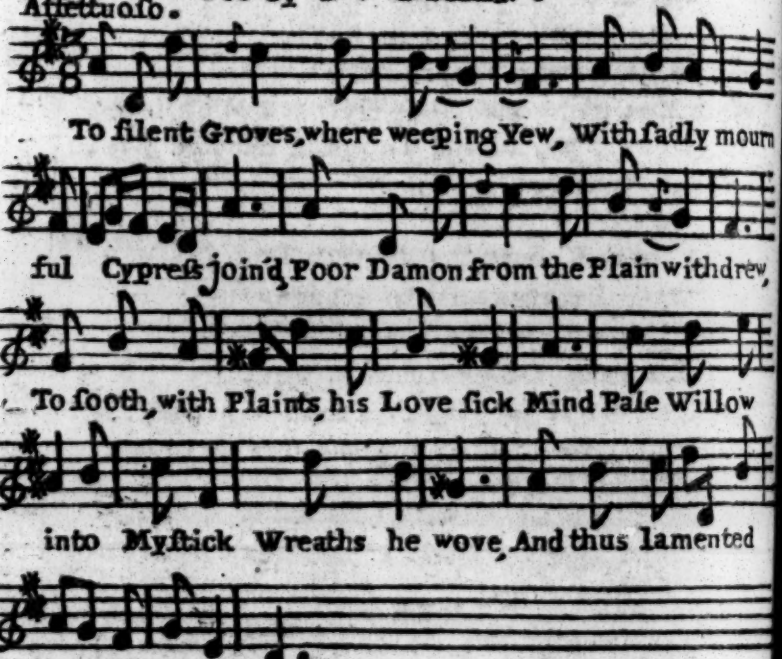
FLUTE.



The Pangs of Forsaken Love.

Set by Dr. Green.

Affettuoſo.



How lately, Celia, artful Maid,
With Arms entwined, did we walk
Beneath the cloſe unpierced Shade,
Beguiling Time with am'rous Talk;
But that, alas! is paſt... and I muſt prove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

But think not, Celia, I will bear,
With dull Submiſſion, all the Smart;
No... I'll at once drive out Deſpair,
And thy lov'd Image from my Heart
All Arts, all Charms I'll practiſe, to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Bacchus, with greeneſt Ivy crown'd
Hither repair with all thy Train,
And chaſe the jovial Goblet round,
For Celia triumphs in my Pain:
With generous Wine aſſiſt me to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Could Reaſon be ſo drown'd in Wine,
As never to revive again,
How happy were this Heart of mine,
Reliev'd at once of all its Pain:
But Reaſon ſtill, with Love, returns to prove
The Torment laſting of forſaken Love.

Bring me the Girl, whoſe generous Soul
Kindles at the circling Bowl,
Whoſe ſparkling Eye, with wanton Fire,
Shoots thro' my Blood a Fierce Deſire;
For ev'ry Art I'll practiſe, to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

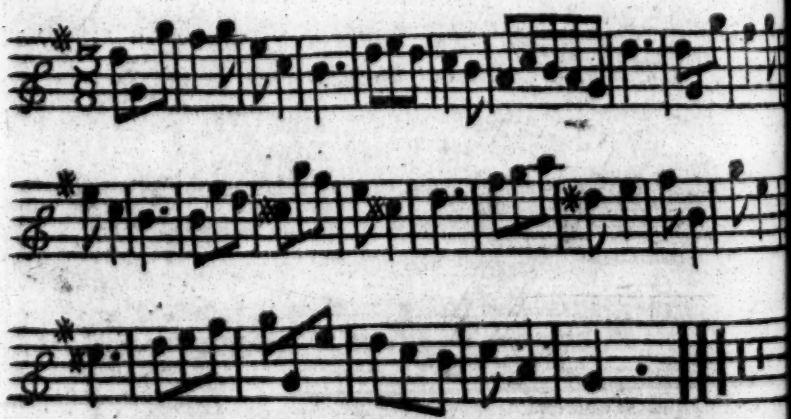
And what is all this tranſient Flame,
'Tis but a Blaze, and ſeen no more;
A Blaze that lights us to our Shame,
And robs us of a gay Fourſcore:
Reaſon again with Love returns to prove
The Torment laſting of forſaken Love.

Hark, how the jolly Huntſman's Cries
In Concert with the opening Hounds,
Rend the wide Concave of the Skies,
And tire dul Echo with their Sounds:
Thou, Phœbe Goddeſs of the Chaſe, remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love

Ah me! the ſprighly-bounding Doe,
The Chaſe, and ev'ry thing I view,
Still to my Mind recalls my Woe;
So Celia flies, ſo I purſue:
So rooted here, no Arts can e'er remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

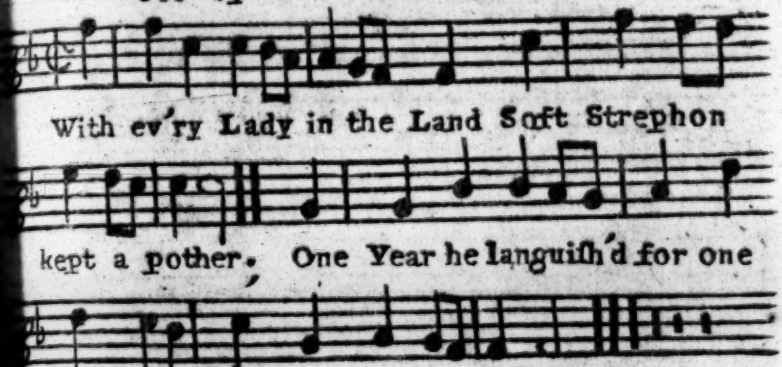
Then back, poor Damon, to thy Grove,
Since nought prevails to eaſe thy Pain;
Let Conſtancy thy Flame improve
And Patience anſwer her Diſdain:
So Gratitude may Celia's Paſſion move,
To pity and reward thy conſtant Love.

FLUTE.



STREPHON and FLAVIA.

Set by Dr. PEPUSH.



Yet when his Love the Shepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy,
Reſerv'd demure than Snow more cold,
She ſcorn'd the gentle Boy.

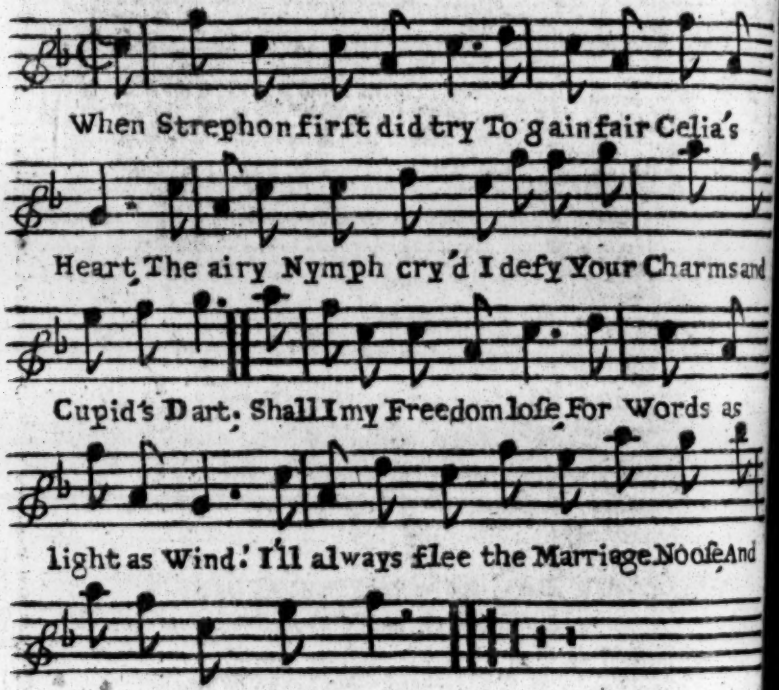
Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain.
She bluſh'd and frown'd and ſwore
With all the Marks of high Diſdain
She'd never hear him more.

The Swain perſiſted ſtill to pray,
The Nymph ſtill to deny,
At laſt ſhe vow'd ſhe wou'd not ſtay,
He ſwore ſhe ſhou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, ſhe call'd her Footman ſtrait,
And ruſh'd from out the Room,
Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,
And lay with Ralph at home.

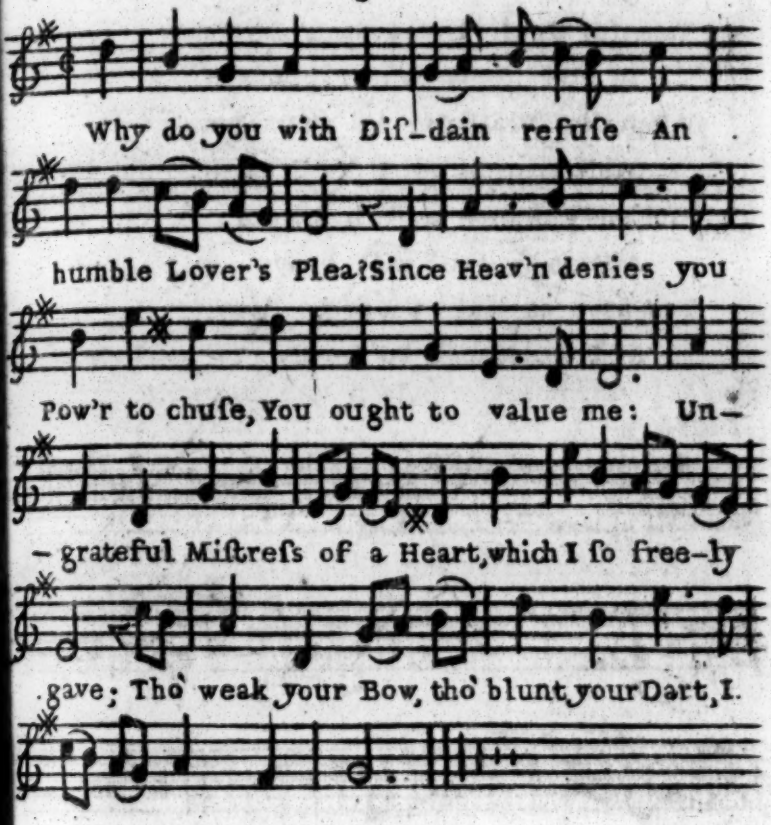
STREPHON and CELIA.

By the Reverend M.r GEO. ARNET.



But Time, which all ſubdues
Such deep Impreſſions made,
That ſhe who ſwears, proteſts, and vows
Her Heart ſhan't be betray'd
Her Words retracts; She now can love
And promiſe to obey:
Young Strephon does moſt conſtant prove;
They kiſs and fix the Day.

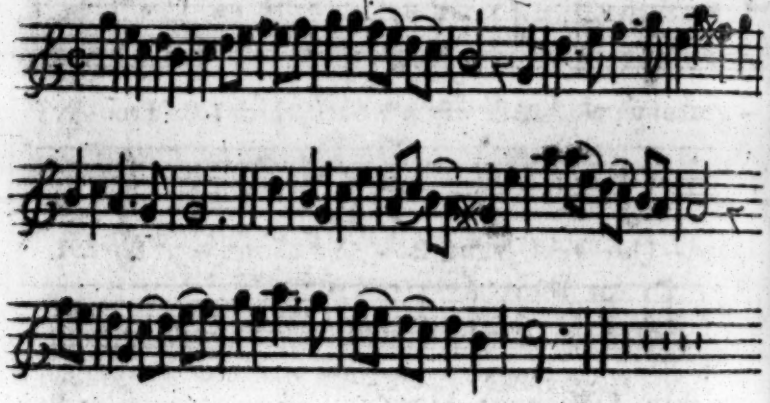
To a Lady *more Cruel than Fair Set by* Mr. Leveridge



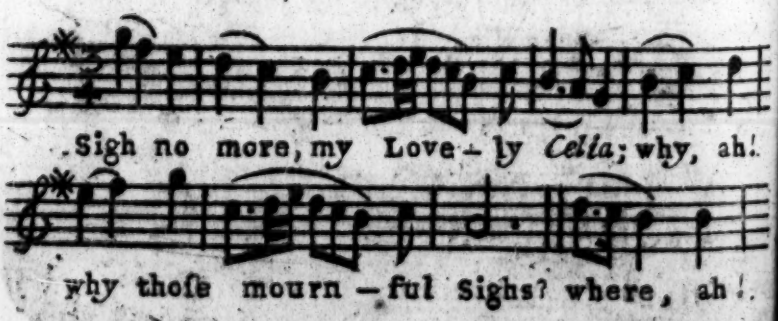
Nor was I weary of your Reign,
'Till you a Tyrant grew,
And ſeem'd regardleſs of my Pain,
As Nature ſeem'd of you.
When Thouſands with unerring Eyes,
Your Beauty wou'd decry,
What Graces did my Love deviſe,
To give their Truths the Lie?

To ev'ry Grove I told your Charms;
In you my Heav'n I plac'd;
Propoſing Pleaſures in your Arms,
Which none but I cou'd taſte.
For me t'admire, at ſuch a Rate,
A Face ſo foul will prove
You have as little Cauſe to Hate,
As I had Cauſe to Love.

Flute

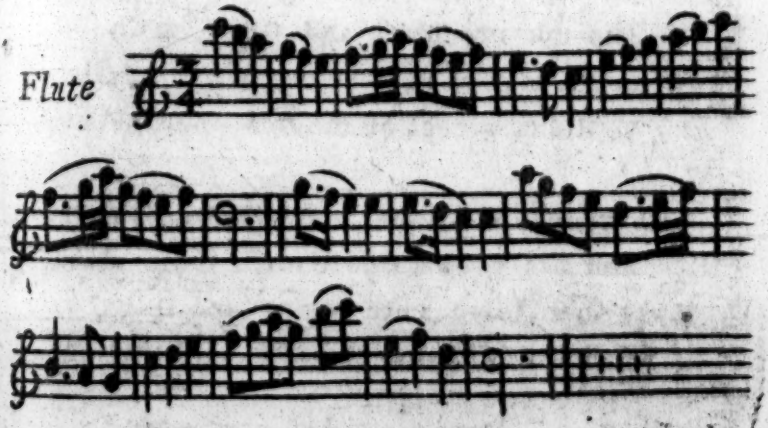


Celia *Sighing. by* Mr. A. Bradley.

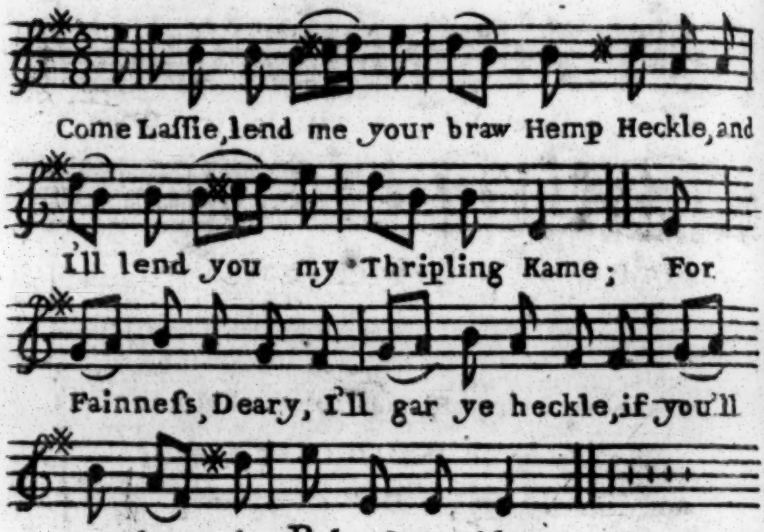


See how briny Floods o'er-whelm them,
Breaking on the bluſhing Shore,
And like Summer's Dew on Lillies,
Deck the Boſom I adore.

Flowers form'd by Nature drooping,
Yet their fragrant Odours riſe;
And my *Celia*, tho' ſhe's weeping,
Hath thoſe Charms ſhe can't diſguiſe.



The Bob of *Dunblane*

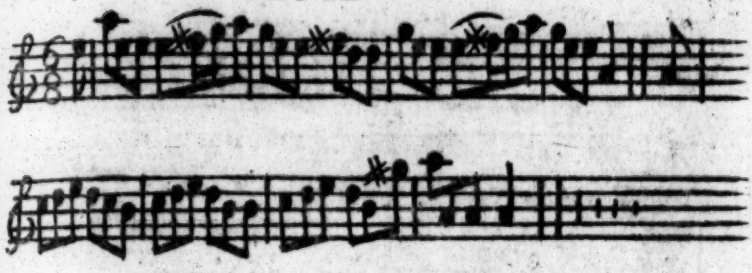


Haſte ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Buſk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
Conſider in Time, if Leading of Monkies,
Be better than dancing the *Bob* of Dunblane.

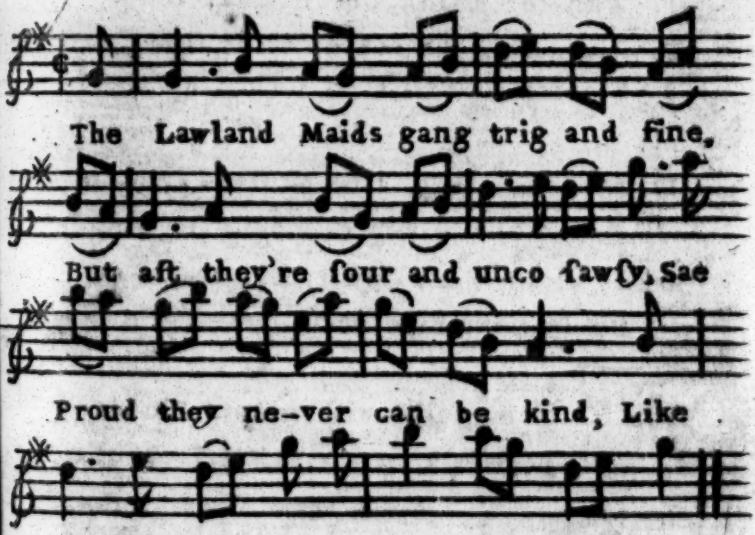
Be frank, my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And tak my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
Ye didna accept of the *Bob* of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown Dowie with lying alane;
Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob* of Dunblane.

FLUTE



The Highland Laſſie.



O my bony, bony Highland Laſſie,
My lovely Smiling Highland Laſſie,
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

Than ony Laſs in *Borrowſtoun*,
Who make their Cheeks with Patches motie,
I'd tak my *Katie* but a Gown,
Bare footed in her little Cotie.
O my bony, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Buſh,
Whene'er I kiſs and court my Dautie,
Happy and blyth as ane wad wiſh,
My ſlighteren Heart gangs pittle-pattie
O my bony, &c.

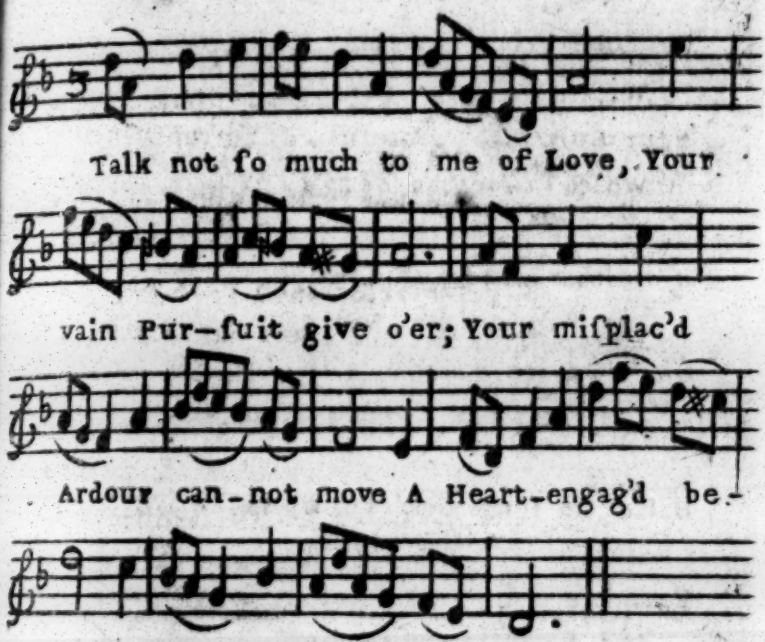
O'er Higheſt heathery Hills I'll ſtenn,
With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,
To drive the Deer out of their Den,
To feaſt my Laſs on Diſhes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

There's nane ſhall dare, by Deed or Word,
Gainſt her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
While I can Wield my truſty Sword,
Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.
O my bony, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
And Berries ripe invite my Treaſure,
To range with me; let great Fowk gloom,
While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleaſure.

O my bony, bony Highland Laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling Highland Laſſie,
May never care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

Cloes *Advice to* Strephon. *Set by* Mr Webber .



No more of Cruelty complain,
Nor *Cloe*'s Breaſt accuſe
For Want of Pity to a Swain,
When Honour bids, Refuſe.

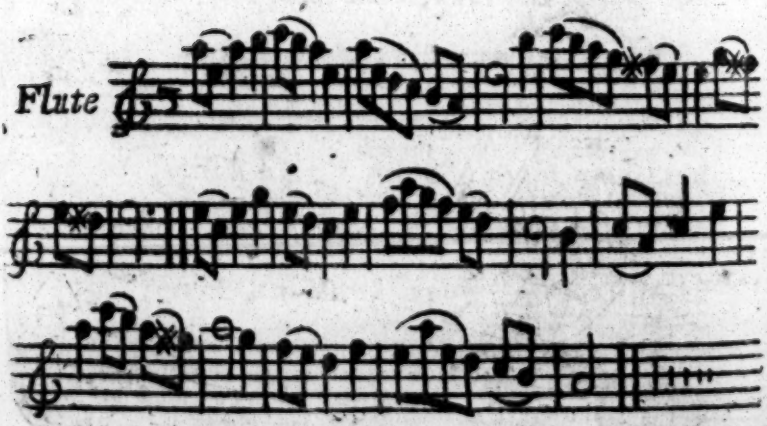
Let ſome more worthy Virgin Dame,
Whoſe Charms all lovely are,
Be Miſtreſs of your gen'rous Flame;
She may reward your Care.

Or ſome briſk ſprightly Widow may,
With Affluence ſupply'd,
Your Suit with grateful Senſe repay,
Which *Cloe* has deny'd.

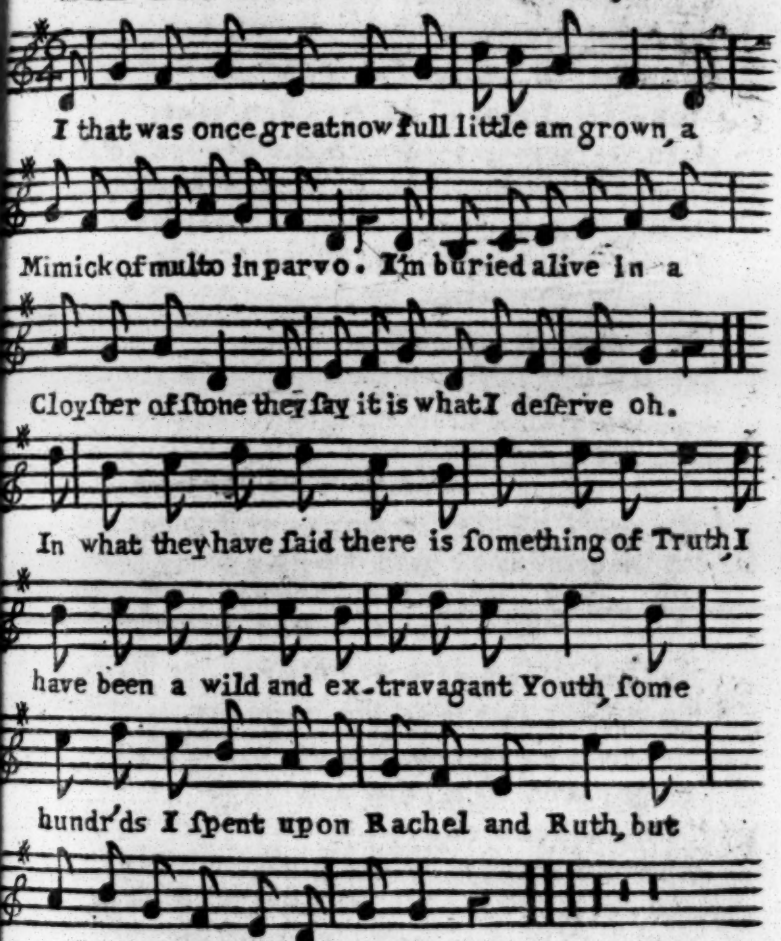
If Neither can your Thoughts employ,
But ſtill on me you gaze,
Cloe's Advice receive with Joy,
And fly from *Cupid's* Maze.

Haſte! to ſome peaceful Dome retire,
Such as you oft approve;
Examine well your fond Deſire,
And diſcipline your Love.

And if my wand'ring Steps incline
To your ſad, lonely Cell;
My Soul, and every Thought ſhall join,
To wiſh poor *Strephon* well!



The Fantastick Prodigal.



This song which I bring you is absolute true,
Then mark well my woefull Condition,
It is of my self give the Devil his Due,
I wish I may make an Impression,
On the hardned Hearts of all prodigal Beaus,
For Friends let me tell you now under the Rose,
Such whom you have feasted will be your worst Foes,
If ever you fall into Limbo.

3

My Father and Mother tis very well known,
They left me abundance of Riches,
But I was ſo wild and extravagant grown,
That daily I furniſhed my Breeches,
With Guineas and then to the Tavern I'd ſtray,
As fine as a Fop or a Fool at a Play,
I thought in my Heart it would never be Day,
But now I am got into Limbo.

4

My Father he left 500 a Year,
My Mother ſhe left me her Joynter,
And every Acre from Morgage was clear,
But I was a Bottle and Pointer,
Still Field after Field to Market I ſent,
My Acres I ſold and the Mony I ſpent,
My Heart was ſo hard it would never relent,
Till now I am got into Limbo.

5

My Land with abundance of old Faſhion Plate.
In ſhort I ſent packing together,
And dreſt my ſelf up in a Pagent of ſtate,
In powderd Wigg Hat and Feather,
With Hawks Hounds and Whores and fine ambling Nags,
I reveld about till I empty'd my Bags,
My gay coat is turnd to contemptable Rags,
Beſide I am clapt up in Limbo.

6

I uſ'd for to vaunt as if I would fly,
Or ſtrut like a Crow in a Gutter,
The People woud cry where as I paſt by:
There goes Maſter fopling flutter,
Like top and top gallant I hoiſted my ſail,
My Rapier Muff Ribons with Wigg of two tails,
But now I am ready to knaw my own Nails,
Confind to a Chamber in Limbo.

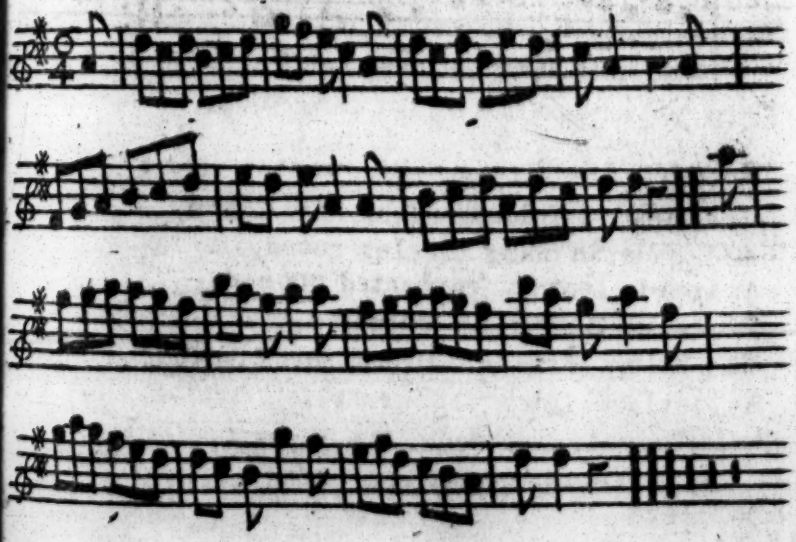
7

My time and my Mony I wastefully spent,
On furbelow'd Ladys of pleasure.
The cunning young Gipses woud sit and invent,
Which way I might squander my Treasure.
What ever they ask'd I would presently get.
Rich Garments or Daintys their pallets to fit,
They made a meer oaf of an absolute Witt,
But now I am got into Limbo.

8

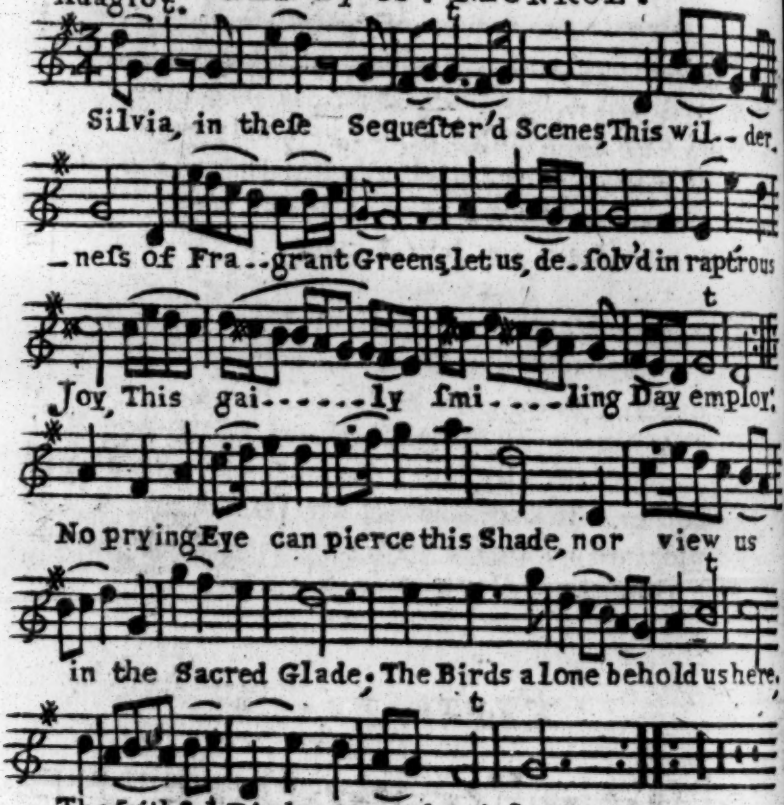
I kept me a brace of as delicate Jades,
As ever brought nine Pence to nothing.
My credit I Morgag'd with several Trades,
To treat them with Meat Drink and Cloathing.
My Gold smith with Jewels Chains Lockets and Rings,
And other with Laces and rich Bridal strings,
I'd pleasure my Doxes with fifty fine things,
For which I am clapt up in Limbo ..

FLUTE.



THE RETIREMENT. Taken from the Journal

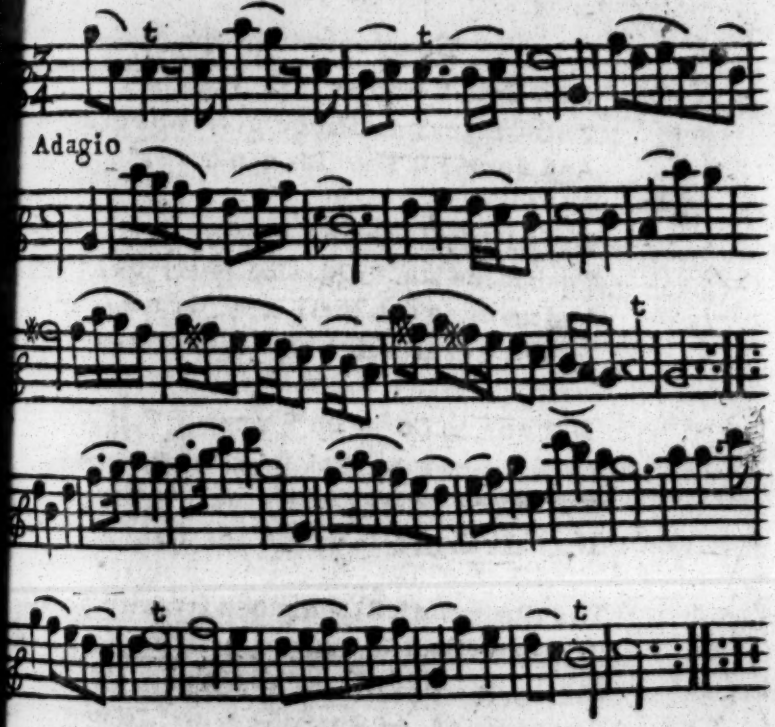
Adagio. SET BY Mr. MONROE.



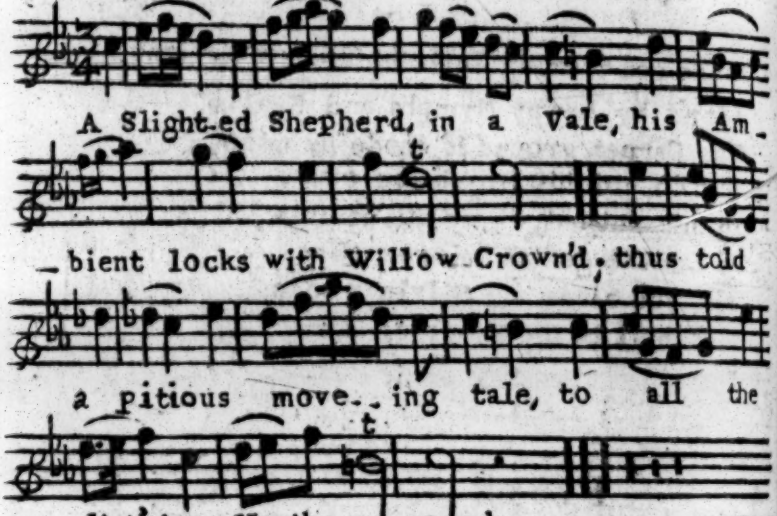
Lo! yon fair Stream, with wanton arms,
The Meadow folds, fond of her Charms,
And glides in mazy circles round,
As loth to leave th'enchanted ground.
Flora by Zephir is careſs'd;
The Balmy Breeze inflames my Breaſt,
A thouſand ſpicy Odours riſe,
And all around perfume the Skies.

Here conquering Love in Triumph reigns,
Ador'd by happy Nymphs and Swains:
This Carpet ground is trode by none,
That do not his Dominion own.
In this retreat, where all conspire,
To fan the genial amorous fire,
Will you alone, my Silvia prove,
A Rebell to the Pow'r of Love.

FLUTE.



THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.



My dear Companions of the Plain,
Who Sees the woes that I endure:
Know Myra's falshood gives this pain,
And none but She alas can cure.

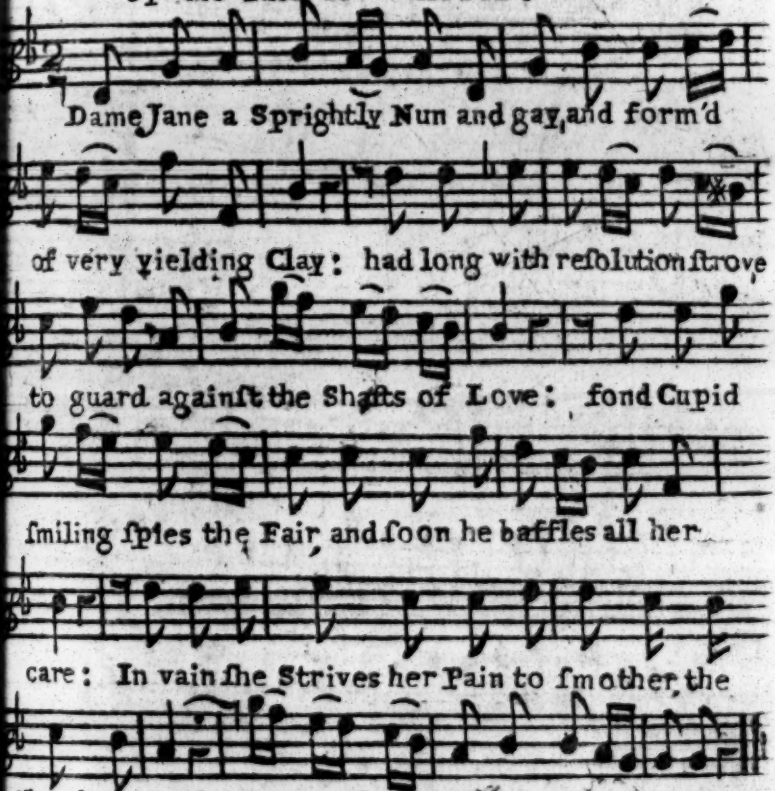
Her plighted vows to me she gave,
That mine and only mine She'd be.
And nothing but the Silent Grave,
Shoud e'er devide her Love from me.

But now ah Curse on Shineing Pelf,
Rich Lycons Gold has charmd the maid.
And Myra prizes more his wealth,
Than all the vows to me she paid.

The Storms of Sighs broke from his breast,
His faultring tongue still Myra cries:
His tender Heart with greif Opprest,
Drove floods of Sorrows from his eyes.

Till friendly Death by ſlow degrees,
While big round drops be dew'd his face;
Poor Strephon from his woes he frees,
And leaves him breath-leſs on the place.

THE PENITENT NUN. Set to MUSICK by the late Mr. HAYM.

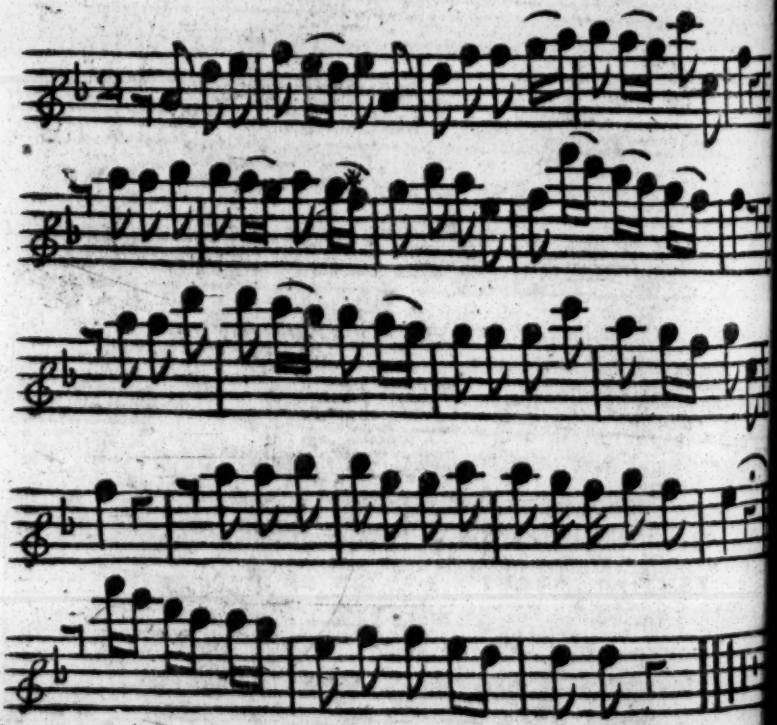


But now theſe little follies o'er,
She firmly vows Sheel Sin no more,
No more to guilt will fall a Prey.
But ſpend in Prayer each fleeting Day,
Cloſe in her Cell immur'd ſhe lies,
Nor from the Croſs removes her eyes.

While Siſters crouding at the grate,
Spend all their time in worldly prate.

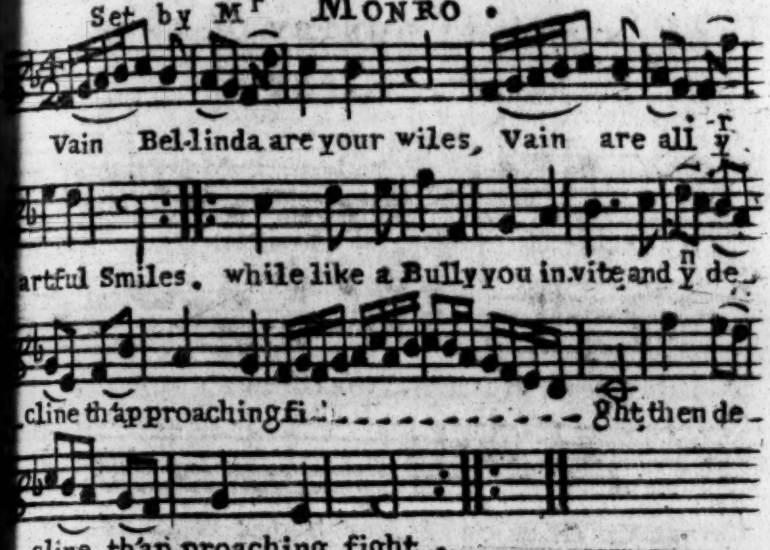
The Abbeſs overjoy'd to find,
This happy change in Jennys mind,
The reſt with Air compoſ'd addreſsing:
Daughters! if you expect a Bleſsing;
From pious Jane example take,
The world and all it's joys forſake,
We will they all replied as one,
But firſt let's do as Jane has done.

FLUTE.



A Song in the Temple Beau

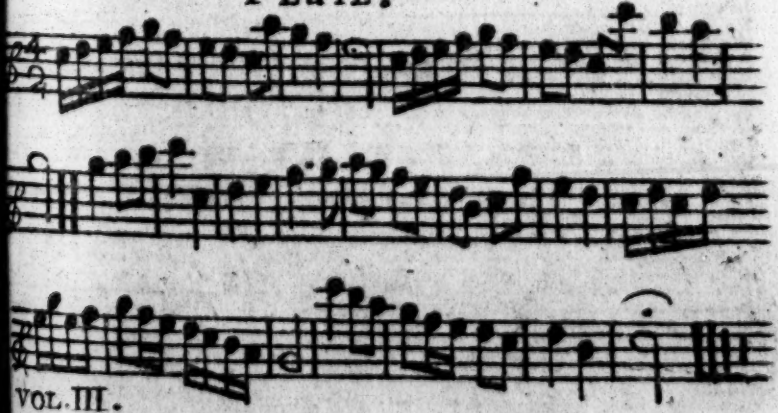
Set by Mr Monro.



Various are the little Arts,
Which you uſe to Conquer Hearts.
By empty threats he wou'd Affright,
And you by empty hopes invite.

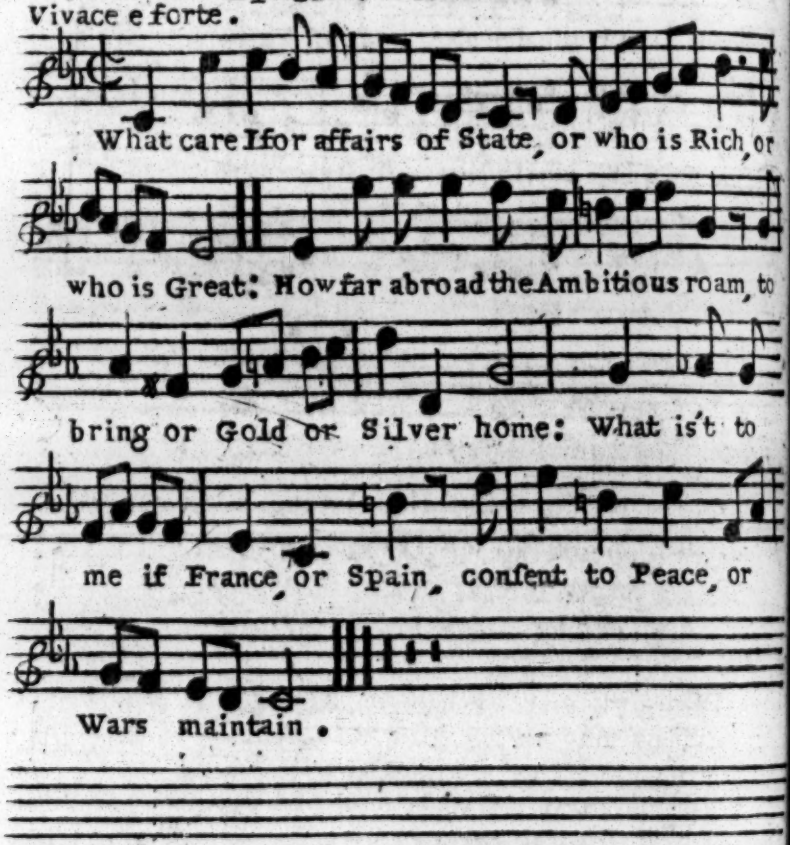
Cowards may by him be Brav'd,
Fops may be by you enſlav'd,
Then woud he Vanquiſh or you bind,
He muſt be brave and you be kind.

Flute.

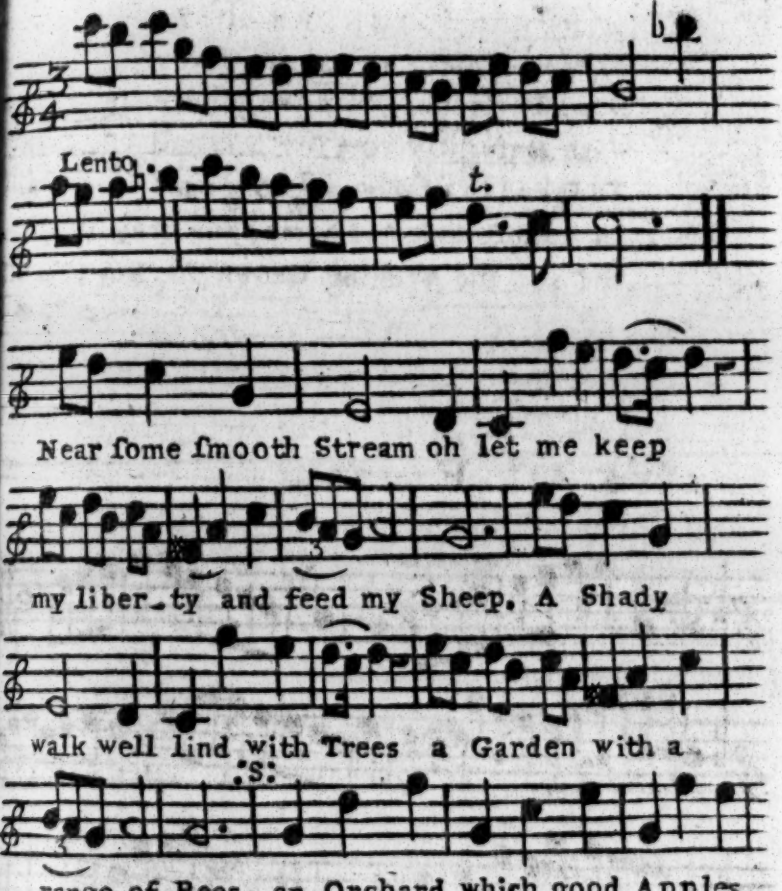


THE CONTENTED COUNTRY FARMER.

By Mr. CAREY.

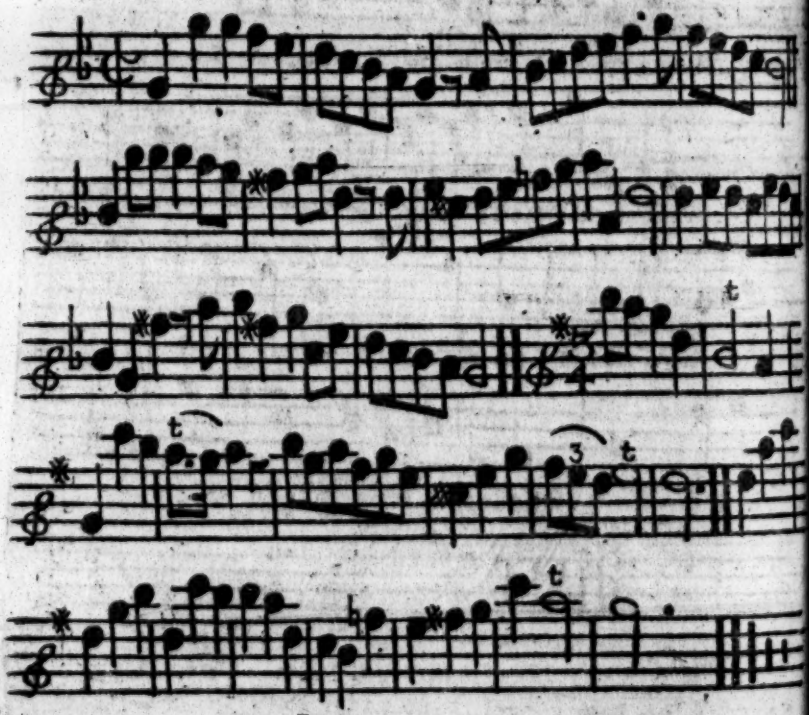


I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wish all well at Gibraltar;
But mind a Cardinal no more
Than any other Scarlet Whore.
Grant me ye Pow'rs but health and rest,
And let who will the World contest.


Lento.
Near ſome ſmooth Stream oh let me keep
my liber-ty and feed my Sheep. A Shady
walk well lind with Trees a Garden with a
range of Bees. an Orchard which good Apples
bears where Spring a long green Mantle
wears.

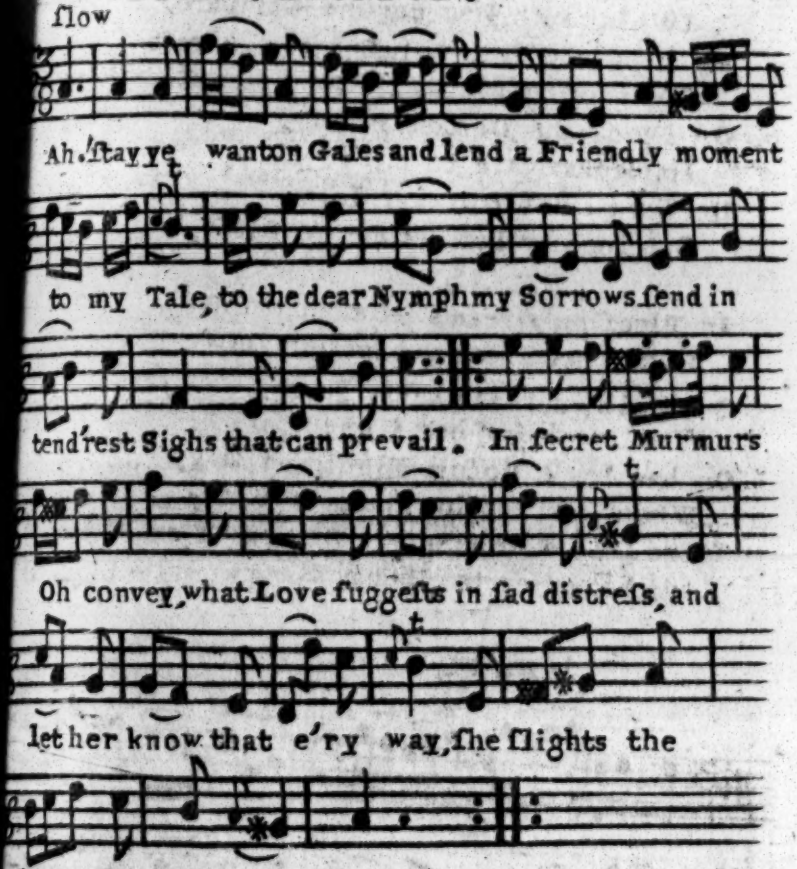
Where Winters never are ſevere,
Good Barly Land, to make good Bear,
With Entertainment for a friend,
To ſpend in peace my latter end,
In honeſt eaſe, and home ſpun grey,
And let the Evening Crown the Day.

Flute.



The Amorous Swains Complaint

by Mr. Monroe.



2

Or if the Winds refuse to bear,
The Voice of Love to the dear Maid:
Some pitying God then lend an Ear,
And Guard my Heart from being betray'd,
Propitious Heav'n. direct my steps,
To the Bless'd Mansion where my Dear,
Each day she wakes each night she sleeps,
With pitty may my Passion hear.

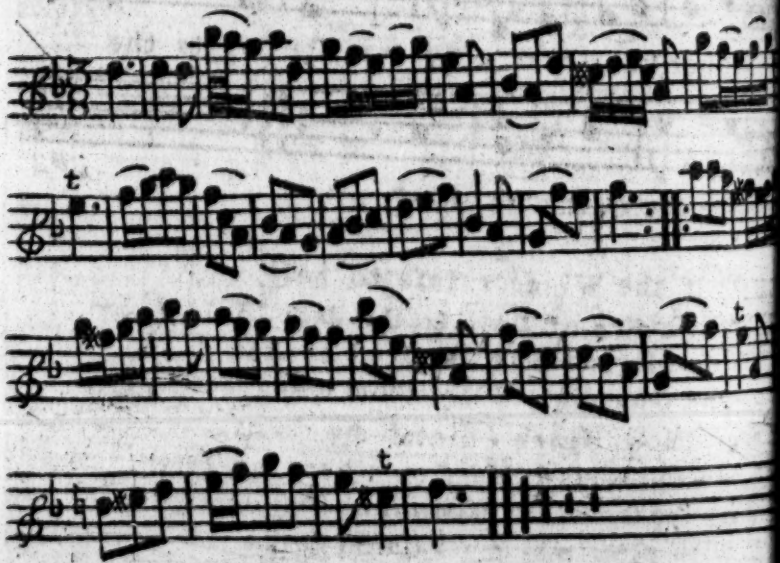
3

Within her downy Arms Embrac't,
I'd glut with Joys beyond Compare,
My Lipps ſeal'd to her Fragrant breaſt
O'erflowing Bleſsing let me ſhare.
Or ſhou'd the Deities refuſe,
Immediate Aid to my requeſt,
Her let me not for ever loſe,
But ſoon or late let me be Bleſt.

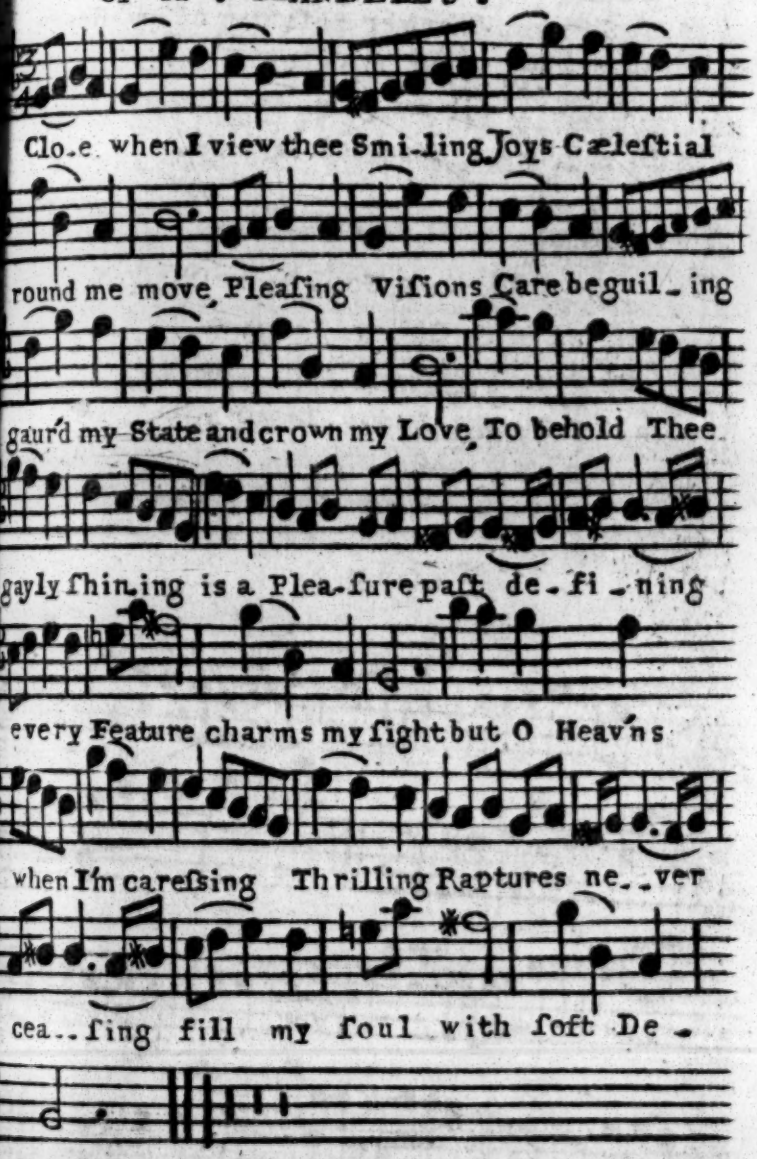
4

In Pleaſing Dreams let tender Love,
Invade her ſleep and let her know,
O Cupid and Almighty Jove,
How much for her I undergo.
On her lov'd Boſom Night and Day,
Where interruption finds no Reſt,
There let me Breathe my Soul away,
And bid adieu to Human Race.

FLUTE.



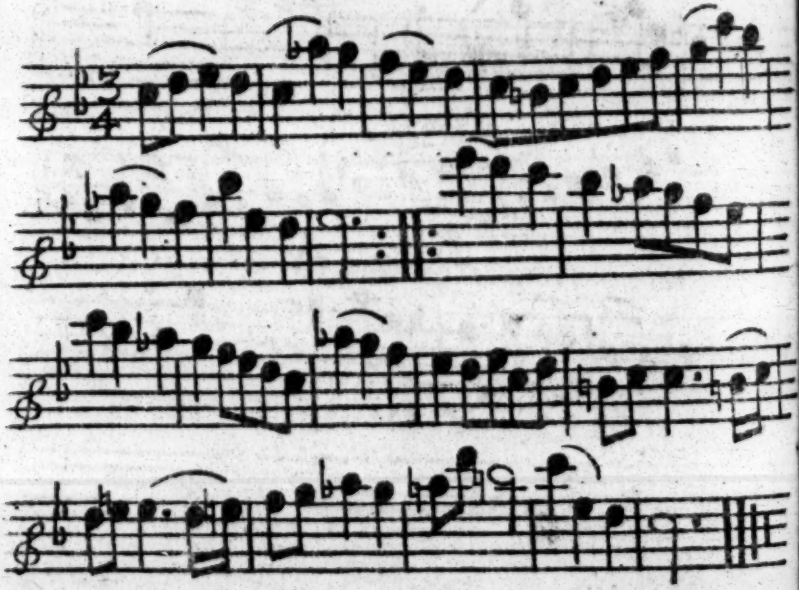
A Song to a Favourite Minuet of Mr. Handells.



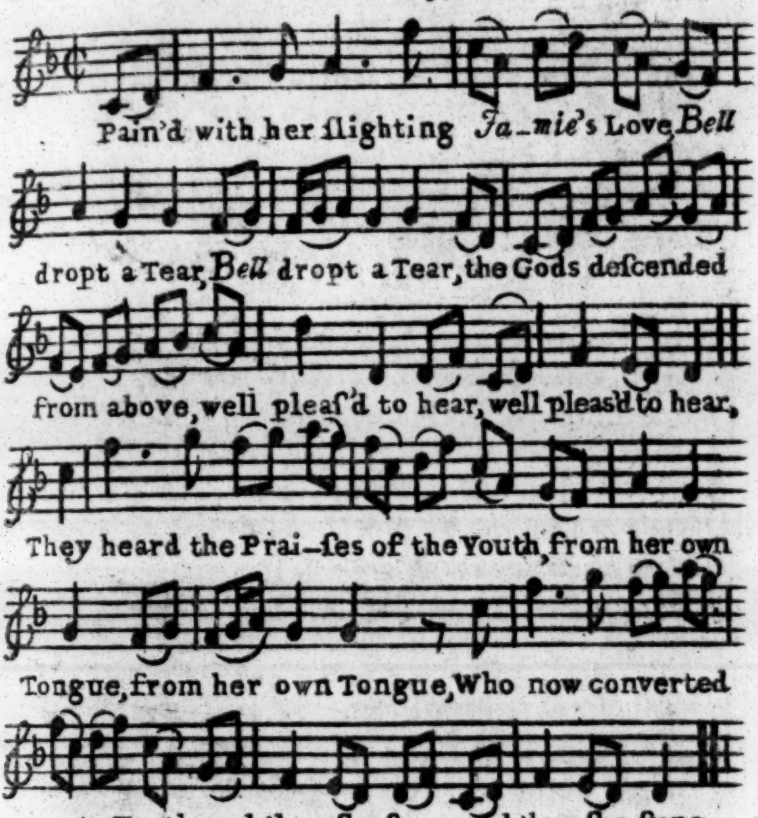
Oh thou Lovely deareſt Creature,
Sweeteſt Charmer Enſlaver of my Heart,
Beauteous Maſter Piece of Nature,
Cauſe of all my Joy and ſmart,
In thy Arms Enfolded lay me.

To diſsolving Bliſs Convey me,
Softly Sooth my Soul to reſt,
Gently. Kindly Oh my Treaſure,
Bleſs me let me dye with Pleaſure,
On thy Panting Snowy Breaſt.

FLUTE.



The Laſs of *Livingſtone*



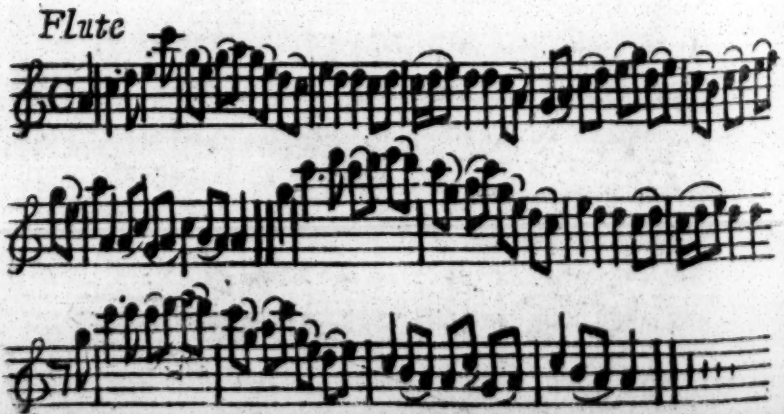
Bleſt Days! when our ingenious Sex,
More frank and kind, More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But ſpoke their Mind, But ſpoke their Mind.
Repenting now, ſhe promiſ'd fair,
Wou'd he return, Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cauſe him mourn, Or cauſe him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deſerving Swain,
Yet ſtill thought Shame, Yet ſtill thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame, To own my Flame,
Why took I Pleaſure to torment,
And ſeem too coy, And ſeem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My ſlighted Joy, My ſlighted Joy.

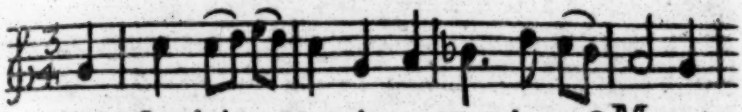
Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Deſire, Own your Deſire,
While Love's young Power, with his ſoft Wing,
Fans up the Fire, Fans up the Fire.
O do not with a ſilly Pride,
Or low Deſign, Or low Deſign,
Refuſe to be a Happy Bride,
But anſwer plain, But anſwer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes, With flowing Eyes;
Glad *Jamie* heard her all the Time,
With ſweet Surprize, With ſweet Surprize.
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd, His Mind unchang'd;
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love,
I am reveng'd, I am reveng'd!

Flute



My Apron, Deary.



Twas forth in a Morning, a Morning of *May*, A

Soldier and his Mi—ſtreſs were walking a—ſtray;

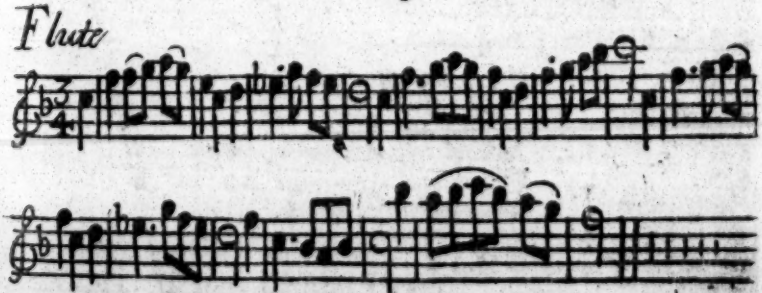
And low down by yon Meadow Brow, I heard

a Laſs cry, *My A---pron now.*

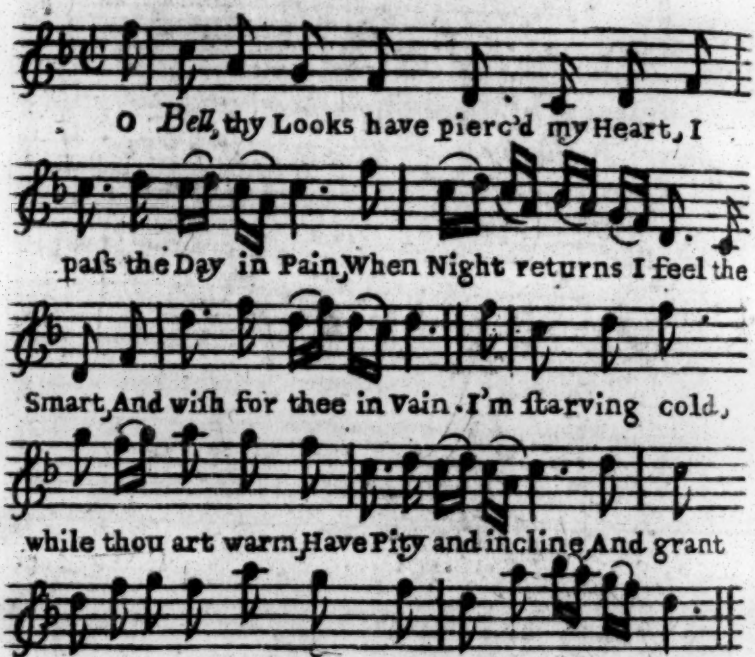
O had I ta'en Counſel of Father or Mother,
Or had I ta'en Counſel of Siſter or Brother;
But I was a young Thing, and eaſy to wooe,
And my Belly bears up *my Apron now.*

Thy Apron, Deary, I muſt confeſs,
Is ſomething the ſhorter, tho' naething the leſs;
I only was wi' ye a Night or Two,
And yet you cry out, *My Apron now!*

Flute



Hap me with thy Petticoat.



My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand ways
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures, which can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

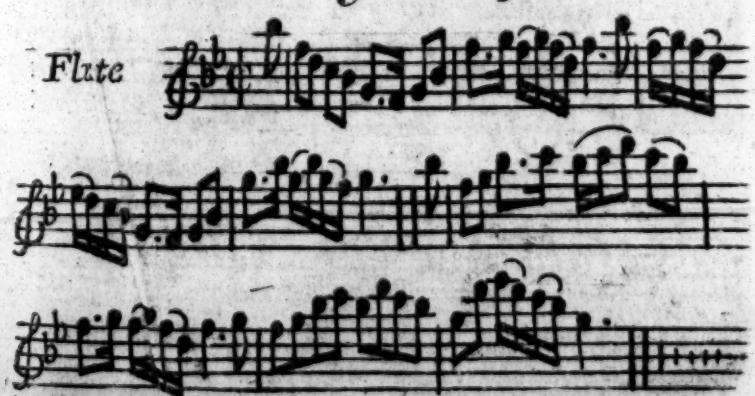
I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeize
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Eaſe,
If Thou and It were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,
By hind'ring the Design.
May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

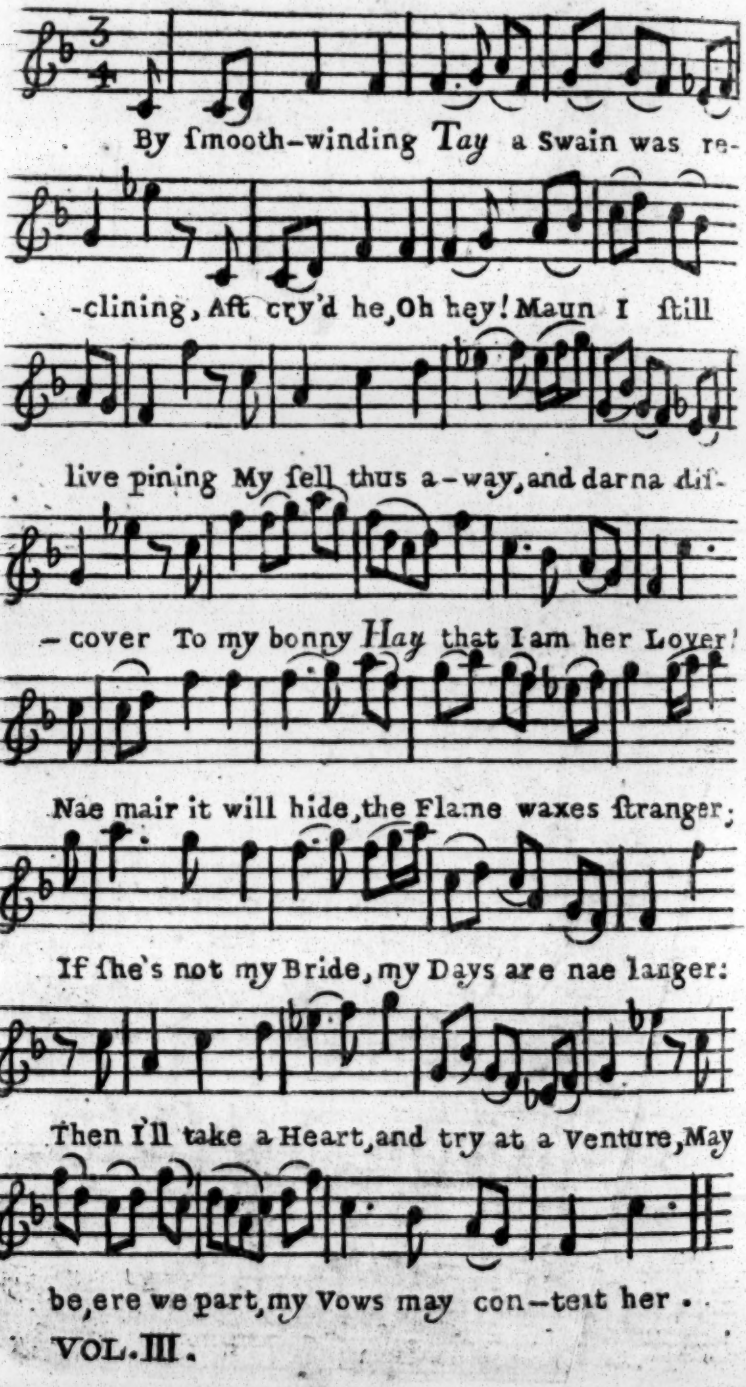
Other words to the ſame Tune

Whilſt *Strephon*, in his Pride of Youth,
To me alone profeſt
Deſſembled Paſſion, dreſt like Truth,
He triumph'd in my Breaſt.
I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,
Deny'd him not my Arms;
Deluded by his pleaſing Art,
Tranſported with his Charms.

The Wand'rer now I loſe, or ſhare
With ev'ry lovely Maid.
Who makes the Heart of Man her Care,
Shall have her own betray'd:
Our Charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we Conqueſt gain;
Where one a Victim falls to Love,
A thouſand Tyrants reign.



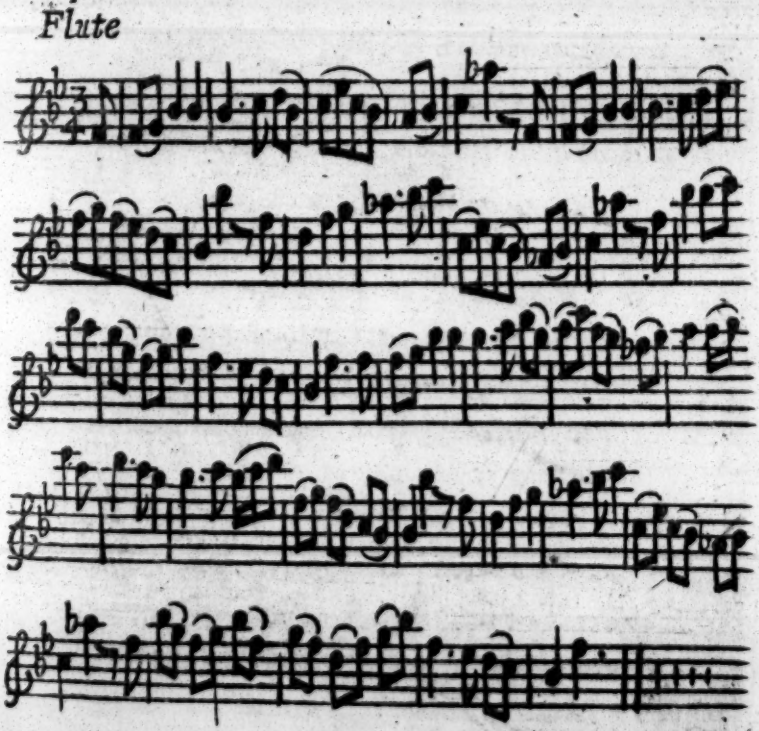
John Hay's *Bonny Laſsie*



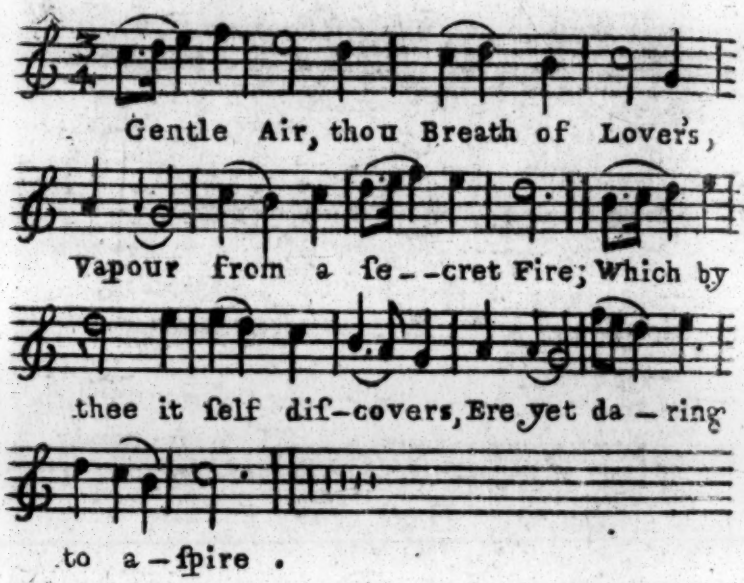
She's freſh as the Spring, and ſweet as *Aurora*,
when Birds mount & ſing, bidding Day a good-morrow.
The Sward of the Mead, enamell'd with Daiſies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if ſhe appear, where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flow'rs ſmell, e'y ſweeter:
'Tis Heav'n to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eyes ſet my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded,
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my Deſire is *Hay*'s bonny Laſſie.



A Sigh. *Set by* Mr I. Sheeles.

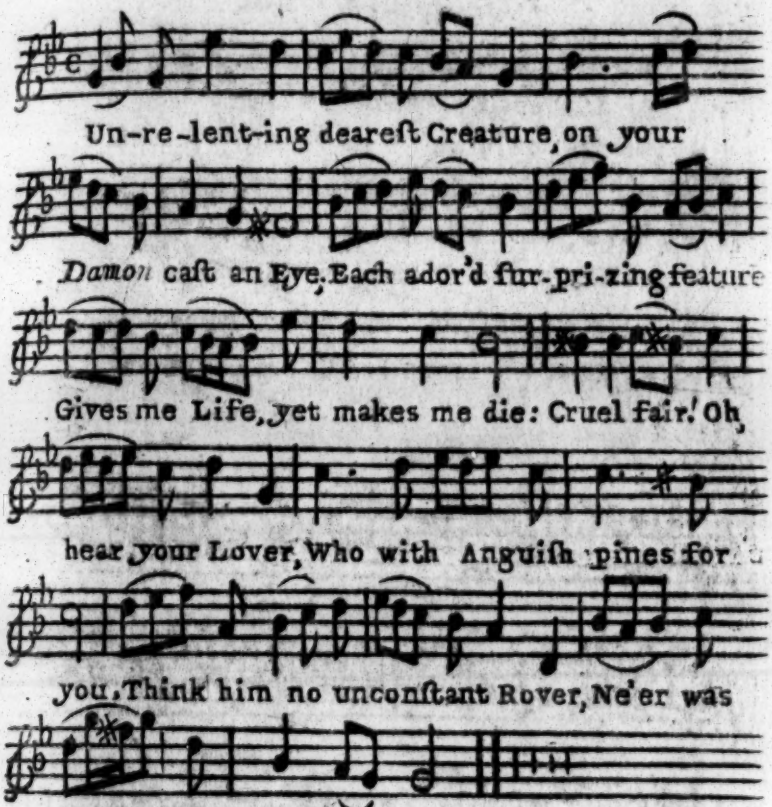


Softeſt Note of whiſper'd Anguiſh,
Harmony's refined Part,
Striking, while thou ſeem'ſt to languiſh,
Full upon the Liſtner's Heart.

Safeſt Meſſenger of Paſſion,
Stealing thrô a Croud of Spies;
Who conſtrain the outward Faſhion,
Cloſe the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeleſs Sigh, we ne'er can ſhow thee;
Form'd but to aſſault the Ear;
Yet, ere to their Coſt they know thee,
Ev'ry Nymph may read thee—here.

The Words by Mr. H. C.



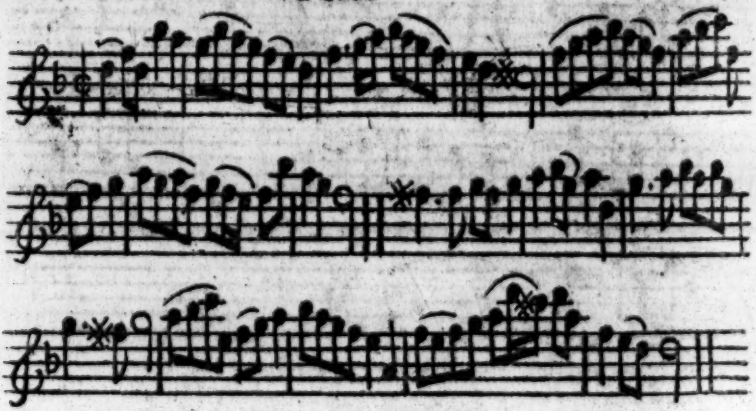
Answer'd by another Hand

Cease, tormenting vain Deceiver,
Cloe all your Arts defies;
Cares not, if you will believe her,
Whether *Damon* lives or dies:
Trifling Swain, your Suit give over,
And implore *Corinna*'s Charms,
Know young *Cloe*'s doom'd a Lover,
But to bless her *Strephon*'s Arms.

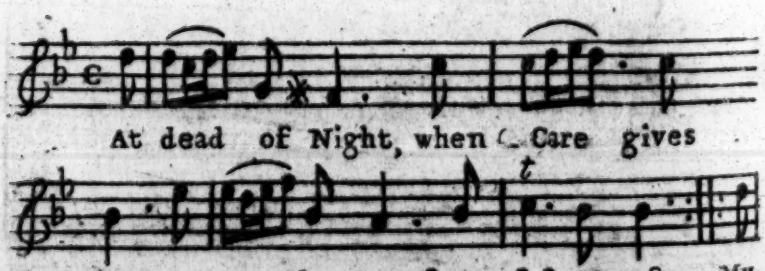
A Reply by Mr. H. C.

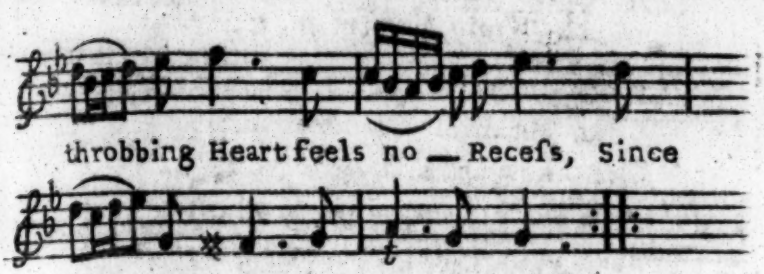
Since nor Faith nor Truth can move you,
In behalf of *Damon's* Suit;
Cloe, know, altho' I lov'd you,
Scorn produces other Fruit:
Take your faithleſs canting Rover,
Claſp him in deluded Arms;
Damon joys, who was your Lover,
That his Rival loaths your Charms.

Flute



On Chlorif's *Unkindneſs. Set by* Mr. Vincent.



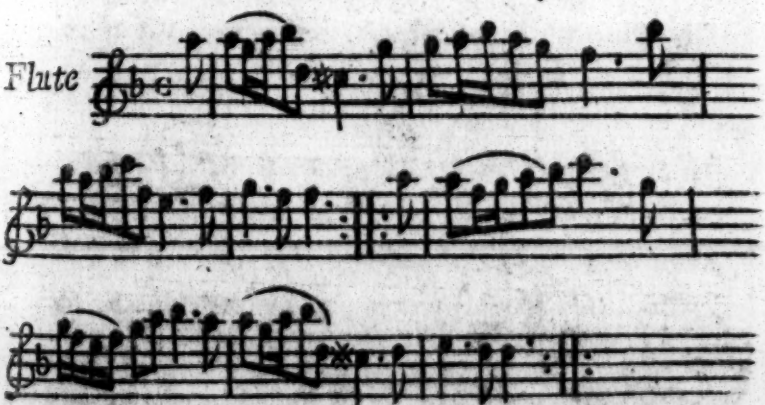


Love and *Chlo-ris* are my Foes.

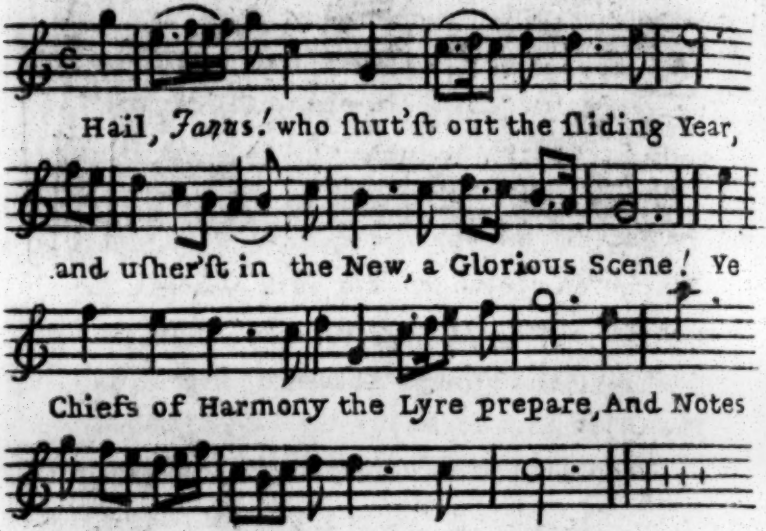
At Morn, when *Phœbus* from the Eaſt
Repels the gloomy Shades of Night,
The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breaſt
Redoubles at th' Approach of Light.

At Noon, when moſt intenſe he ſhines,
My Sorrows more intenſe are Grown;
At Ev'ning, when the Sun declines,
They ſet not with the Setting Sun.

To my Relief then haſten, Death,
And eaſe me of my reſtleſs Woes:
With Joy I will reſign my Breath,
Since Love and *Chloris* are my Foes.



A Song *Set by* Mr. J. Sheeles.



Illuſtrious *George! Great-Britain's* genial Soul,
Bids ſhut thy Brazen Gates, while heav'nly Peace
Leads on the Golden Hours, that gaily roll
Like Billows o'er his Tributary Seas.

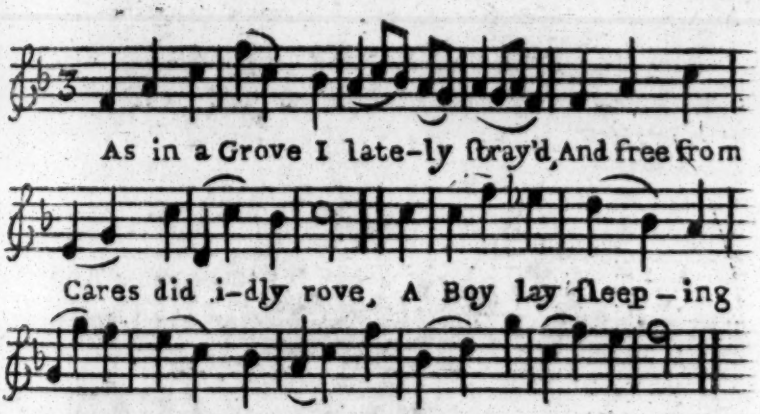
Under thy Smile the *Gallic* Lillies Bloom;
Proud *Spain* retires from thy avenging Rod;
Thy Thunder ſhakes the Turrets of Old *Rome*;
Tyrants ſubmit to thy ſuperior Nod.

Th'Imperial Bird bends either Neck to thee;
The *Belgic* Lyon cowers; *Sardinia's* King
Receives another Crown, thy Gift; we ſee
Both Oceans to thy Feet their Trophies bring.

Thy Labour's like the ſun's Eternal Carr,
Unweary'd, and Beneficent to all;
Thy gen'rous Rays diſpel the Clouds of War,
And Sciences, and Arts of Peace recall.

Sing out his mighty Fame, ye tuneful Choir,
In choſen Numbers and juſt Melody;
Immortal Deeds immortal Songs require,
Soft as his Smiles Great as his Majeſty.

Cupid *A Waked.*



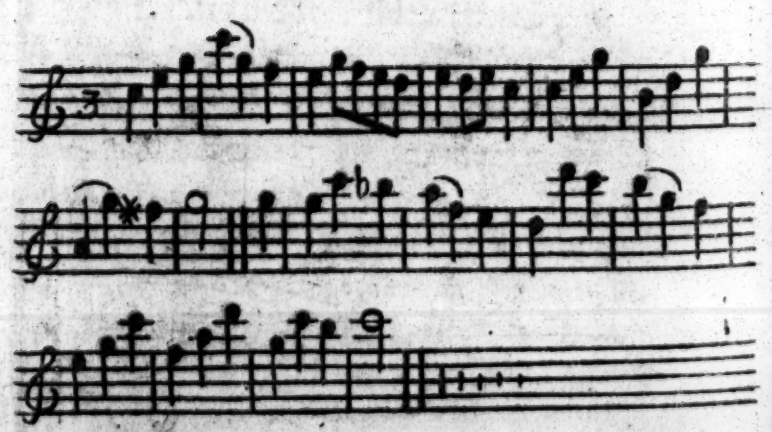
Lur'd by his Charms I nearer drew;
And ſaw of that diſdainful Maid,
Whom I had vow'd no more to wooe,
The dear deluding Form diſplay'd.

Her ruby Lips and graceful Mein
The Urchin wore. In vain I ſtrove,
I ſigh'd; he ſtarted from the Green:
The ſlighteſt Thing will Waken *Love!*

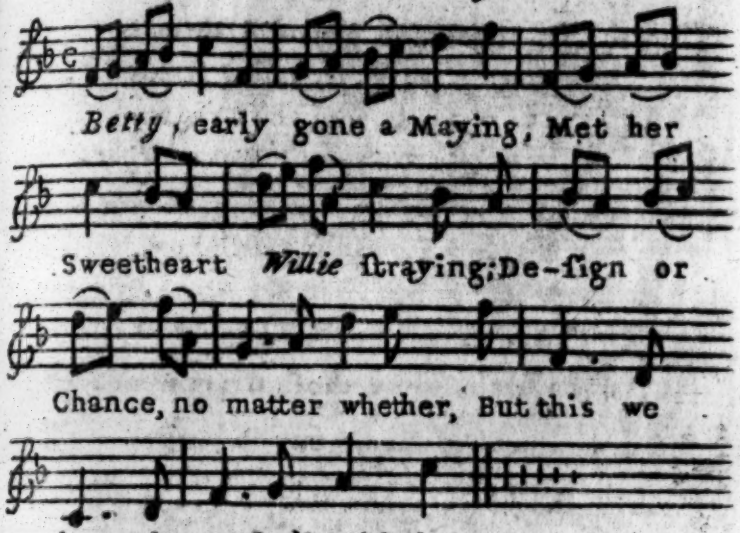
Strait ſeizing his revengeful Bow,
And taking out a choſen Dart,
He meditates a fatal Blow;
And, as he fled, transfix'd my Heart.

Return to *Sylvia*, fooliſh Swain,
And languiſh at her Feet, ſaid he;
You ſhall her Captive ſtill remain,
For having dar'd to waken me!

Flute



There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.



Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles Cooing,—
Fondly Billing, kindly Wooing;
See how ev'ry Buſh diſcovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in Singing, or in Loving,
Ev'ry Moment ſtill improving;
Love and Nature wiſely leads 'em:
Love and Nature ne'er miſguides 'em.

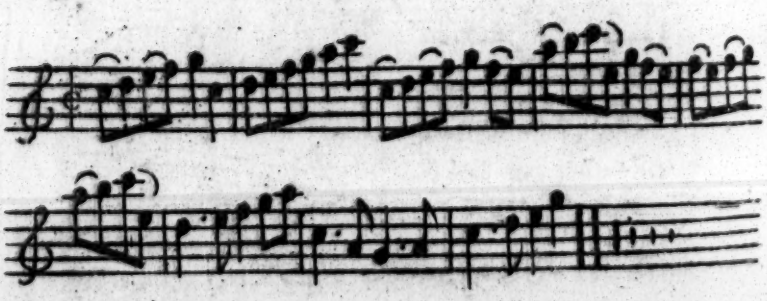
See how the opening bluſhing Roſe,
Does all her ſecret Charms diſclose;
Sweet's the Time, ah! ſhort's the Meaſure
Of our fleeting, haſty Pleaſure.

Quickly we muſt ſnatch the Bliſſes
Of their ſoft and fragrant Kiſſes;
To-day they bloom, they fade to-morrow,
Droop their Heads, and die in Sorrow.

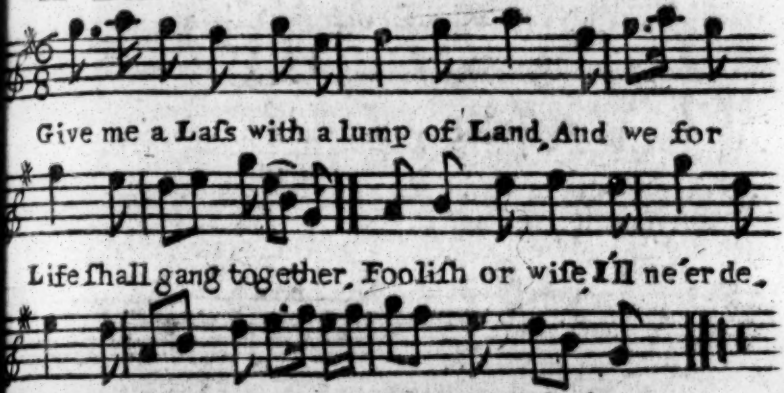
Time, my Beſs, will leave no Traces
Of thoſe Beauties, of thoſe Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our ſtaying:
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Deareſt Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful *Willie*,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile Thee.

Flute



A LASS with a LUMP of LAND.



I'm off with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
And Blood alone is not worth a Shilling.
But ſhe that's rich her Market's made,
For ev'ry Charm about her is killing.

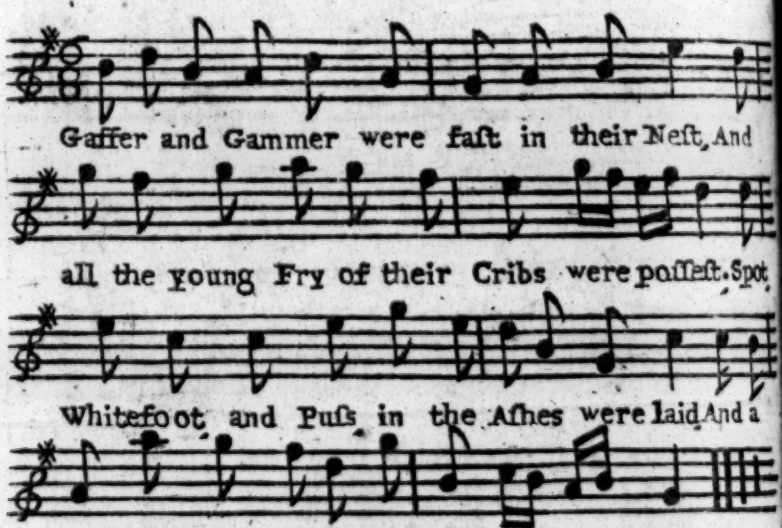
Give me a Laſs with a lump of Land,
And in my Boſom I'll hug my Treaſure:
If I had once her Gold in my Hand
Shou'd Love turn dead, it will find Pleaſure.

Laugh on who likes, but there's my Hand,
I hate with Poorith, tho' bonny to meddle,
Unleſs they bring Caſh, or a Lump of Land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
And Silver and Gold's a ſweet Complexion.
But Beauty, and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
Have loſt the Art of gaining Affection.

Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
And Caſtles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows,
And nothing can catch our modern Sparks
But well tocher'd Laſſes or joynter'd Widows.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



Urſla. was ſcouring her Diſhes and Platter,
Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter;
Greas'd up to the Elbow, as much to the Eye,
'Till her embroider'd Cloaths were e'en ready to fry.

Roger the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay ſnoaring,
'Till Cupid, ſore vext at his clowniſh Adoring,
Did ſtraitway convey to the great Logger head,
The whiſpering Muſe, that they all were a bed.

Up ſtarted Roger, and rubbing his Eyes,
Strait to his dear Urſla in Paſſion he hies,
Then leaning his Elbow on Urſla's broad Back,
Complain'd that his Heart was e'en ready to crack.

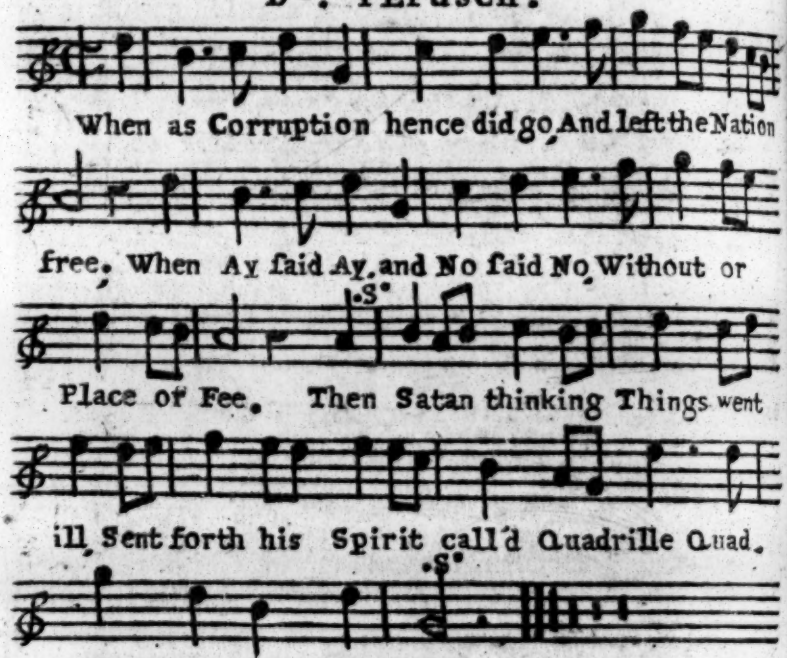
Urſla b'ing vext at the Weight of her Love
Cry'd Cupid, why doſt thou thus treacherous prove!
In angry Mood then ſhe turn'd her about,
And the Diſh cloutlapt over the Face of the Lout.

Roger b'ing angry at ſuch an Affront,
And not at all minding of what might come on't
He gave her a Kick with ſuch wonderous Mettle,
As tumbl'd poor Urſla quite over the Kettle.

This Noiſe and Rumbling ſet Gaffer awaking,
And fearing leſt Thieves had been ſtealing his Bacon,
With a Pur down the ſtairs in a Trice he came ſtumbling,
Where he found Roger gaping, while Urſla lay tumbling.

Pox take your, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore,
So turn'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door;
Nor minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather;
To finiſh their Loves in a Hogſtye together.

A BALLAD on QUADRILLE. Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



Kings, Queens and Knaves, made up his Pack,
And four fair Suits he wore.
His Troops they were with Red and Black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er.
And ev'ry Houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by this Imp, Quadrille &c.

Sure Cards he has for every Thing,
Which well Court-Cards they name,
And Stateſman like, calls in the King,
To help out a bad Game,
But if the Parties manage ill,
The King is forc'd to loſe Codille &c.

When Two and Two were met of old,
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's Books enrolld,
And call'd a Party Quarree:
But now, meet when and where you will,
A Party Quarree is Quadrille &c.

The Commoner, the Knight, and Peer,
Men of all Ranks and Fame,
Leave to their Wives the only Care
To propagate their Name.
And well that Duty they fulfil,
While the good Husbands at Quadrille &c.

When Patients lie in piteous Case,
In comes th'Apothecary;
And to the Docter cries Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:
The Patient dies without a Pill,
For why! The Doctor's at Quadrille &c.

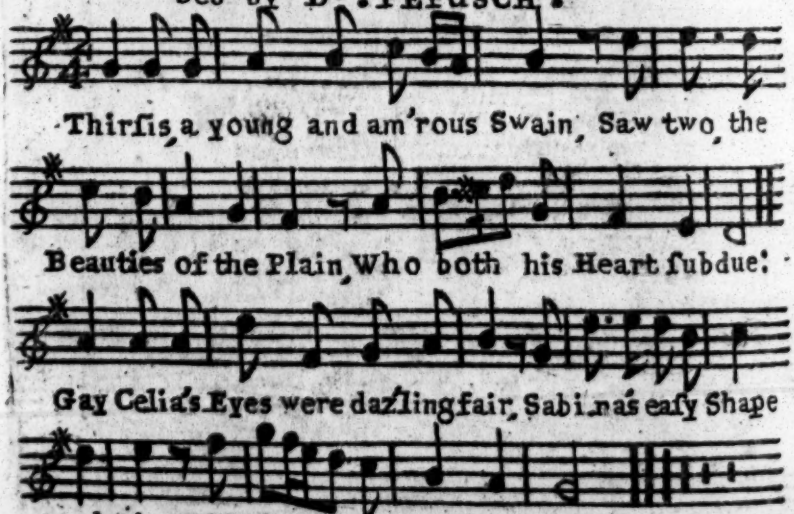
Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her Neighbours proud,
Would want both Ball and Powder.
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill.
For why! The Generals at Quadrille &c.

The King of late drew forth his Sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in Wrath!)
And made, of many a Squire and Lord,
An unwaſh'd Knight of Bath:
What are their Feats of Arms and Skill!
The'yre but nine Parties at Quadrille, &c.

A Party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's Eyes;
'T'was call'd in Poſt-Boy and Gazette,
The Quadruple Allies,
But ſome-body took ſomething ill
So broke this Party at Quadrille &c.

And now, God ſave this noble Realm,
And God ſave eke Hanover;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the Helm,
When as the King goes over:
But let the King go where he will,
His Subjects muſt play at Quadrille &c.

THE WORDS by Dr PARNELL.
Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.

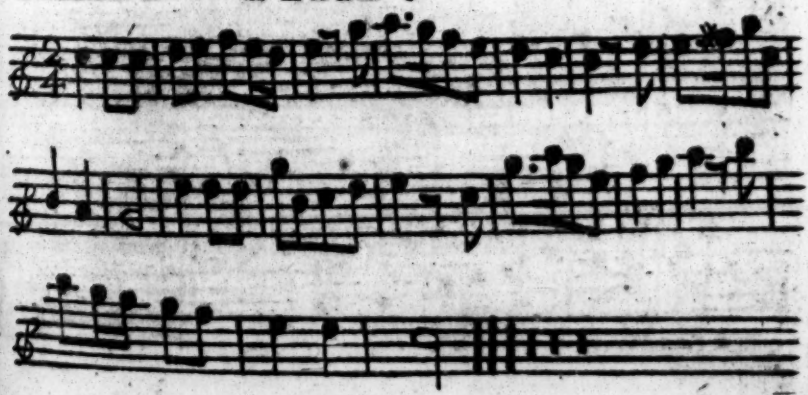


He hunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,
And ſeems for each to die;
'Till each a little ſpiteful grown.
Sabina Celia's Shape ran down,
And She Sabina's Eye.

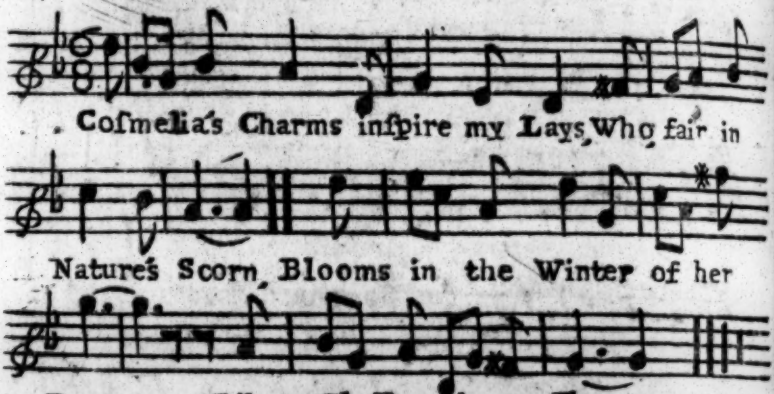
Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Thoſe Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind.
So ſet the Lover free:
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,
Or with a True-love Knot or Name
Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah Celia! (ſly Sabina cry'd)
Tho' neither Love, we're both deny'd:
Let either fix the Dart.
Poor Girl! (ſays Celia) ſay no more.
That Spite which broke his Chains before,
Wou'd break the other's Heart.

FLUTE.



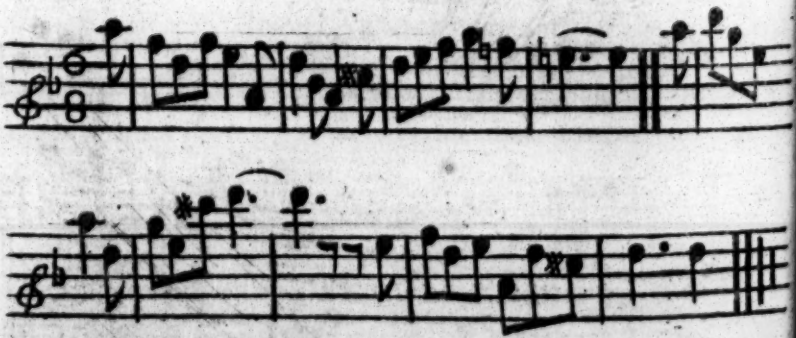
COSMELIA. By JAMES MOORE Eſq.



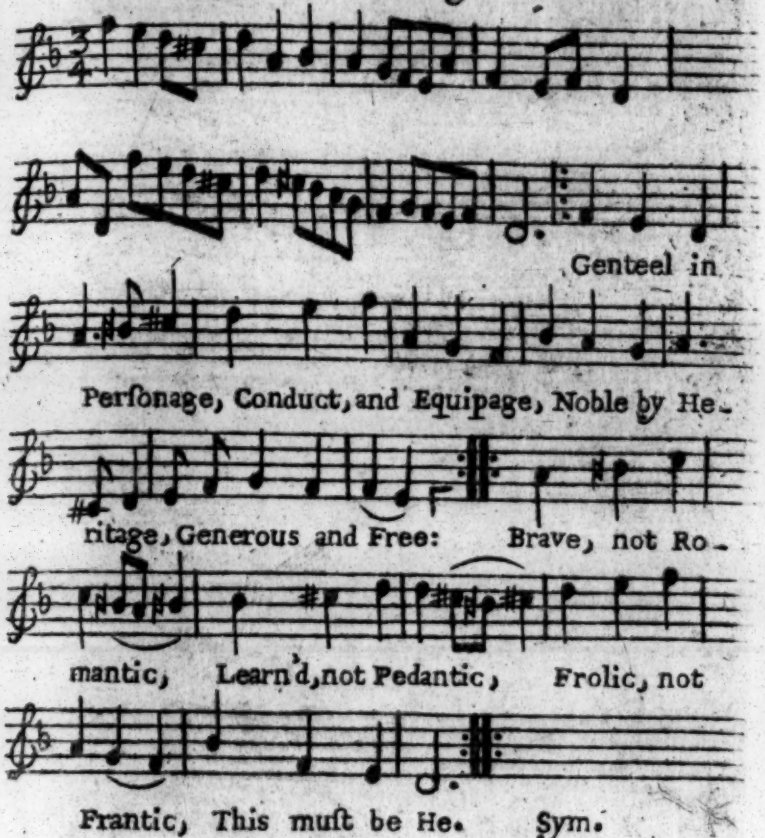
Coſmelia's cruel at Fourſcore,
As Bards in Tragick Plays.
Four Acts of Life paſs'd guiltleſs o'er,
But in the Fifth ſhe ſlays.

If e'er impatient for the Bliſs
Within her Arms I fall,
The plaiſter'd Fair returns the Kiſs,
Like Thiſbe, thro' the Wall.

FLUTE.

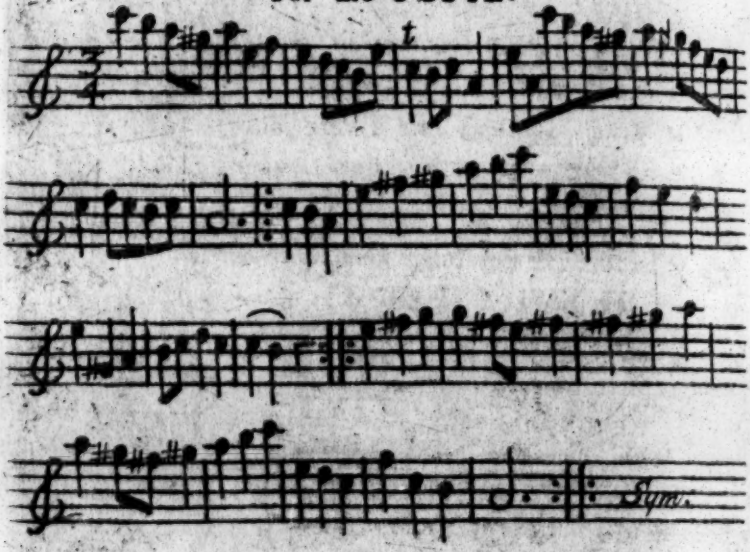


The MAIDS HUSBAND. Sung by Miſs RAFTOR in the CONTRIVANCES. Set by Mr. CAREY.

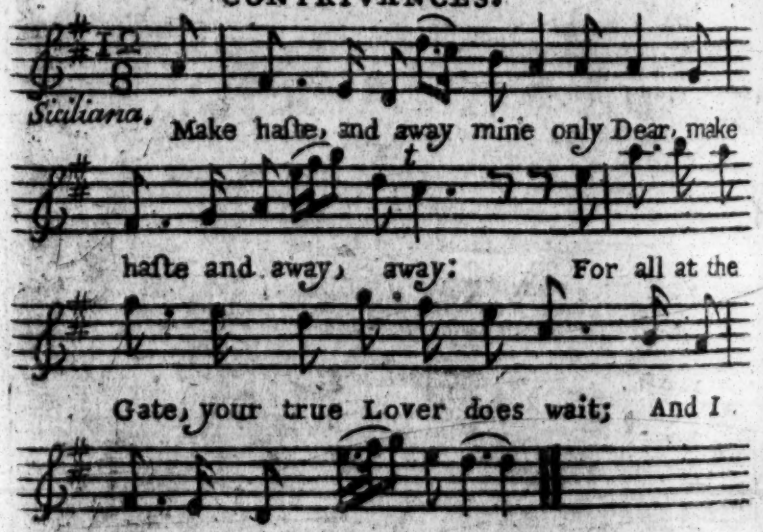


Honour Maintaining,
Meanneſs diſdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and New:
Neat, but not finical,
Sage, but not Cynical,
Never Tyrannical,
But ever true.

For the FLUTE.



The INTRIGUE. by way of Dialogue.
Sung by Mr. CHARKE and Miſs RAFTOR in the
CONTRIVANCES.



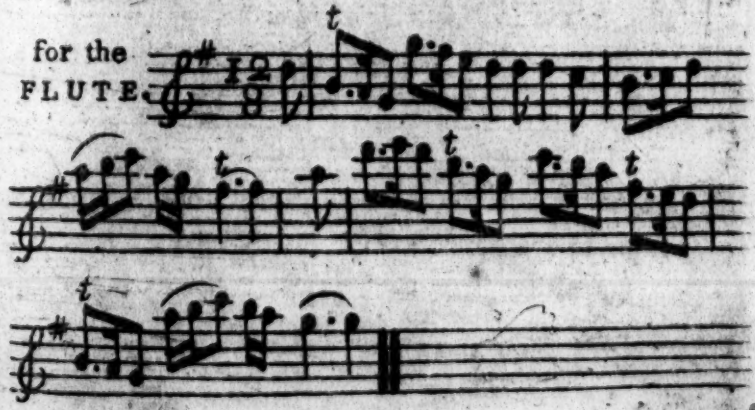
Oh how ſhall I ſteal away my Love?
O how ſhall I ſteal away!
She. My Daddy is near, and I dare not for fear,
Pray come then another Day.

O this is the only Day my Life,
O this is the only Day!
He. I'll draw him aſide, while you throw ye Gates wide;
And then you may ſteal away.

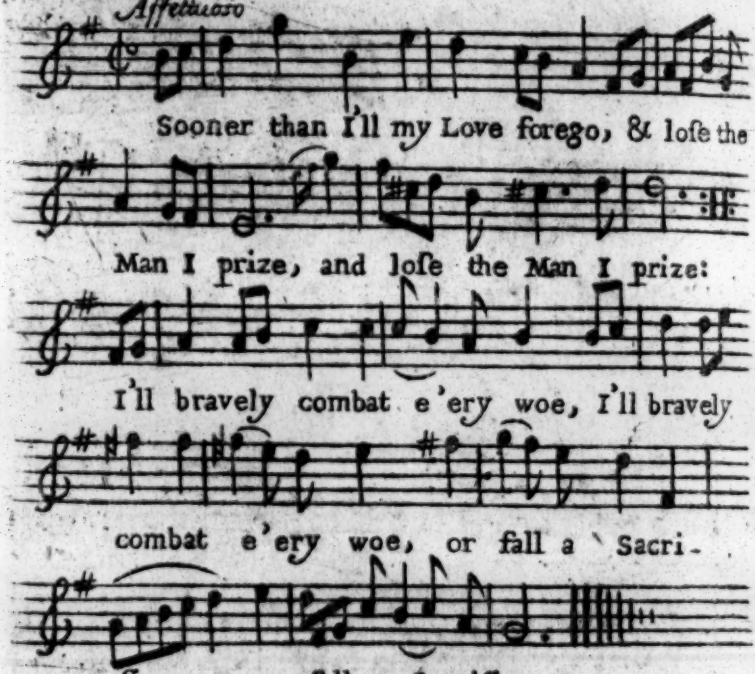
Then prithee, make no delay, my Dear,
Then prithee make no delay:
She. We'll ſerve him a Trick, for I'll ſlip in the Nick;
And to my true Love away.

CHORUS.

O Cupid befriend a Loving Pair,
O Cupid befriend us we Pray!
May our Stratagem take, for thine own ſweet ſake,
And Amen! let all true Lovers ſay.



Sung by Miſs RAFTOR in the CONTRIVANCES.

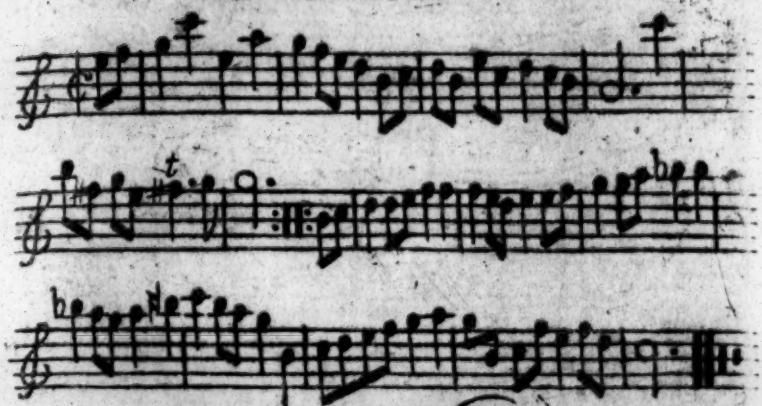


N. B. The lines that have this mark :S: are Sung twice over.

Nor Bolts, nor Bars ſhall me controul,
I Death and danger dare; :S:
Reſtraint but fires the active Soul, :S:
And urges fierce deſpair. :S:

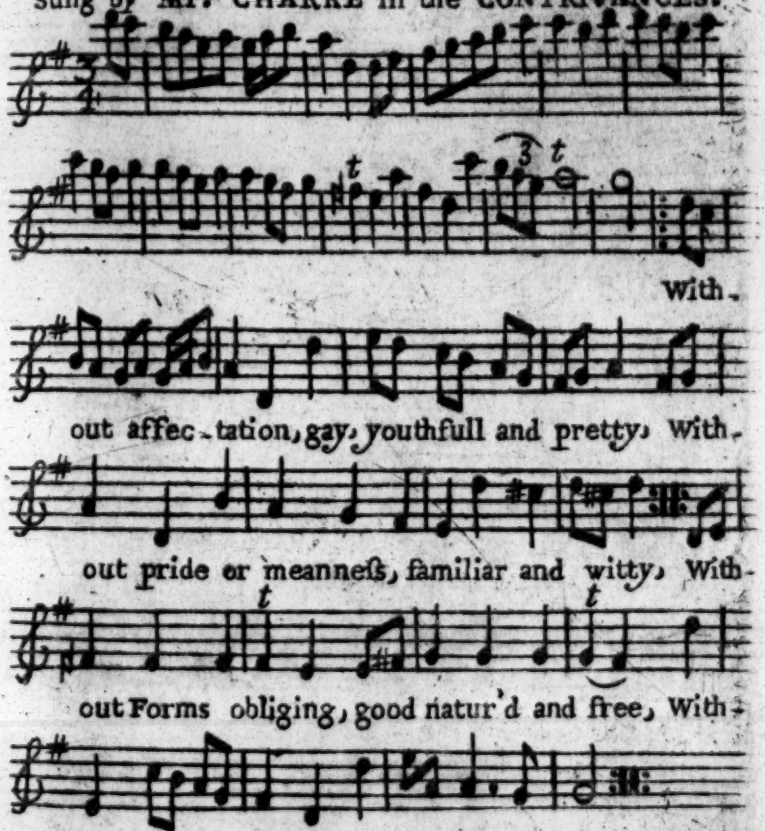
The window now ſhall be my Gate;
I'll either fall or fly, :S:
Before I'll live with him I hate, :S:
For him I love, I'll die. :S:

For the FLUTE.



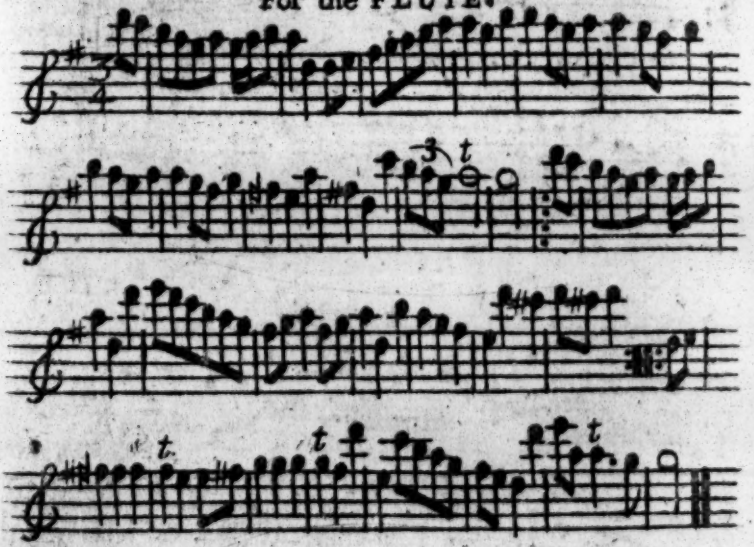
The Batchelors Wife.

Sung by Mr. CHARKE in the CONTRIVANCES.



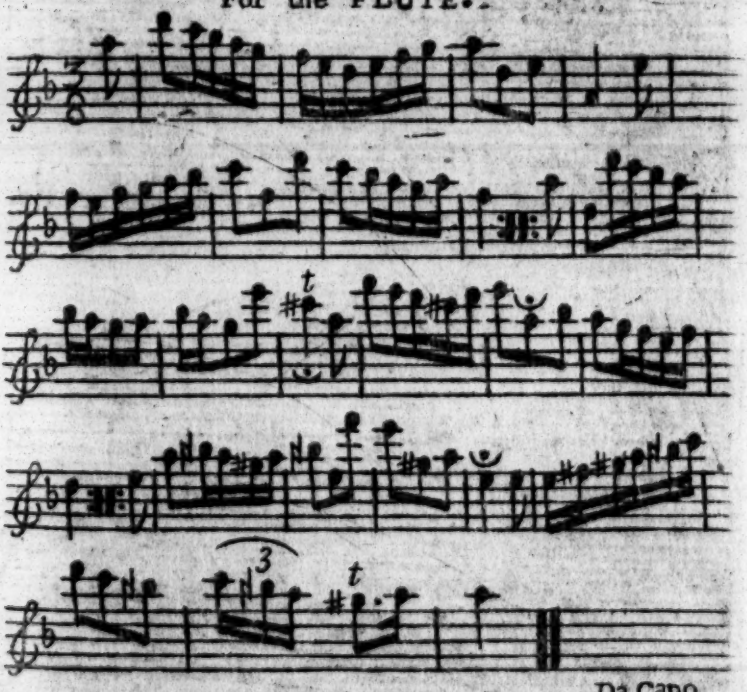
She acts what ſhe thinks, and ſhe thinks what ſhe ſays,
Regardleſs alike both of Cenſure and Praiſe:
But her thoughts, and her words, and her actions are ſuch,
That none can admire them, or praiſe her too much.

For the FLUTE.



Sung by Mr. CHARKE in the CONTRIVANCES.

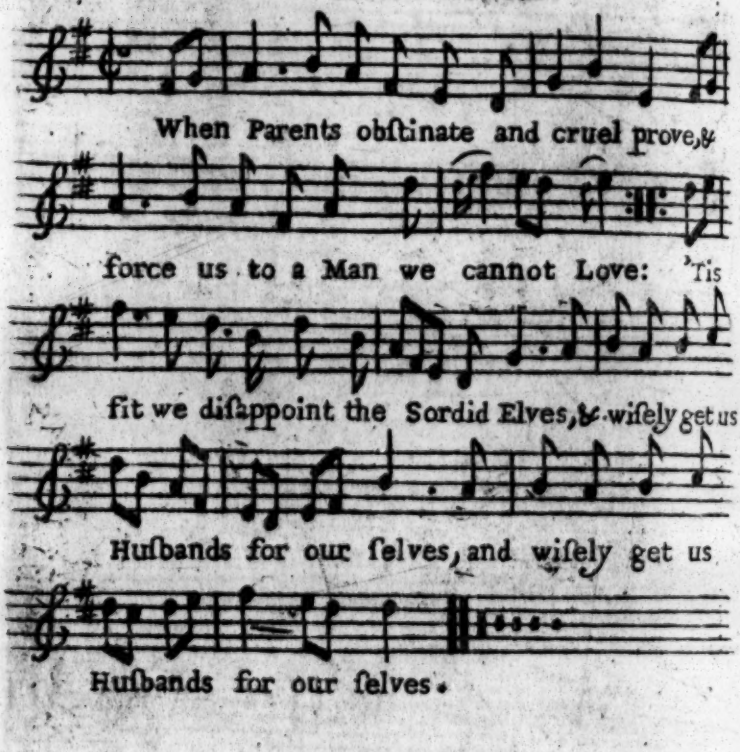
For the FLUTE.



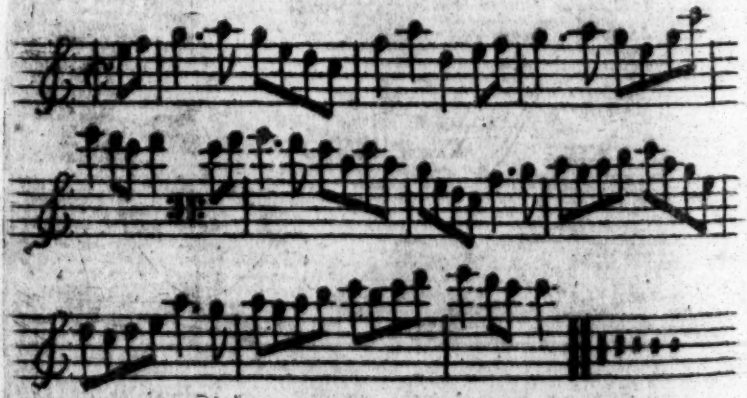
N.B. This Character 𝄐 ſtands for a Pauſe.

Sung by Miſs RAFTOR in the CONTRIVANCES.

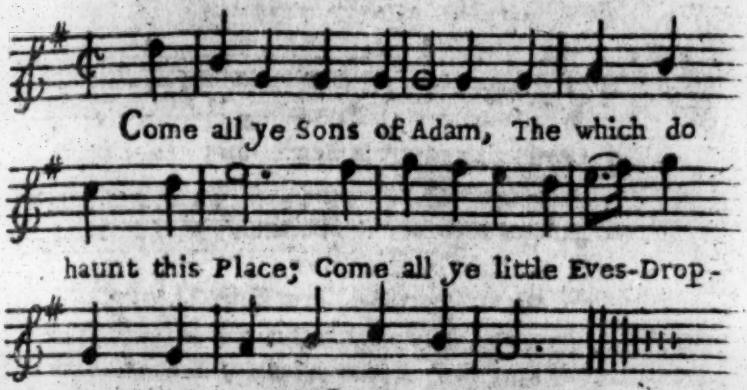
In the Scotch Humour.



For the FLUTE.



The MASQUERADE GARLAND.



Come all ye Shapes and Figures,
And as ye paſs along,
Pray mind a Brother Animal,
And liſten to his Song.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things,
For to delight the Eyes;
And tho' they vex the Fooliſh,
They don't offend the Wiſe.

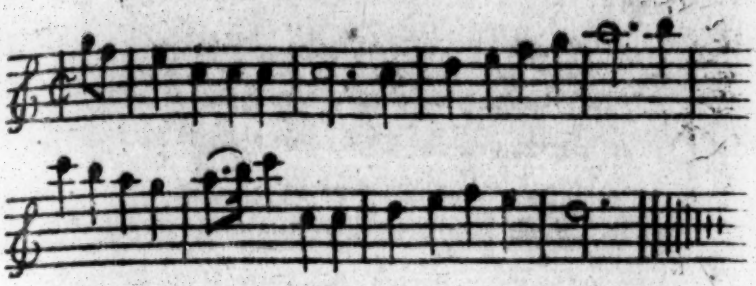
For why ſhou'd Mirth and Pleaſure,
And harmleſs Sport and Play,
Or ſpeaking with Sincerity,
Be thought a rude Eſſay?
For when we maſk our Faces,
We then unmaſk our Hearts;
And hide our leſſer Beauties,
To ſhew our better Parts.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things
For to delight the Hearts;
And tho' they hurt our Pockets,
They pleaſe our better Parts.

Here all ſorts of Conditions
Are ſociable and free;
They judge not by Appearances,
Which often diſagree:
A Lord will court a Scullion,
A Lady hug a Clown;
A Judge embrace moſt tenderly
A Madam of the Town.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things
For to delight the Mind;
And tho' they vex the Biſhops,
They make the Ladies kind.

Here Party makes no Difference,
No Politicians jar;
Here Stateſmen lay aſide their Pride,
And with it all their Care.
A Babyloniſh Dialect
Inſpires all the Place;
Which muſt produce, no doubt on't,
A very ſprightly Race.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things
For to improve the Age;
And much beyond the Liberty
And Licenſe of the Stage.

Here I an honeſt Calling
Have choſen at my Leiſure;
For Profit by the Bye, Sir,
But in the Main for Pleaſure.
For Pleaſure each Man hither comes,
Each Lady comes for Pleaſure;
And if I'm in the Right, Sirs,
Why then my Song is Meaſure.
Oh Maſquerades are fine Things,
From whence all Pleaſure ſprings;
And tho' the Vulgar rail at them,
They give Delight to Kings.

For the FLUTE.

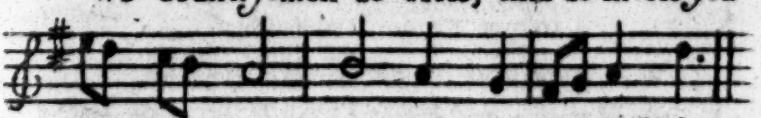


An INVITATION *into the Country.*

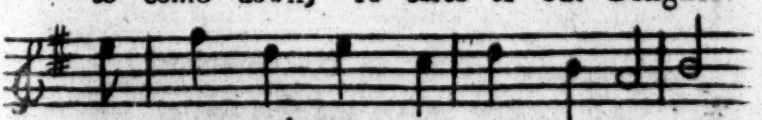
To the Tune of *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

To you, fair Ladies, now in Town,

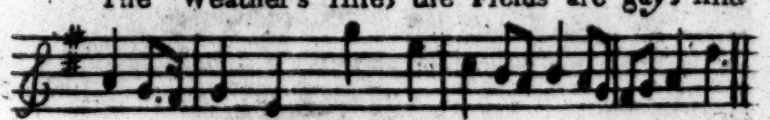
We Country-men do write; And do invite you



to come down, To taſte of our Delight:



The Weather's fine, the Fields are gay, And



'tis the pleaſant Month of May, Fa, la, la, la, fa, la.

The Country's now in all its Pride,
New-dreſt in lovely Green;
The Earth, with various Colours dy'd,
Diſplays a lovely Scene;
A thouſand pretty Flow'rs appear,
To deck your Boſom and your Hair. Fa, la, &c.

The Cuckow's pick'd up all the Dirt;
The Trees are all in Bloom;
If rural Muſick can divert,
Each Buſh affords a Tune:
The Turtle's heard in ev'ry Grove,
And Milk-maids ſing their Songs of Love. Fa, la, &c.

Cou'd we perſwade you to come down,
Our Joys wou'd be compleat;
Dear Ladies, leave the noiſy Town,
And to our Shades retreat:
Wou'd you but in our Shades appear,
You'd make our Fields Elizium here. Fa, la, &c.

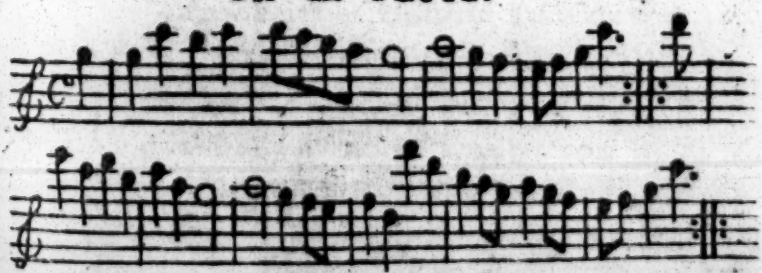
We'll ſhew you all our Cowſlip-Meads,
And pleaſant Woods and Springs;
And lead you to the tuneſull Shades
Where Philomela ſings:
Sweet Philomel, whoſe warbling Throat
Excels your Seneſino's Note. Fa, la, &c.

For you, we deck and trim our Bow'rs,
And make our Gardens fine;
For you preſerve our choiceſt Flow'rs,
That now are in their Prime:
The murm'ring Brooks accuſe your Stay;
And Zephyrs ſigh for your Delay. Fa, la, &c.

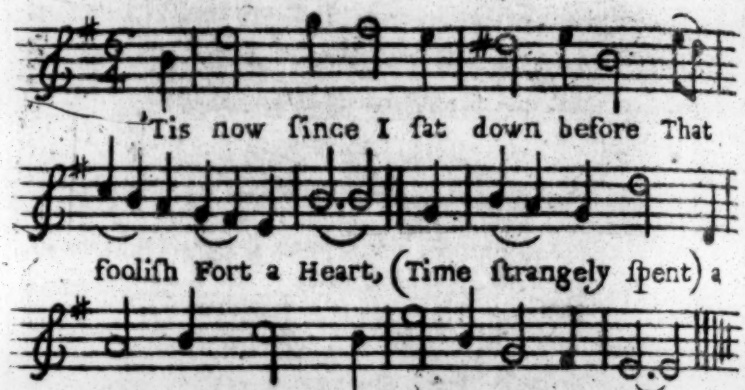
Come then, and take our Morning Air,
Juſt roſe from flow'ry Beds;
'Tis better than your Snuff by far,
And all Perfumes exceeds:
Our Ev'ning Walks more Pleaſures bring,
Than the gay Park and crowded Ring. Fa, la, &c.

For your own Sakes, if not for ours,
The duſty Town forego;
Freſh Air will give your Eyes new Pow'rs,
And make each Beauty glow;
'Twill to the Lilly add the Roſe,
And ev'ry brighter Charm diſcloſe. Fa, la, &c.

For the FLUTE.



The SIEGE. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



Made my Approaches, from her Hand
Unto her Lip did riſe;
And did already underſtand
The Language of her Eyes.

Proceeded on with no leſs Art,
My Tongue was Engineer;
I thought to undermine the Heart
By whiſp'ring in the Ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great Cannon Oaths, and ſhot
A thouſand thouſand to the Town,
And ſtill it yielded not.

I then reſolv'd to ſtarve the Place,
By cutting off all Kiſſes,
Praiſing and gazing on her Face,
And all ſuch little Bliſſes.

To draw her out, and from her Strength,
I drew all Batteries in:
And brought my ſelf to lie at length,
As if no Siege had been.

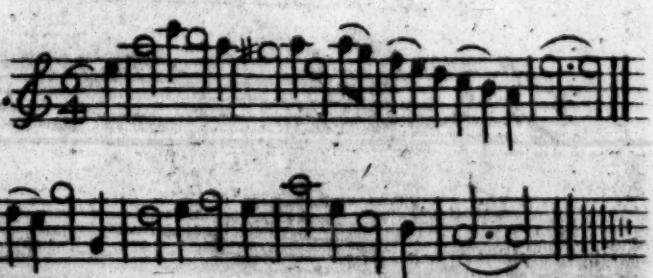
When I had done what Man cou'd do,
And thought the Place mine own,
The Enemy lay quiet too;
And ſmil'd at all was done.

I ſent to know from whence, and where,
Theſe Hopes, and this Relief;
A Spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in Chief.

March, march (quoth I;) the Word ſtraight give,
Let's loſe no Time, but leave her:
That Giant upon Air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

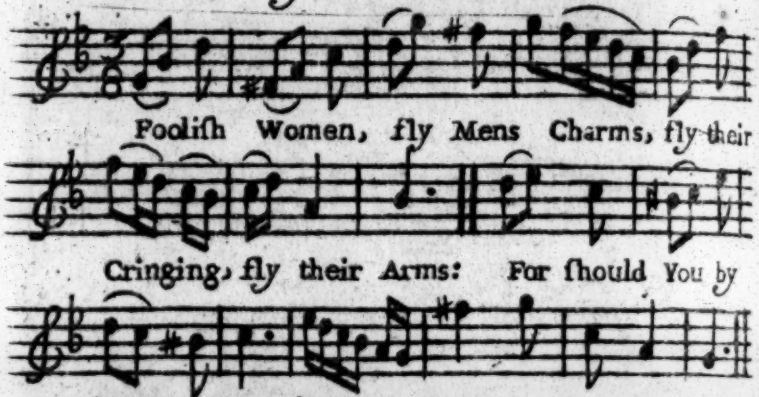
To ſuch a Place our Camp remove,
As will no Siege abide;
I hate a Fool, that ſtarves her Love,
Only to feed her Pride.

for the FLUTE.



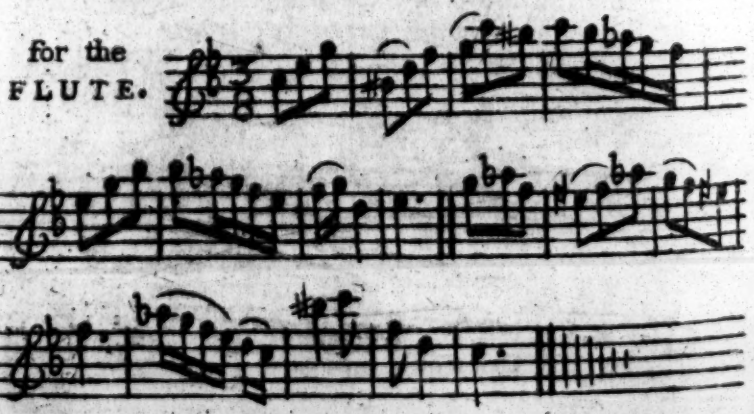
The CAUTION.

Set by Mr. RAVENSCROFT.

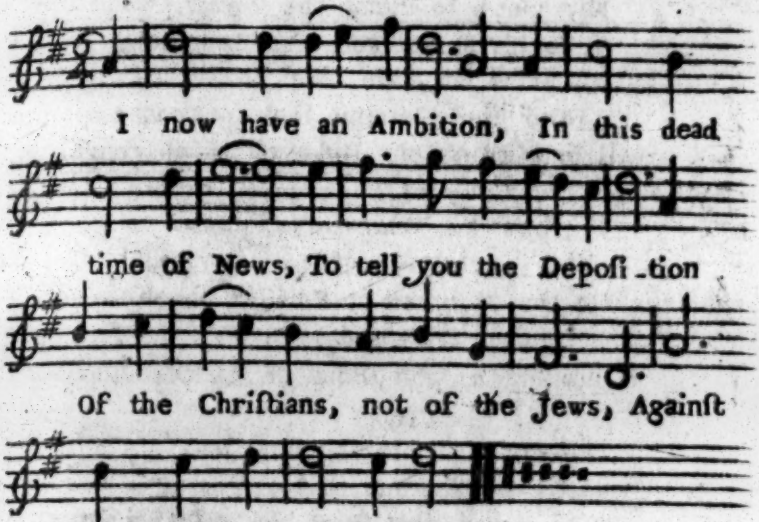


Men with Pleaſure ſoon are cloy'd,
And forſake you when enjoy'd:
Strive their winning Arts to ſhun;
If you ſlight them, they're undone.

When their Hearts you overpower,
Be wiſely coy, till the bleſt Hour
Of the Matrimonial Nooſe;
Then falſe Men you may abuſe.



The Tryal and Condemnation of JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH. The Words by Mr. RICH. ESTCOURT



II.

Attend then Sons of Britain:
Of greater Crimes I ſing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the Time of a Queen, or a King,
All done by John Duke of Marlborough.

III.

This Man by Conſtitution
Was made for Liberty;
He helped the late Revolution,
On purpoſe to hurt Popery,
Did this John Duke of Marlborough.

IV.

The next great Crime of many,
His troubleſome Pride to ſhew,
Was marching to High-Germany:
And who gave 'em that damnable Blow,
But this John Duke of Marlborough!

V

Nay more, to mend the Matter,
To his Shame and high Reproach,
An Army he made take Water,
And their General ſent by Coach:
All prov'd on John Duke of Marlborough.

VI.

To ſhew his Whig-Devotion—
In keeping the Sabbath-Day,
He the Murther at Ramilly began
Upon a Whitſunday;
O heatheniſh John Duke of Marlborough!

VII.

Tho' buſie in his Slaughtering,
His Avarice ran ſo high,
That rather than ſpare the moſt Chriſtian King,
He ten thouſand Pounds gave to a Spy:
O covetous John Duke of Marlborough!

VIII.

At Audenard ſo ill to treat Foes,
And make poor Widows of Wives!
He took a Delight to beat ev'n thoſe,
That never beat him in their Lives:
O Cowardly John Duke of Marlborough!

IX.

Villars, that civil, and good Man,
Safe in his Trenches cloſe,
From Mons he made run like a Footman,
Tho' Bulwark'd as high as his Noſe;
Uncivil John Duke of Marlborough!

X.

To ev'ry tender Chriſtian Ear
When Crimes, like theſe, ſhall come,
I know not how they abroad may appear,
I am ſure they ſound odly at home;
Theſe Deeds of John Duke of Marlborough.

XI.

Some Facts, to make the French undone,
I've prov'd upon him well;
And truly what 'tis he has not done,
Impoſſible 'tis to tell,
Of this John Duke of Marlborough.

XII.

To prove that all theſe Things are ſo,
And not what Folks deviſe,
Was he ever the Man that once ſpar'd e'y Foe,
Or ever affronted th' Allies;
This ſame John Duke of Marlborough?

XIII.

Ghent, Bruges, and Tournay too,
And late the ſtrong Bouchain,
Of his own Head he forc'd to obey too,
Tho' wanting his Brother Eugene:
Hot headed John Duke of Marlborough!

XIV.

Of theſe immoral things he brags,
'Cauſe we took no Notice at all;
You ſee with his pitiful French bloody Rags
How he has litter'd poor Weſtminſter-Hall;
O ſlovenly John Duke of Marlborough!

XV.

Nay more he ſtill wou'd fly at,
And all to mend the Peace;
Lord! how can we ever be quiet,
If we pardon ſuch Crimes as theſe,
In any but John Duke of Marlborough?

XVI.

Twelve Years, it ſadly true is,
By taking of Towns and Lines,
And baffling the poor King Lewis,
He has ſpoil'd the Pretender's Deſigns
O meddleſome John Duke of Marlborough!

XVII.

Succeſs ſtill made him bolder:
And by the Monſieur's Fall,
He has paſs'd on this Iſle for a Soldier,
But, it ſeems, he knows nothing at all;
Earl P...t ſays ſo of Marlborough.

XVIII.

This Year for War he voted,
But we reſolv'd on none;
For Monſieur was ſure to be routed,
And then — High-Church — had been undone
By Engliſh John Duke of Marlborough.

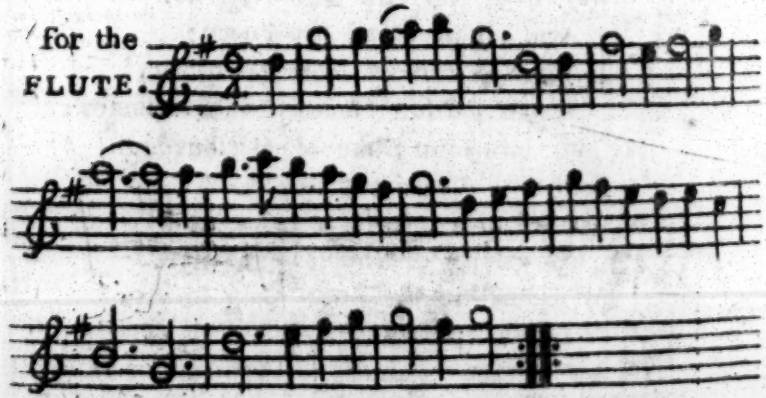
XIX.

You ſee the Troops don't need him,
He's Out, and in France they laugh;
But ſend any other to head them,
And I'll warrant old Bourbon is ſafe;
Keep back but John Duke of Marlborough.

XX.

For he, as Fame confeſſes,
That Kingdom meant to devour;
For which, and his heinous Succeſſes,
He's Out, and our Fears are all o'er;
Thus fell John Duke of Marlborough.

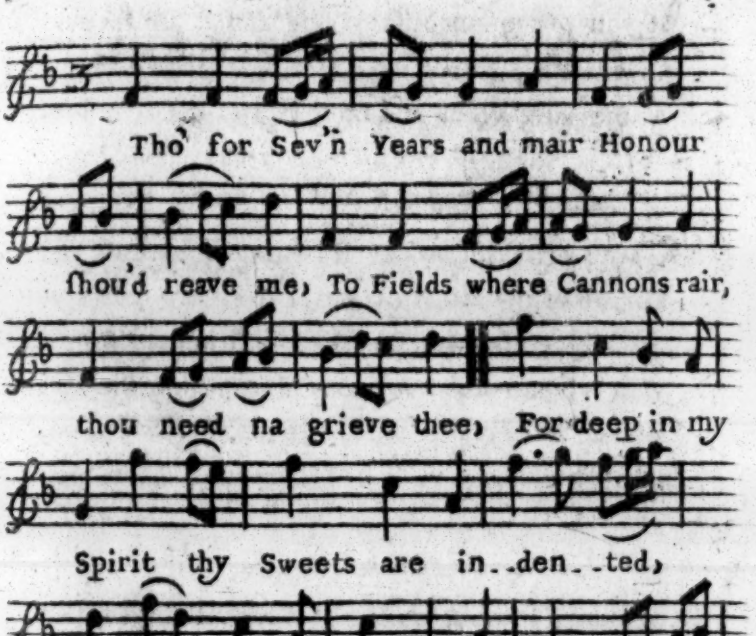
for the FLUTE.



A Dialogue between JONNY *and* NELLY.

[To the Tune of *I'll never leave Thee.*]

JONNY.



NELLY.

O Jonny, I'm jealous, whene'er ye diſcover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a looſe Rover;
And nought i'the Warld wad vex my Heart ſairer,
If you prove unconſtant, and fancy an fairer:
Grieve me, grieve me, Oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My Nelly, let never ſic Fancies oppreſs ye,
For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly careſs ye;
Your blooming ſaft Beauties firſt beeted Love's Fire,
Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the Warld as it will, Deareſt believe me.

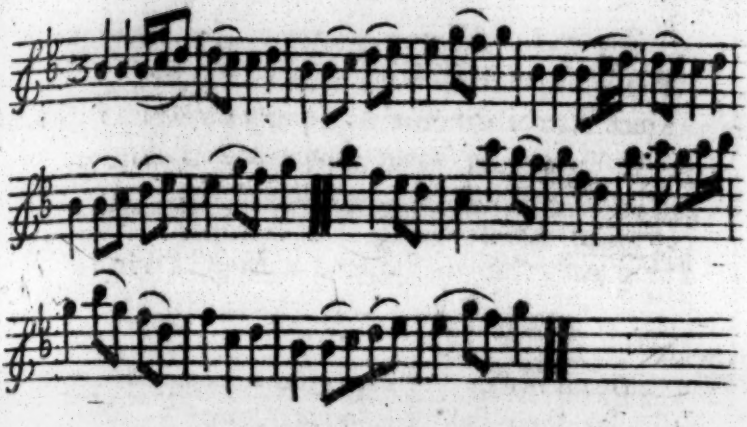
NELLY.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Miſtreſs, for Love gars me trew ye,
And gin ye prove falſe, to ye'r ſell be it ſaid then,
Ye'll win but ſma Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! It wad reave me,
Of my Reſt Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid Iceſhogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
Bid Britons think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns ſhall gang witherſhins e'er I deceive thee.

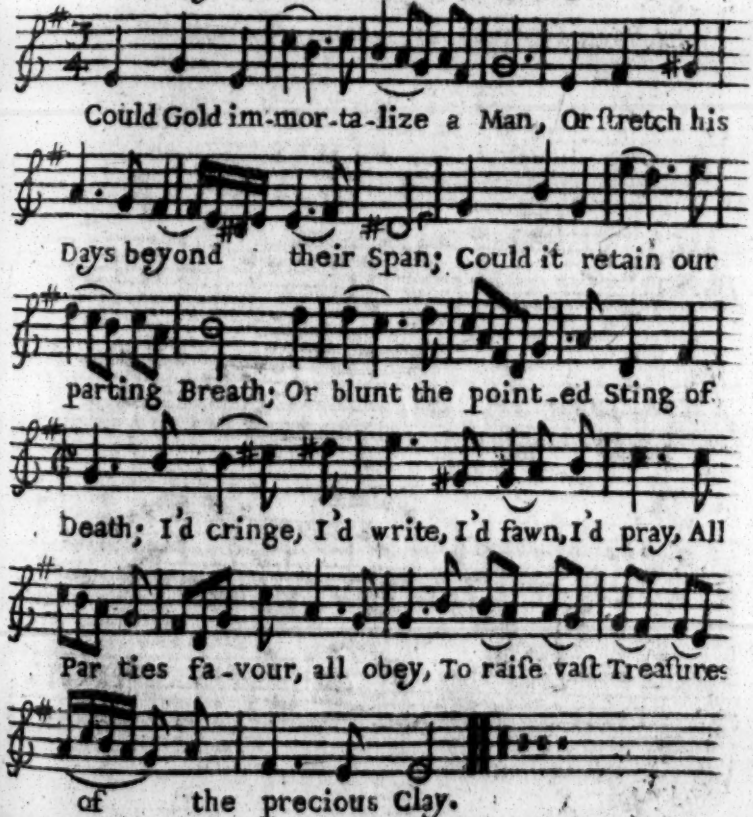
For the FLUTE.



The VANITY of RICHES.

Imitated from ANACREON.

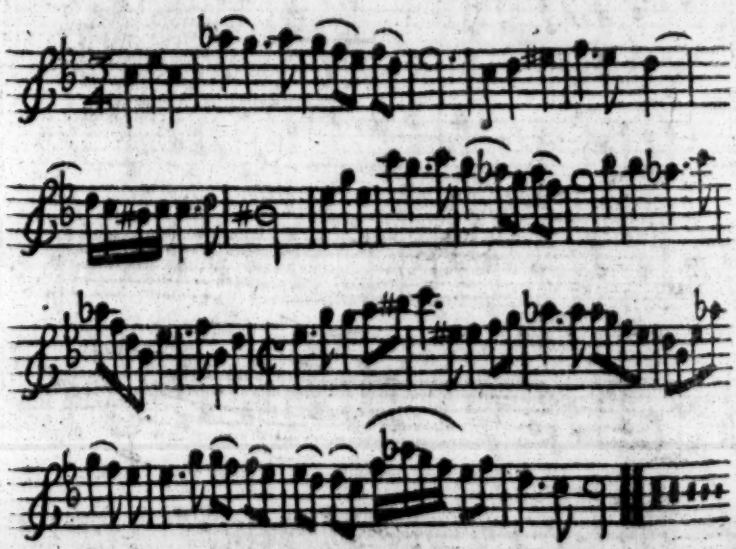
Set by Mr. I. SHEELES.



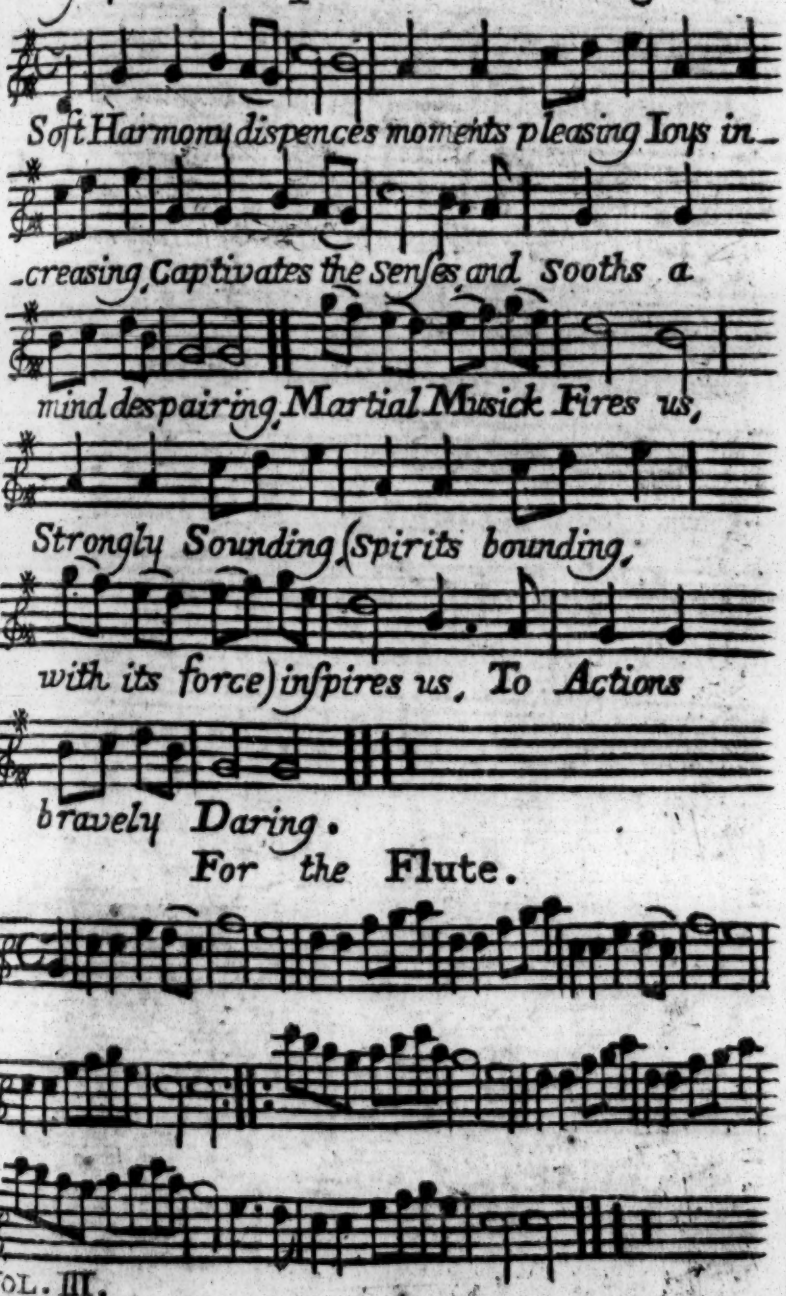
But ſince theſe Toys, theſe glitt'ring Baits,
Theſe little Arts, theſe hateful Cheats,
Since all their Stores will nought avail,
When drooping Nature once does fail,
Why all this Clutter, why this Pain,
Why all this Sweating ſtill in vain,
For great Preferments, and a gaudy Train?

Death makes the Bays, the Robes, the Gown
To lay their fading Honours down;
Nor can their Bribes make him relent,
Or their impending Fate prevent:
Then ſince theſe mighty Men, and I,
The Rich, the Poor, and all muſt die,
Why ſhould I heap up Wealth, O, tell me why?

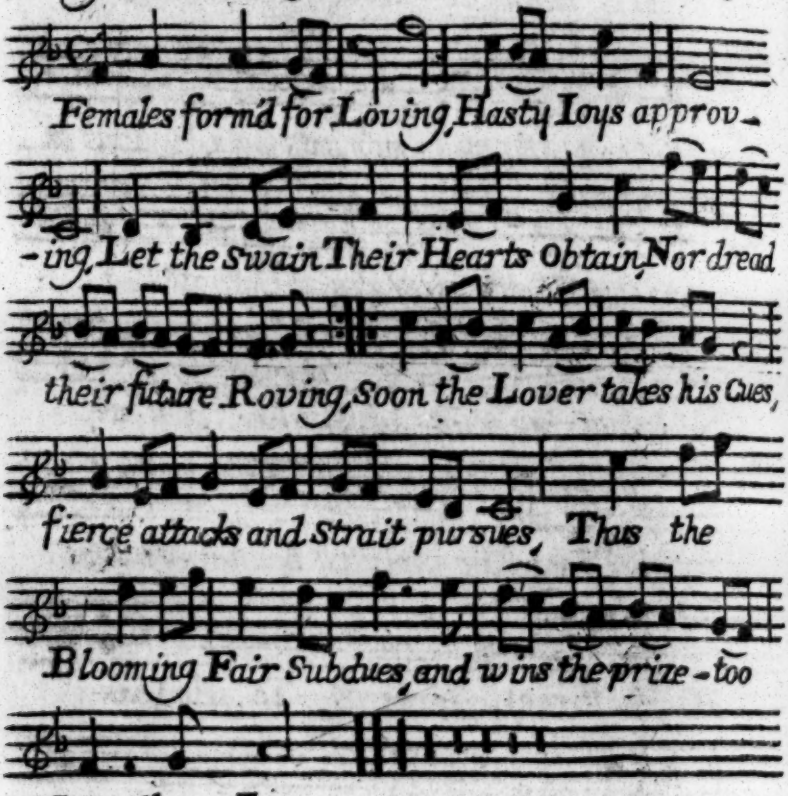
For the FLUTE.



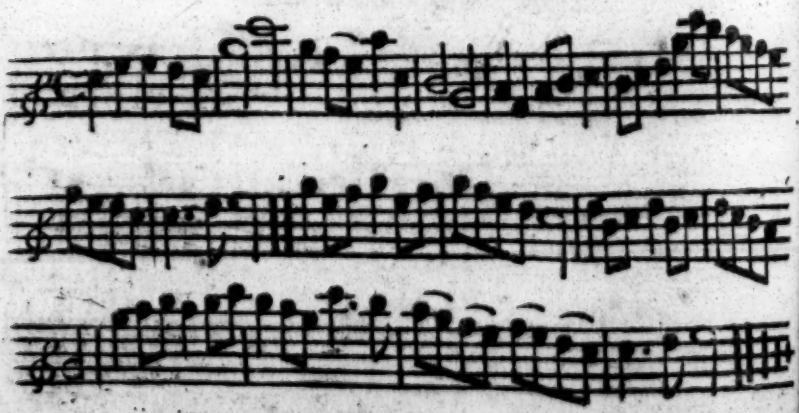
Sung by Mr. Salway. in Vulcan's Wedding.



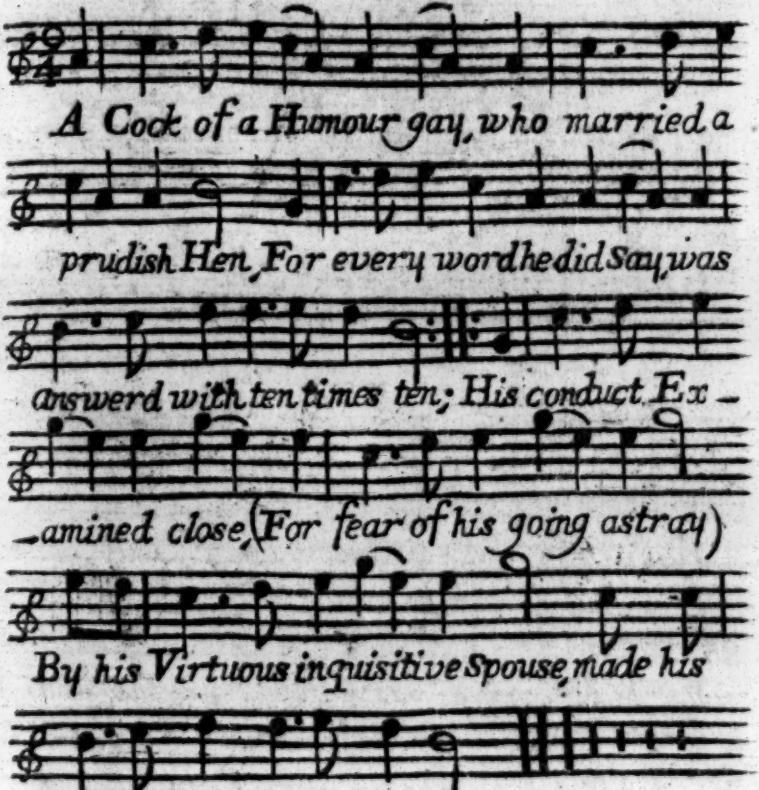
Sung by Mrs. Egleton *in* Vulcan's Wedding.



For the Flute.

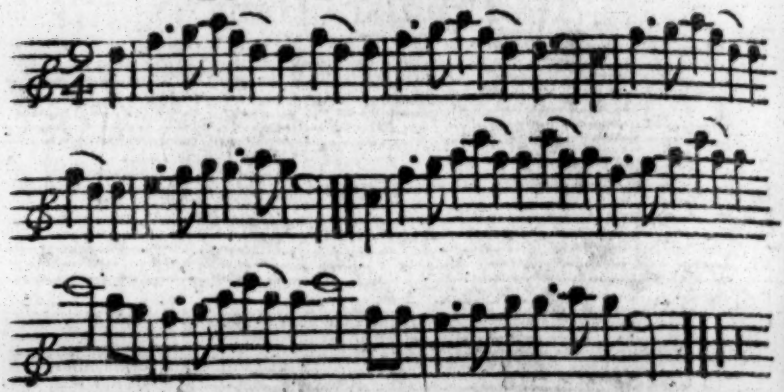


The Prudish Hen.

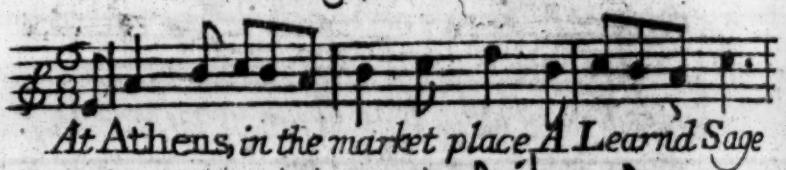


The warmest affection grown Cold,
Does Seldom, or never revive,
Brisk Chanticleer, Plagu'd with a Scold,
To Lengthen his Chain did Contrive,
And among the young Pullets did Range,
There, bliss without Pain did Enjoy.
Thus Pleas'd with the happy Exchange,
He Laugh'd at the Nuptial Decoy.

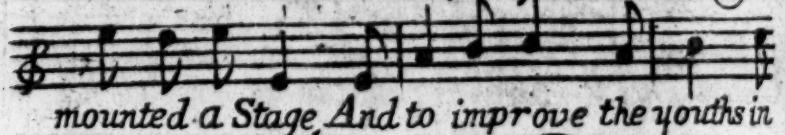
For the Flute.



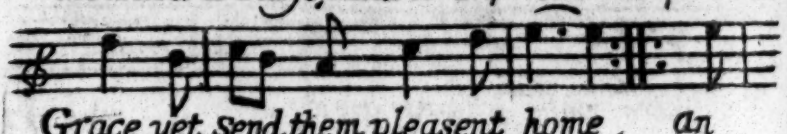
The Sugar Plumb



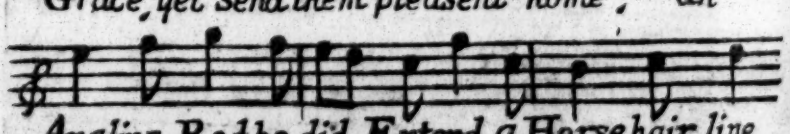
At Athens, in the market place A Learnd Sage



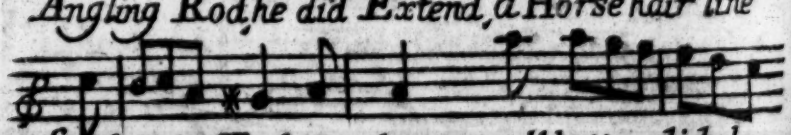
mounted a Stage, And to improve the youths in



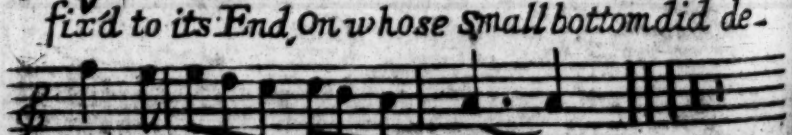
Grace, yet send them pleasent home, an



Angling Rod he did Extend, a Horse hair line



fixd to its End, on whose small bottom did de-



-pend, a curious Sugar Plumb.

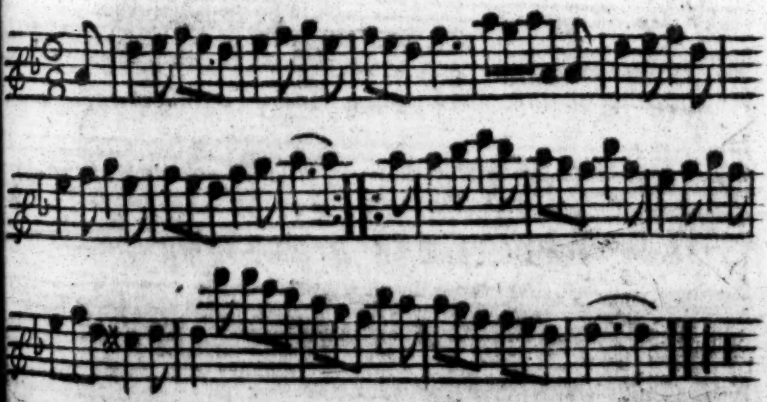
II

That Bait attracts the greedy Crow'd,
One and all
waits its fall,
Some, to see the Prize bestow'd,
In hopes to gain it, Some.
Suspended Long the Sweet meat flies
At last a Brisk youth Caught the Prize,
Old Sage adieu, the Victor Crys,
You have lost your Sugar Plumb.

III

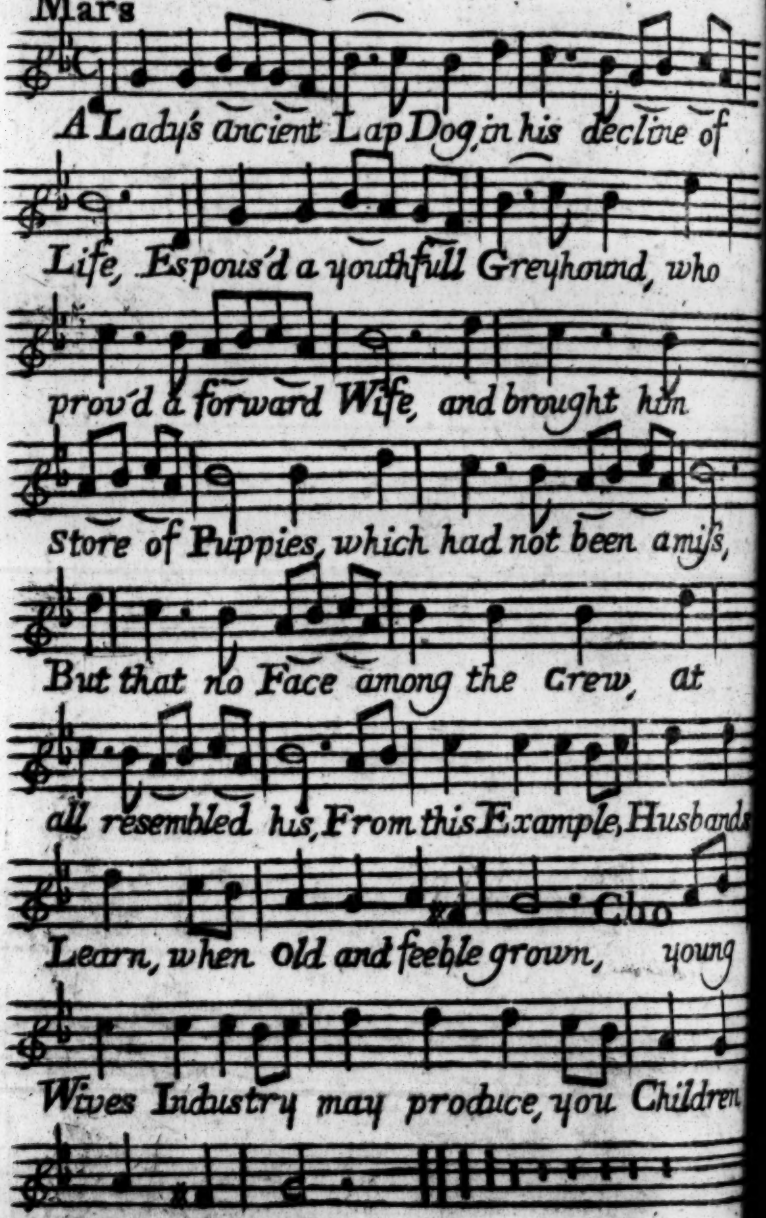
Yet Stay, and hear me tell a tale,
I Shall Show
a Propos,
Says the Sage, twill Sure Prevail,
It is the Female's Doom.
This Prize resembles Virgin Hearts
Which man his Utmost Power Exerts
To Gain, then Soon the Fair Deserts,
Cloy'd with the Sugar Plumb.

For the Flute.



The Lap Dog *Sung in* Vulcan's Wedding.

Mars



The Raven.

Apol. A Raven hoarse and ugly espous'd and
Lov'd a Rook.
And for her sweet Society all Female Birds forsook
But to Divert the tedious Hours, he Roam'd
a broad for Prey.
Procur'd a Hawk to visit her, and Pass the time
away.
The Hawk so well employ'd his time, to gain her
amorous Heart,
That Soon the Raven Shar'd but Share of his
dear Counter Part.
Cho: That Soon &c.

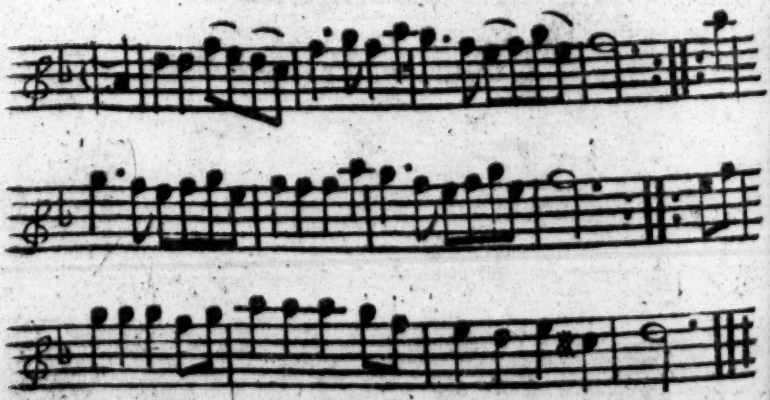
The Cat.

Merc. A Cat whose Keeper Lov'd her well.
And gave her store of Meat,
Could not from felony abstain, tho' much worse
food to Eat,
A mate to'owas Provided her, of youth and
Comely form.
But yet her Fancy Prompted her, more homely
Beasts to Charm.
Who seeks a moral to this Tale, shall have their
wants Supply'd,
When Female wishes do Prevail, they will
be gratify'd.
Cho: When female &c.

The Stag.

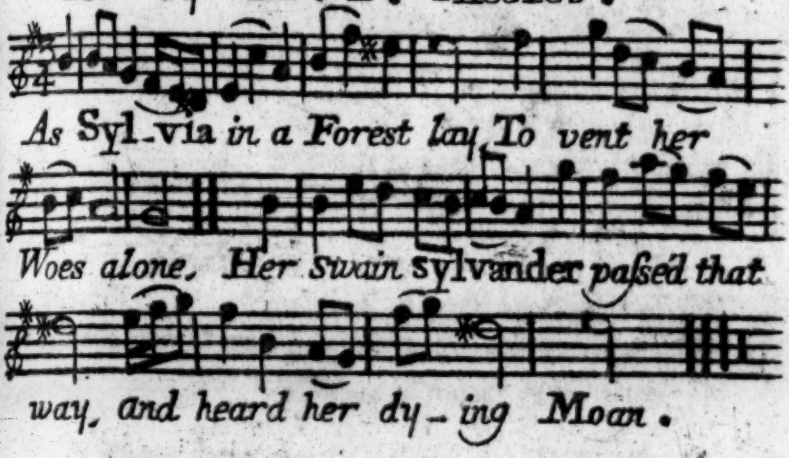
Venus. *A stately stag (the forrests Pride) espous'd*
a milk white Doe,
Who for a while did Virtuous Prove, and had
been always so,
But that her Husband slighted her, and other
Deer enjoy'd,
And then to Pay him in his Coin, She Could not
well avoid,
The moral of this Fable will the Nuptial faults
Display.
Wives seldom swerve from Virtue, till Husbands
Shew the way.
Cho. *Wives &c.*

For the Flute.



Sylvia *and* Sylvander.

Set by M^r. I. Sheeles.



Ah! is my Love (she said) to you
So worthless and so vain!
Why is your wonted Fondness now
Converted to Disdain!

You vow'd the Day should Darkness run,
Ere you'd exchange your Love:
In Shades now may Creation mourn,
Since you unfaithfull prove.

Was it for this I Credit gave
To ev'ry Oath you swore!
But! ah it seems they most deceive,
Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit;
The Practice of Mankind!
Alas, I see it--but too late!
My Love had made me blind.

What Cause Sylvander, have I giv'n
For Cruelty so great!

Yes.. for your sake, neglected Heav'n;
And hug'd you into Hate.

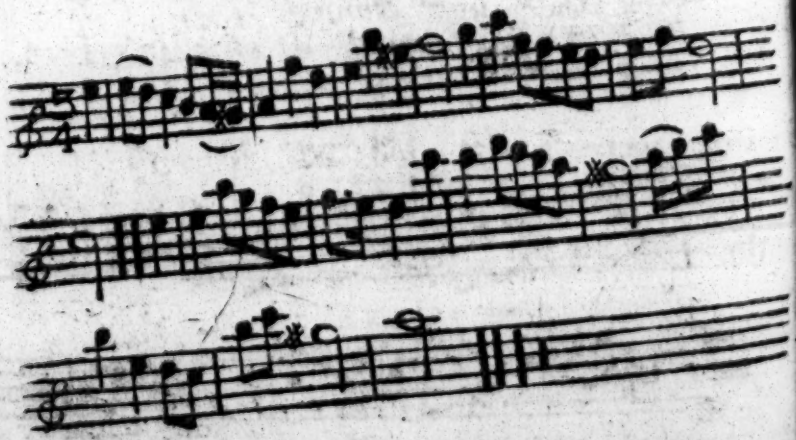
For you, delighted, I cou'd die;
But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think that cred'lous constant I,
Shou'd by your self be kill'd.

But what avail my sad Complaints,
While you my Cause neglect!
My Wailing inward Sorrow vents,
Without the wish'd Effect.

This said - all breathless, Sick, and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
And Senses at a stand.

Sylvander now begins to melt,
But, ere the Word was spoke,
The heavy Hand of Death she felt,
And her poor Heart was broke.

For the Flute.



The Declaimer.

Set by Mr Dieupart.

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
Loveing, Hating, in extream:
Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion.
And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

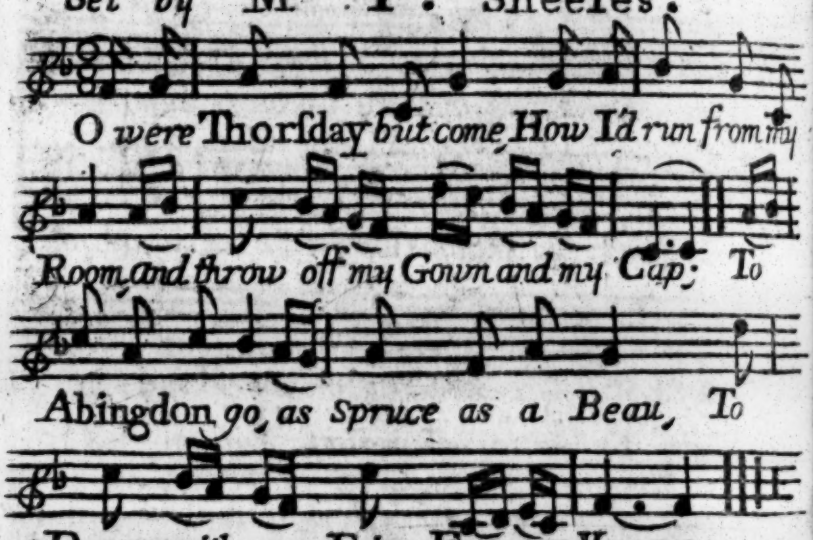
Lovely-Trifle! dear Illusion!
Conq'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!
Mans chief Glory and Confusion
Of all Vanity most vain!

Thus deriding Beauty's Pow'r.
Bevill call'd it all a Cheat.
But in less than half an Hour
Kneel'd, and whin'd, at Celia's *Feet.*

For the Flute

Fanny Knapp. By a Gentleman of OXFORD.

Set by Mr I. Sheeles.



Let other Men strole,
From hence to the Pole,
And travel all over the Map;
I'm sure they'll ne'er find,
Among Woman kind,
One so lovely as Fair Fanny Knapp.

Had I *Genius and Fire,*
Such as er'st did inspire,
The Bosoms of Blackmore, and Trap,
Oh! how like any Thing,
Would I *carrol, and sing,*
The Praises of Fair Fanny Knapp.

Not gay Wilk's *Heart,*
When he tops Wildair's *Part,*
Receives so much Joy from a Clap,

As I, could Gold Finches,
And a Man of my Inches
Commend me to Fair Fanny Knapp.

Let the Scot boast his Pleasure,
Who drinks beyond measure,
And sits the long Day at the Tap,
He's not half so happy,
Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,
As I with my Fair Fanny Knapp.

As you often have seen
A Faggot when green,
In the Fire boiling over with Sap:
So my foolish fond Heart
Ferments in each Part,
While inflam'd by my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Not a Baby in Town,
When Nurse Maid is gone,
So whimpers and cries for his Pap,
As I, when away,
The least Part of a Day,
Lament for my Fair Fanny Knapp.

When Duns at my Door,
At least half a Score,
Successively ply the loud Rapp,
I bid 'em away,
For what can he pay,
That's undone by his Fair Fanny Knapp.

The Cobler in's Hole
Waxes Sad to the soul,
If he chances to lose but his Strapp;

Alas! so I shall
Lose my End and my All,
If at last I lose Fair Fanny Knapp.

The Butcher his Meat,
That we sweetly may eat,
From Fly-blows defends with a Flap;
So, I'd have you to know,
I'll butcher that Beau,
That dares fly blow my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Some inflam'd with Desire
Of sweet Figs in the Fire,
Burn boldly at fam'd Dragon Snap;
More vent'rous am I,
Thro' the Flames of her Eye,
To catch at my Fair Fanny Knapp.

I saw t'other Day,
And envy'd poor Tray,
When she threw from her Table a Scrap;
I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,
If I'd not be a Dog,
To be fed by my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Were she once set to sale,
As her Charms cou'd not fail
To bring her in many a Chap;
I'd defie any Pow'r,
Less than Jove, and his Show'r
To outbid me for Fair Fanny Knapp.

Tho' of all things I hate
To be damnably beat,
Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,

Were the Bargain but this,
To be heal'd by a Kiss
rom the Lips of my Fair Fanny Knapp.

Hark! officious bright Sun,
When this Stage you have run
nd retire to your Thetis's *Lap;*
To Eternity stay,
We can never want Day,
hile enlight'ned by Fair Fanny Knapp.

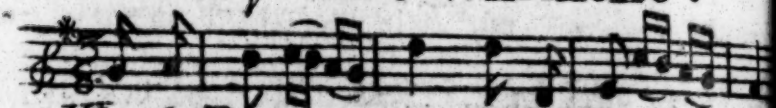
Poor Swift, *on a Time,*
At a Loss for a Rhime,
as supply'd by a very good Hap;
Let Him now by his skill,
Or the Help of his De'el,
nd another for Fair Fanny Knapp.

P.S. My Muse ran so fast,
She had like in her hast,
o have left in my Sonnet a Gap;
Tho' I doubt not the Dean,
If this — had he seen,
e'd have stopp'd it for Fair Fanny Knapp

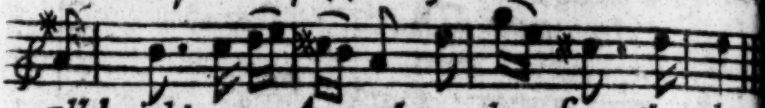
For the Flute.

WOMAN.

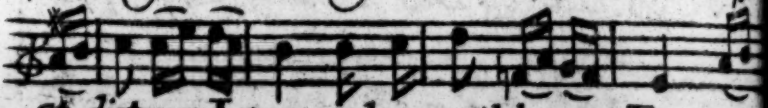
Set by Mr. Whichello.



When thy Beauty appears, with its Graces and Air



all bright as an Angel new drop from the Sky;



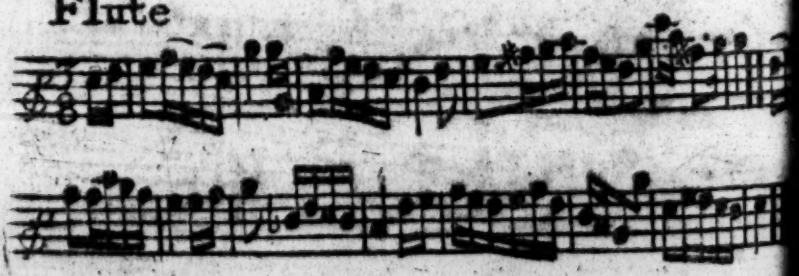
at distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears, So

strangely you dazle, you dazle my Eye.

But when, without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you imparts,
When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants from
your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

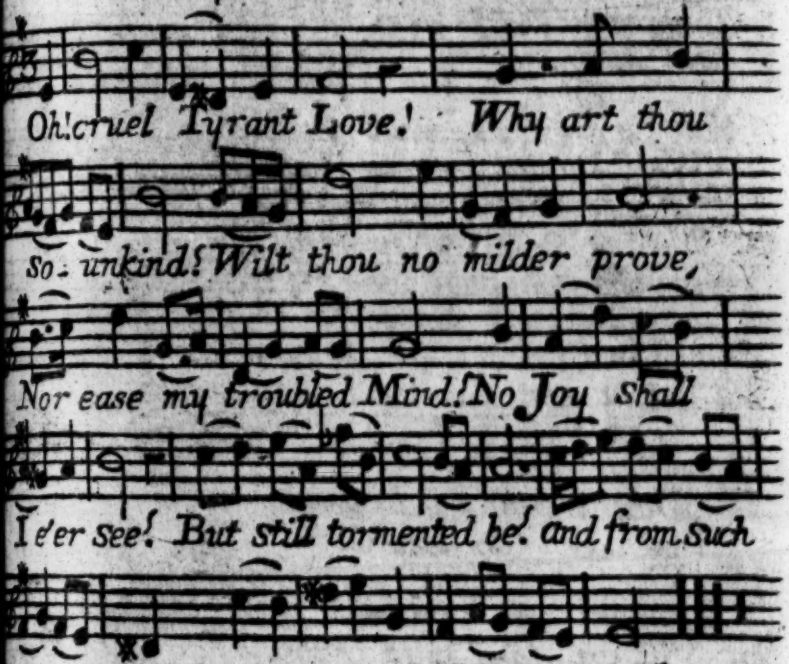
There's a Passion and Pride
In our Sex (she reply'd)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But yet be a Woman to you.

Flute



Strephons Complaint of Love.

Set by M^r. Handel.



Since thou hast wounded me,
Why dost thou not impart
Some of thy Cruelty,
And make her feel some smart!
Tell her how I do burn,
How I lament and mourn!
When she the Truth doth know,
She must some Pity show.

Beauty enthron'd doth stand
Upon her smiling Brow:
Her blushing Cheeks command
Me at her Feet to bow:

Her golden Treſſes wave,
Her riſing Breaſts enſlave,
Lightning darts from her Eyes,
And kills me by Surprize.

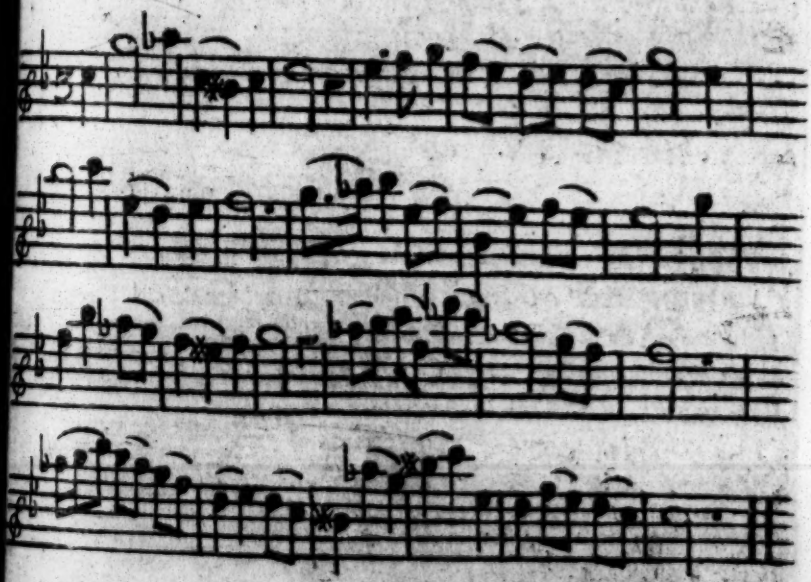
Yet tho She is moſt fair,
Why ſhould She me diſdain!
If Wealth ſurrounds my dear,
Why muſt I ſuffer Pain!
Were She as poor as Job,
I in a Royal Robe,
And Lord of all the Land,
I'd be at her Command.

All Day I ſigh and weep,
And vainly do lament!
All Night I cannot ſleep!
I never reſt content!
But ſtill am fill'd with Pain.
Scorn Woe and ſad Diſdain
Theſe Racks I cannot bear,
And yet She will not hear!

What Joys can Myra *take,*
After She does behold
Poor Strephon *for her Sake,*
Laid in the Dreary Mould!
O moſt unhappy Fate!
Then Pity comes too late:
Myra my Life preſerve,
And thee I'll always ſerve.

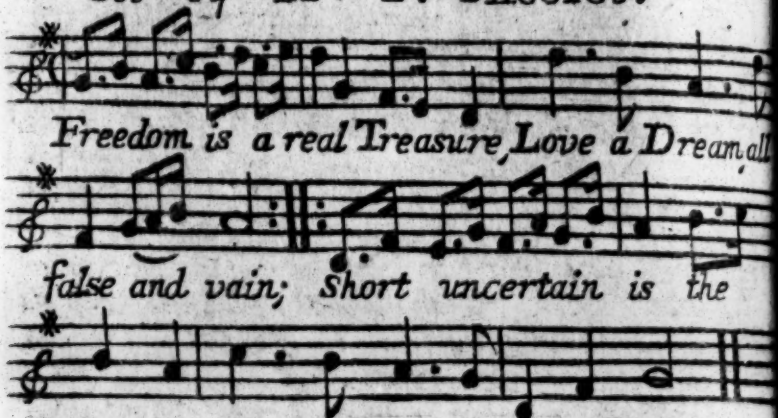
I'll wander for her sake,
Or keep my self confin'd,
If She no Pity take
On my distracted Mind.
O ease the burning smart
Of my poor suff'ring Heart;
Else twill my Ruin prove;
Farewell then Life and Love!

For the Flute



The FOLLY *of* LOVE.

Set by M^r. I. Sheeles.



A Sincere and tender Paſsion
Some ill Planet over rules;
Ah how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

The Answer

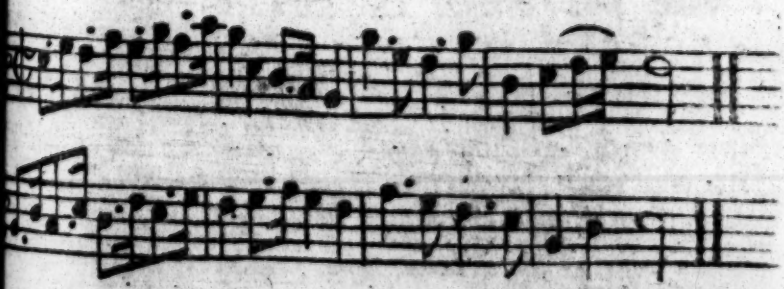
Why this talking still of Dying!
Why this dismal Look and Groan!
Leave fond Lover leave yor Sighing;
Let these fruitleſs Arts alone.

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,
Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;
Much amiſs you take your Measure,
This dull whining way to hit.

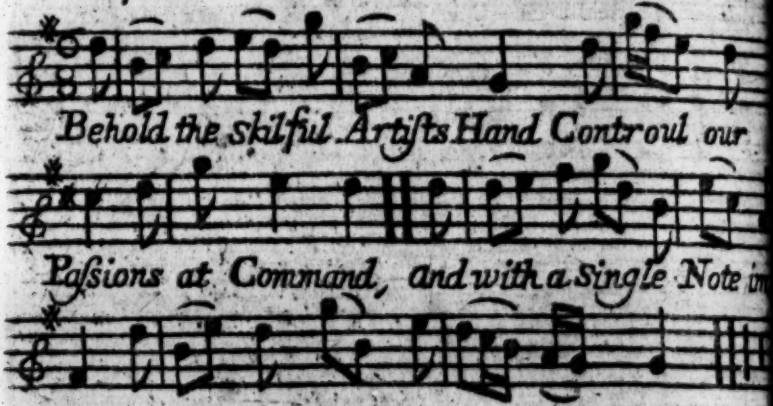
Tender Maids you fright from Loving,
By th' Effect they see in you;
If you would be truly moving,
Eagerly the Point pursue.

Brisk and gay appear in wooing;
Pleasant be, if you wou'd please,
All this Talking, and no Doing,
Will not Love, but Hate increase.

For the Flute.



To a Young LADY Weeping.
By a Gentleman of OXFORD.



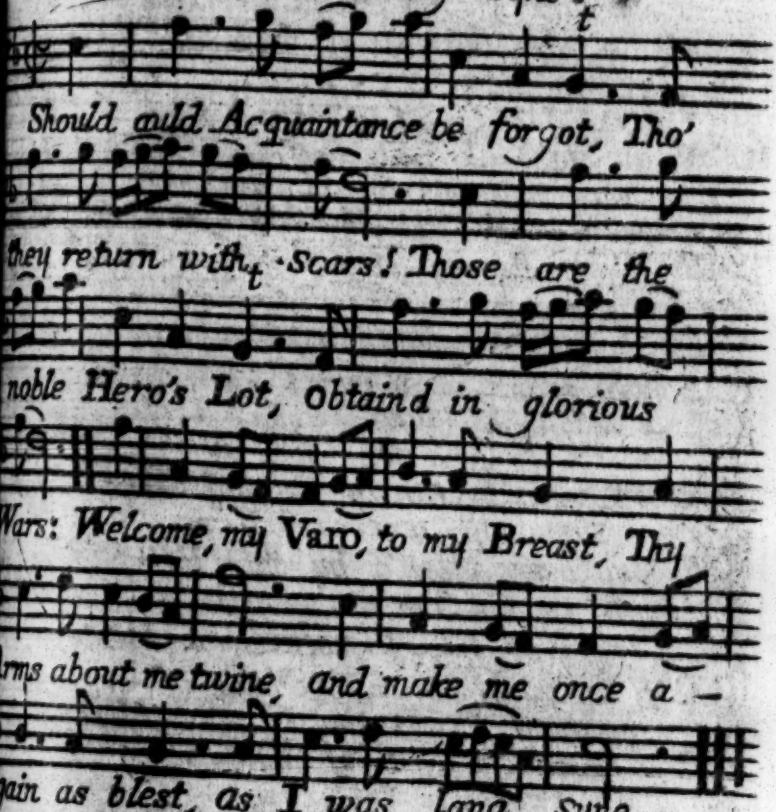
Or, what e'en Contradiction seems,
Blend and unite these two Extreams;
And by a sadly pleasing Strain
Give us at once both Joy, and Pain.

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes,
While that dear Bosom heaves with Sighs,
Between two diff'rent Passions tost,
I know not which controuls me most.

Who sees That Face in Grief appear,
Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear!
Yet still our Joys Just Ballance keep,
Blest'd in thy Presence who can weep!

The SOLDIER's Welcome Home.

To the Tune of Auld lang syne.



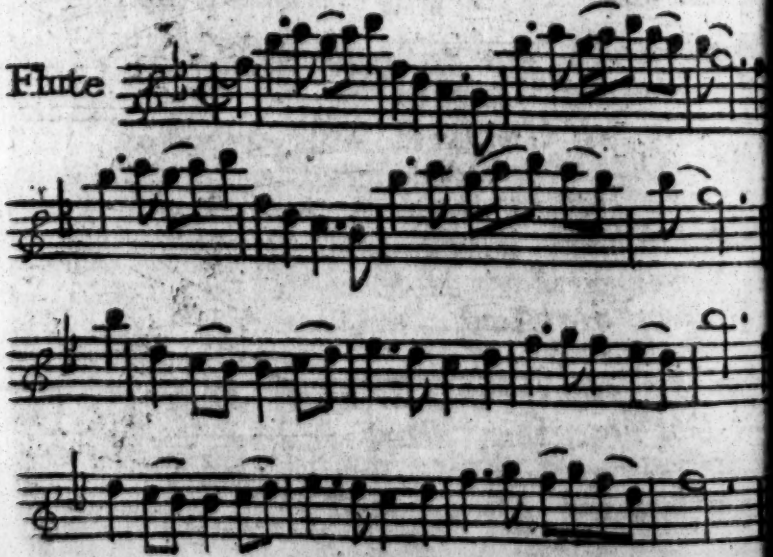
Methinks around us, on each Bough,
A Thousand Cupids play;
Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
Each Object makes me gay:
Since your Return the Sun and Moon
With brighter Glory shine,
And Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State;
Let that to their share fall
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a Ball;

But sink in Love, upon my Arms
Let your brave Head recline;
We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,
As we did lang syne.

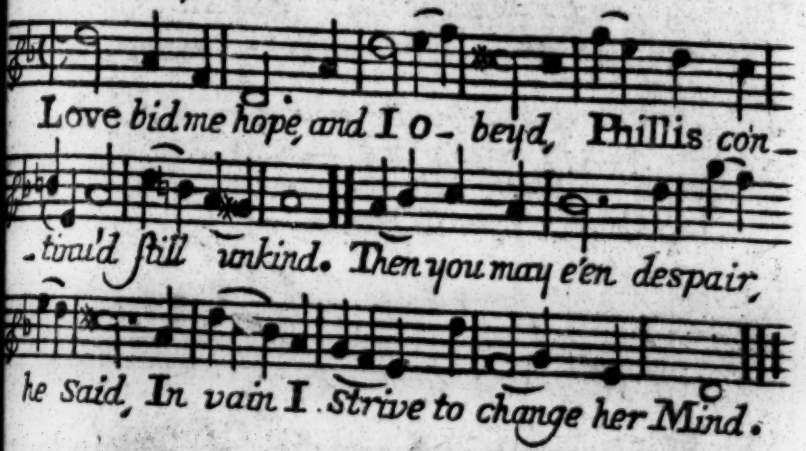
O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
You may pursue the Chase,
And after a blyth Bottle, end
All Care in my Embrace:
And in a vacant rainy Day
You shall be wholly mine;
We'll make the Hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,
And Signs of generous Love,
Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
Bow'd to the Powers above.
Next Day, with glad Consent and Haste,
They knelt before the Shrine,
Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
And put them out of Pine.



Woman's Honour.

Set by M^r. Whichello.



Honour's got in, and keeps her Heart;
Durst he but venture once abroad,
In my own Right I'd take your Part,
And shew my self a mightier God.

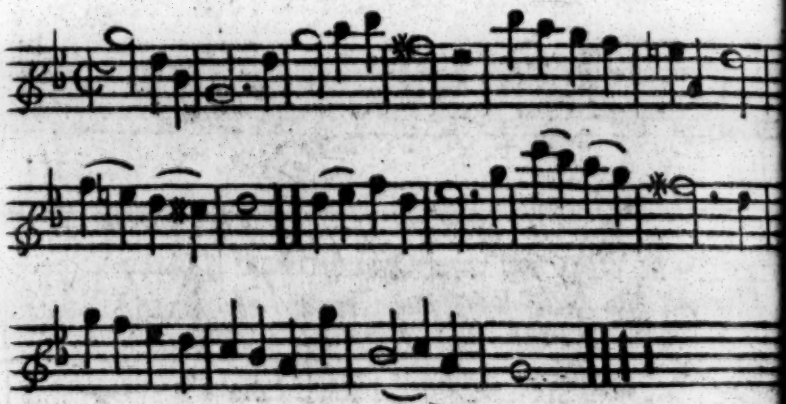
Thus Huffling Honour domineers,
In Breasts where he alone has Place;
But, if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not shew his Face.

Let me still languish and complain,
Be most inhumanly deny'd;
I have some Pleasure in my Pain,
She can have none with all her Pride.

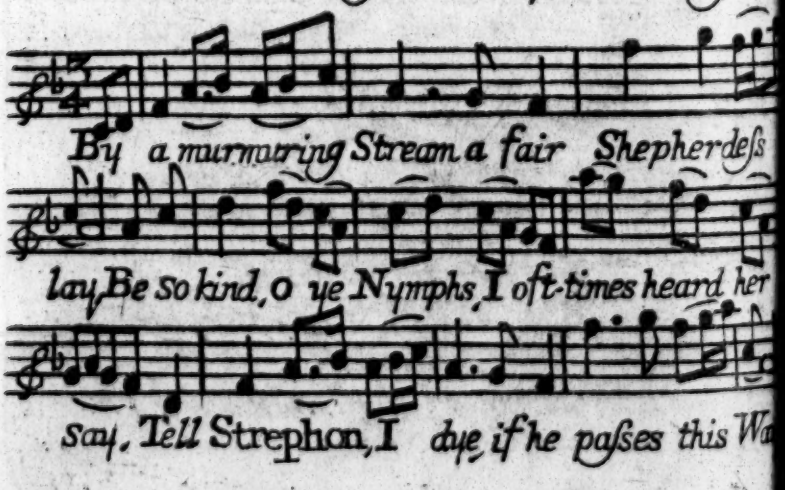
I fall a Sacrifice to Love,
She lives a Wretch for Honour's Sake;
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,
The Diff'rence is not hard to make.

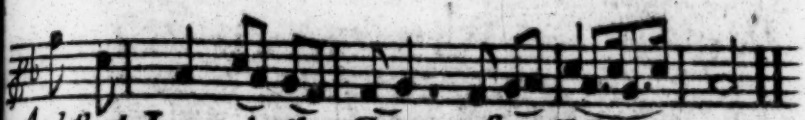
Consider real **Honour** *then,*
You'll find her's cannot be the same:
'Tis noble Confidence in Men;
In Women, mean distrustfull shame.

For the **Flute.**



Love *is the Cause of my Mourning.*





And that **Love** *is the Cause of my* **Mourn**-*ing.*

False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for **Strephon's** *cold Heart never warms;*
Let bring me this **Strephon**, *let me dye in his Arms:*
Oh! **Strephon**, *the Cause of my Mourning.*

But first, said She, let me go Down to the Shades

below, Ere ye let **Strephon** *know That I have*

lov'd him so, Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes

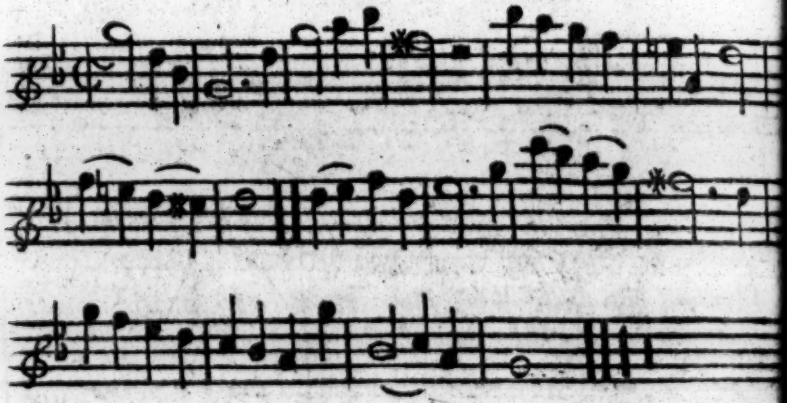
will show, That **Love** *was* ye *Cause of my Mourning*

Her Eyes were Scarce closed when **Strephon** *came by,*
He thought She'd been Sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
But finding her breathless, Oh Heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah! **Chloris**, *the Cause of my Mourning.*

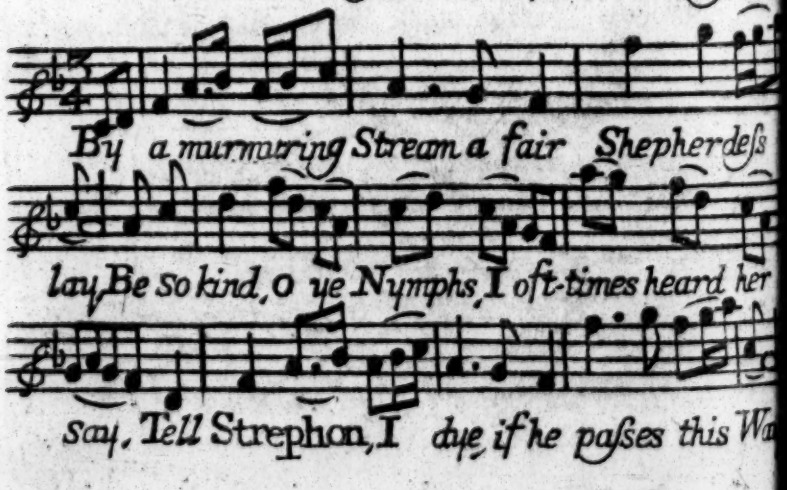
Restore me my **Chloris**, *ye Nymphs use your art:*
They sighing reply'd, 'Twas your self shot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess Heart,
And kill'd the poor **Chloris** *with Mourning.*

Consider real **Honour** *then,*
You'll find her's cannot be the same:
'Tis noble Confidence in Men;
In Women, mean distrustfull shame.

For the **Flute.**

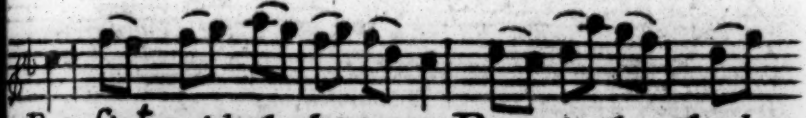


Love *is the Cause of my Mourning.*



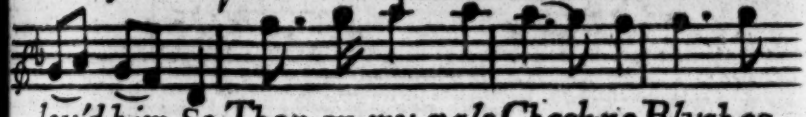
And that Love is the Cause of my Mourn - ing.

False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold Heart never warms;
Let bring me this Strephon, let me dye in his Arms:
Oh! Strephon, the Cause of my Mourning.

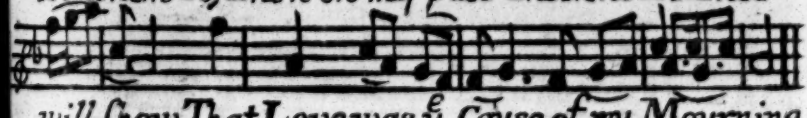


But first, said She, let me go Down to the Shades

below, Ere ye let Strephon know That I have



lov'd him so, Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes



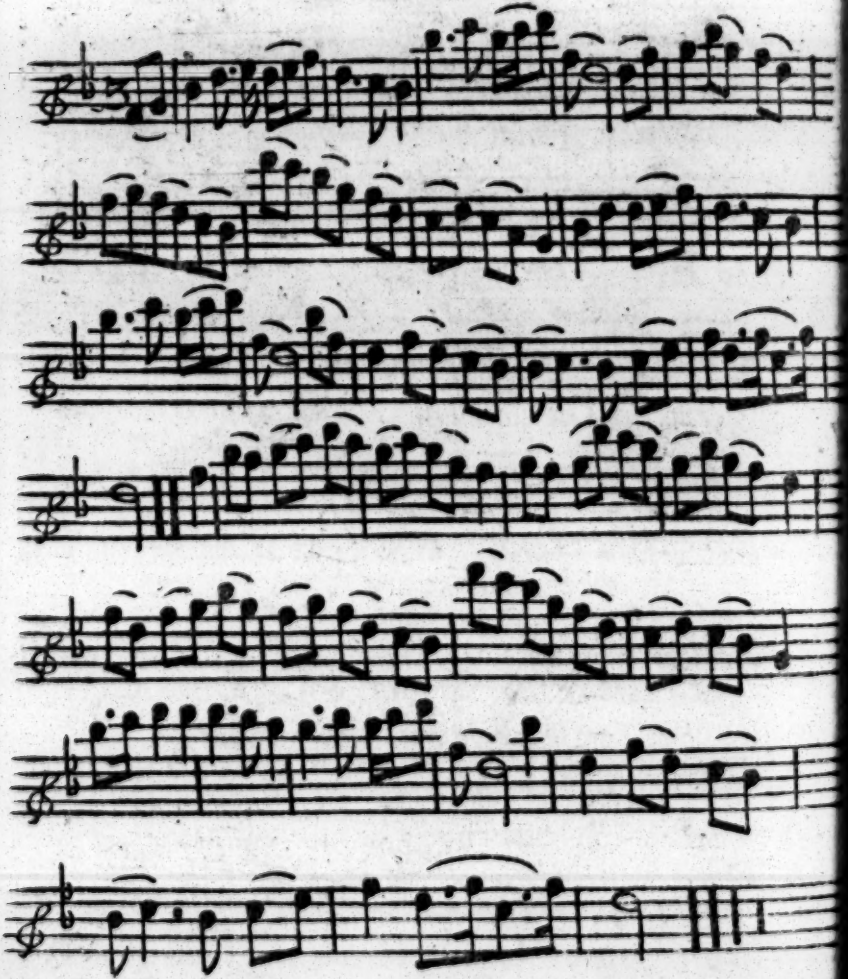
will show, That Love was the Cause of my Mourning

Her Eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by,
He thought She'd been Sleeping, and softly drew nigh:
But finding her breathless, Oh Heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah! Chloris, the Cause of my Mourning!

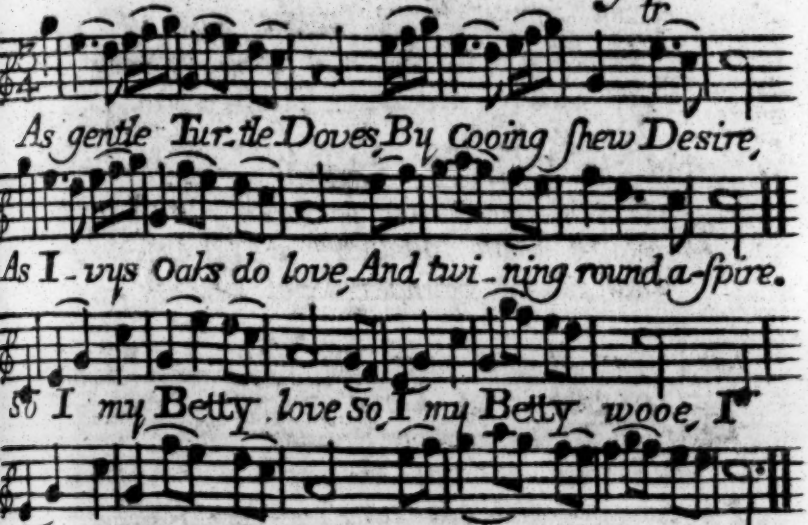
Restore me my Chloris, ye Nymphs use your art:
They sighing reply'd, 'Twas your self shot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah then is Chloris *dead,*
Wounded by me! he said:
I'll follow thee, chaſte Maid,
Down to the ſilent Shade:
Then on her cold ſnowy Breaſt leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with Mourning.*

For the Flute



Blink over the Burn Sweet **Betty.**



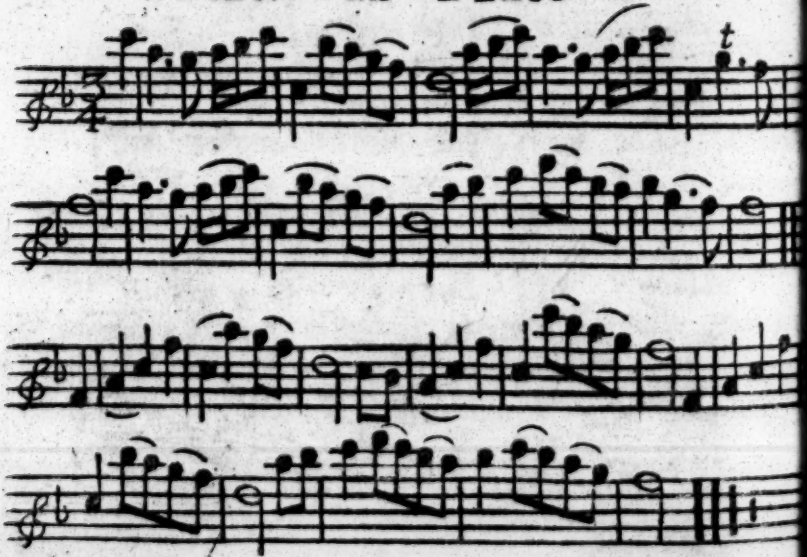
Her Kisses Sweet as Spring;
Like June, her Bosom's warm;
The Autumn ne'er did bring
By half so sweet a Charm.
As living Fountains do
Their Favours ne'er repent,
So Betty's Blessings grow
The more, the more they're lent.

Leave Kindred and Friends, Sweet **Betty**
Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
Assur'd thy Servant is steady
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune
May fly by Chance, as they came;
These Grounds the Destinies sport on,
But Virtue is ever the same.

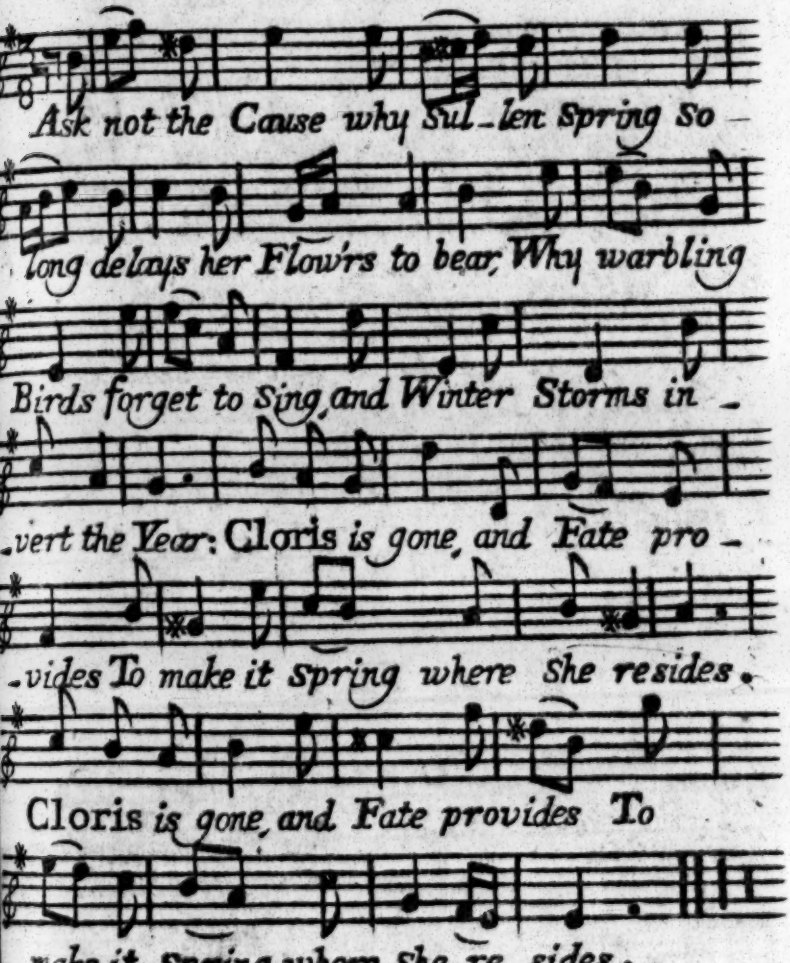
Altho' my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms ſo heav'nly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my Dear.
And ſhou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
The Pleaſure we promis'd our Loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be graſp'd and kiſſed,
And live on thy Heaven of Charms:
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Shou'd Fortune capricious prove,
Tho' Death ſhou'd tear me to Pieces,
I'd dye a Martyr to Love.

For the **Flute**



Charming Cloris.

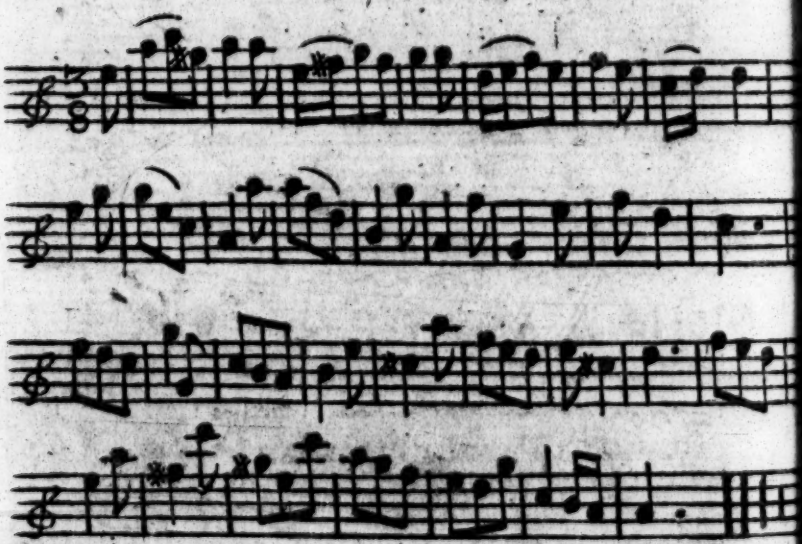


Cloris *is gone; the cruel Fair*
She cast not back a pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Despair
To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah! how can those fair Eyes endure,
To give the Wounds they will not cure!
Ah how, &c.

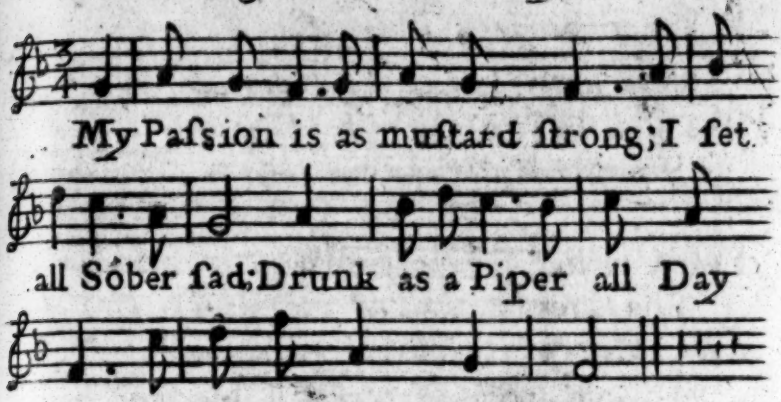
Great God of Love, why hast thou made
A Face that can all Hearts command;
That all Religions can invade,
And change the Laws of ev'ry Land;
Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before,
Thou shou'dst have made her Mercy more.
Where thou &c.

When Cloris *to the Temple comes,*
Adoring Crouds before her fall;
She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
And ev'ry Life but mine, recall
I only am by Love *design'd*
To be the Victim for Mankind.
I only &c.

For the Flute



A New Song *to old* Similies



Round as a hoop the Bumpers flow
I drink, yet can't forget her:
For tho as Drunk as *David's* Sow,
I Love her ſtill the Better.

Pert as a Pear monger I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind;
Cool as a Cucumber could See
The reſt of woman kind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I Gaping ſtare,
And eye her o're and o're,
Lean as a Rake with ſighs and Care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a Partridge I was known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin;
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown
But as a Groat now thin.

I Melancholly as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, Inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can Sleep.

Hard is her Heart, as flint or Stone,
She laughs to ſee me Pale:
And Merry as a Grig is grown,
And Briſk as Bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her approach,
Is buſy as a Bee
Hearts, ſound as any Bell or Roach,
Are Smit, and Sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops, or Hail,
The Fine men crowd about her,
But ſoon, as dead as a Door Nail,
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg, her ſhape appears,
O were we joyn'd together,
My heart would ſoon be free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as 5 pence, is her mein,
No Drum was ever tighter:
Her glance is as the Razor keen,
And not the Sun is Brighter.

As ſoft as Pap, her kiſſes are,
Methins I feel them yet
Brown as a Berry is her hair,
Her Eyes as black as jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
Her Pretty hands invite
Sharp as a needle, are her words,
Her wit like Pepper bite.

Briſk as a Body Louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt
Sweet as a Roſe, her face and Lips,
Round as a Globe her Breaſt.

Full as an Egg, was I with Glee,
And happy as a King
Good lack! how all men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe like the wind,
Chang'd as her Sex muſt do
Tho' ſeeming as the Turtle kind,
And as the Goſpel true.

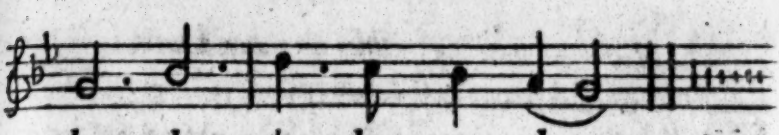
If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who will take Peru:
Great as an Emperor I Should be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a Chick
I'm dull as any Poſt;
Let us, like burrs, together ſtick,
As warm as any Toaſt.

You'l know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped;
Flat as a Flounder when I Lye,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, She'l drop a Tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fish.

The Thief and Cordelier) by Mat: Prior.



down down hey der---ry down.

There death breaks ỹ Shackles which force had put on.
And ỹ Hangman compleats what ỹ Iudge but begun:
There the Squire of ỹ Pad, & the Knight of ỹ Post,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, & their hopes no more
cross'd
Derry down &c.

Great Claims are there made, & great Secrets are known;
And the King, & the laws & ỹ Thief has his own:
But my Hearers cry out: what a Duce dost thou ail.
Put off thy Reflections. and give us thy Tale.
Derry down &c.

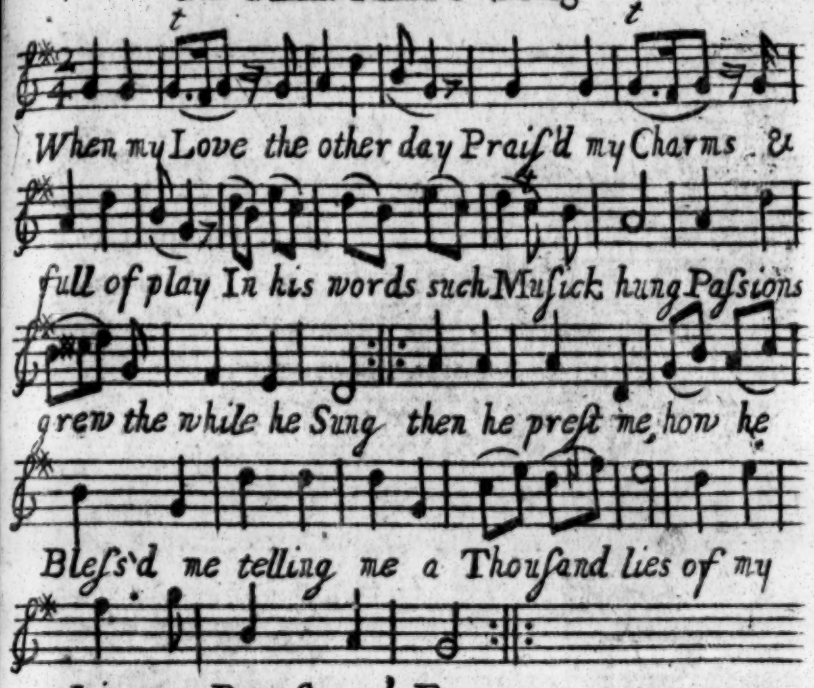
Twas there then in civil Respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad Cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to assist, but a Grave Cordelier!
Derry down &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open ỹ Scene,
Seem'd not in great hast, that ỹ Show Should begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart.
And often took Leave; but was loth to depart.
Derry down &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son! says the Priest:
You Murther'd, are Sorry, & have been Confest.
O Father! My Sorrow will Scarce save my Bacon:
For 'twas not that I Murther'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down &c.

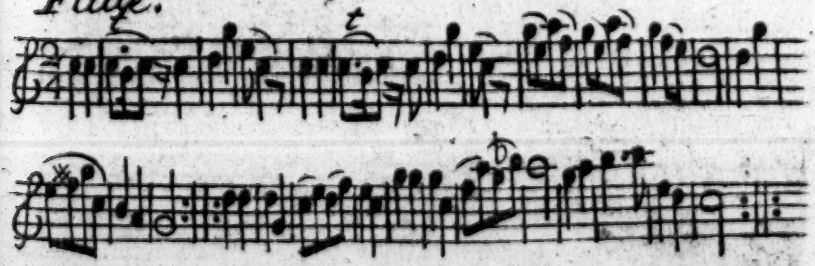
Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such Fancies
Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the Money you Promis'd be brought to ye Chest!
You have only to Dye: let the Church do the rest.
Derry down &c.
And what will Folks say, if they See you afraid!
It reflects upon Me, as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; to day is your Period of Sorrow:
And things will go better, believe me to morrow.
Derry down &c.
To morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of to night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, & be fairly truss'd up
For you Surely to night shall in Paradise Sup.
Derry down &c.
Alas! quoth ye Squire, howe'er Sumptuous the Treat,
Parblew! I shall have little Stomach to Eat:
I should therefore esteem it great Favour & Grace;
Would you be so kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down &c.
That I would, quoth ye Father, & thank you to boot;
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must Suit.
The Feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste:
For this night, by our orders is mark'd for a Fast.
Derry down &c.
Then turning about to the Hangman, he said;
Despatch me. I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade:
For thy Cord & my Cord both equally tie;
And we live by the Gold for which other men Dye.
Derry down &c.

The Milk Maid's Song

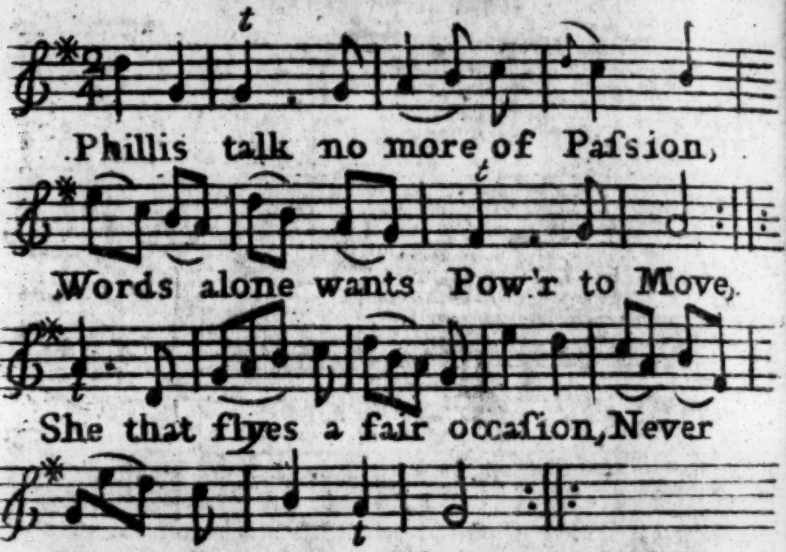


Prompted by the fire of Youth
Thinking all he said was truth
I poor easy yielding Maid
By the Traytor was betray'd
He carress'd me
And Posses'd me
Blasting all my growing Charms
Maids beware and dread such harms

Flute.

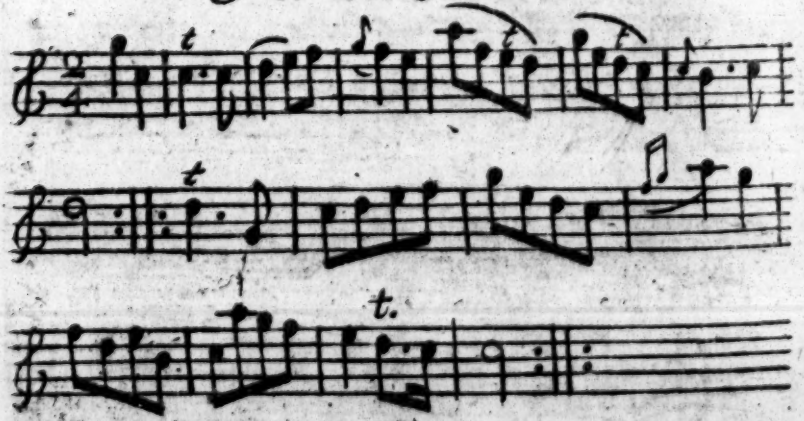


The Paſsionate Lover



Honour which ſo oft you Boaſt on
Love Poſſeſsing once your Mind
Only is a vain Pretention
Women Uſe who won't be kind.

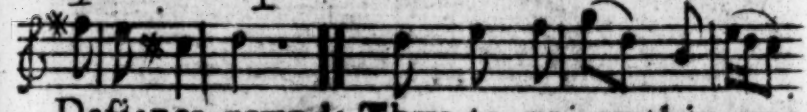
For the Flute.



To Celia dreſt as a Beau

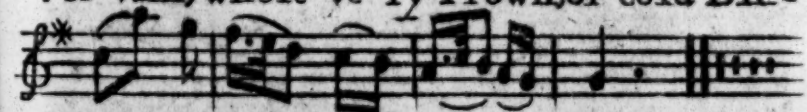
Celia, thou faireſt of the Fair, Thoſe

Eyes ſuch pointed Ar-rows bear, to dart



Defiance round; Thus to go arm'd in you

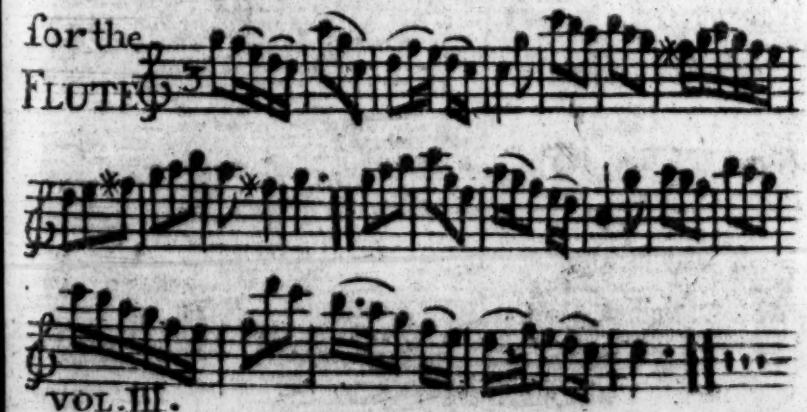
is vain, whoſe ve'ry Frown, or cold Diſ-



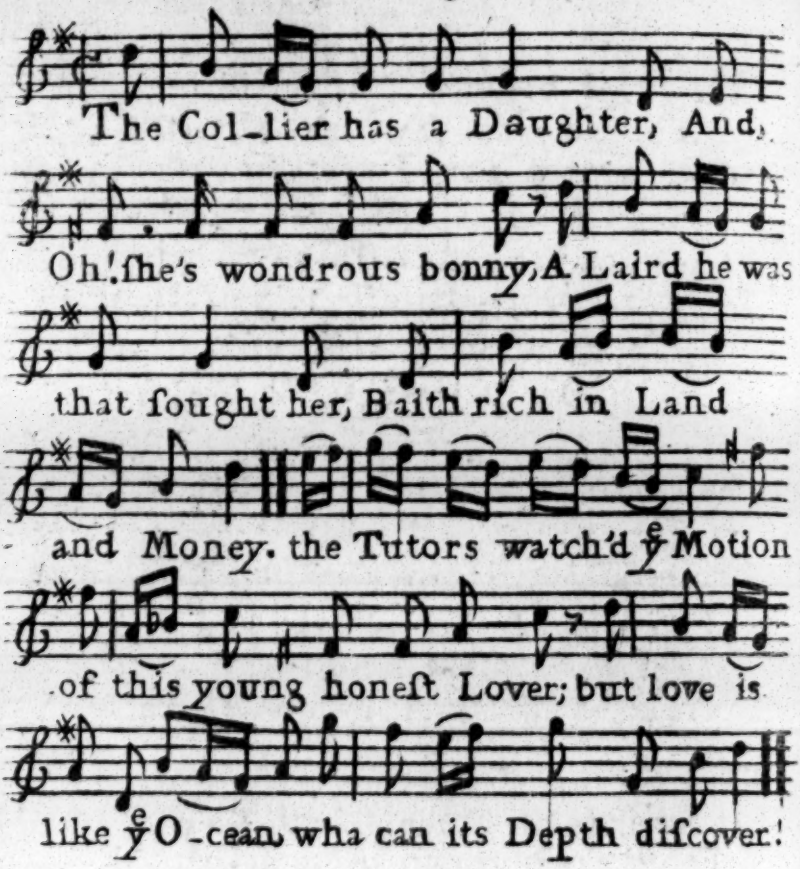
-dain, can kill, with-out a Wound.

Then be not, *Celia*, thus diſgrac'd;
Let Swords on fitter Limbs be plac'd:
From ſuch rough Acts deſiſt:
Unarmed, you can conquer more;
Nor can great *Mars*, with all his Pow'r,
Your naked Force reſiſt.

for the FLUTE



The Collier's Daughter

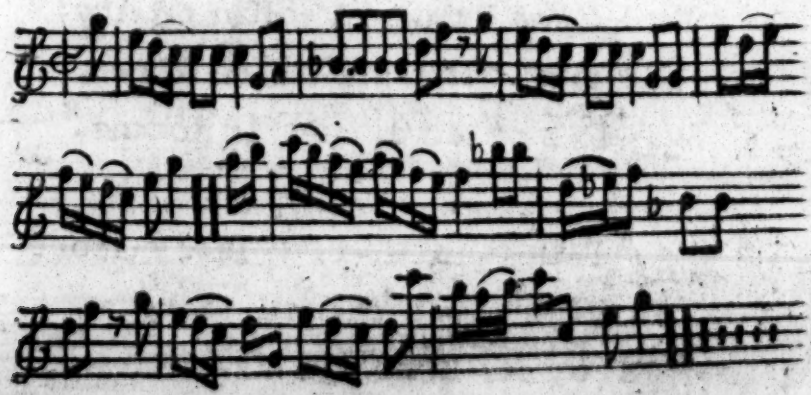


He had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by à reſpected;
His Airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected,
The Collier's bonny Laſſie,
Fair as the new blown Lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

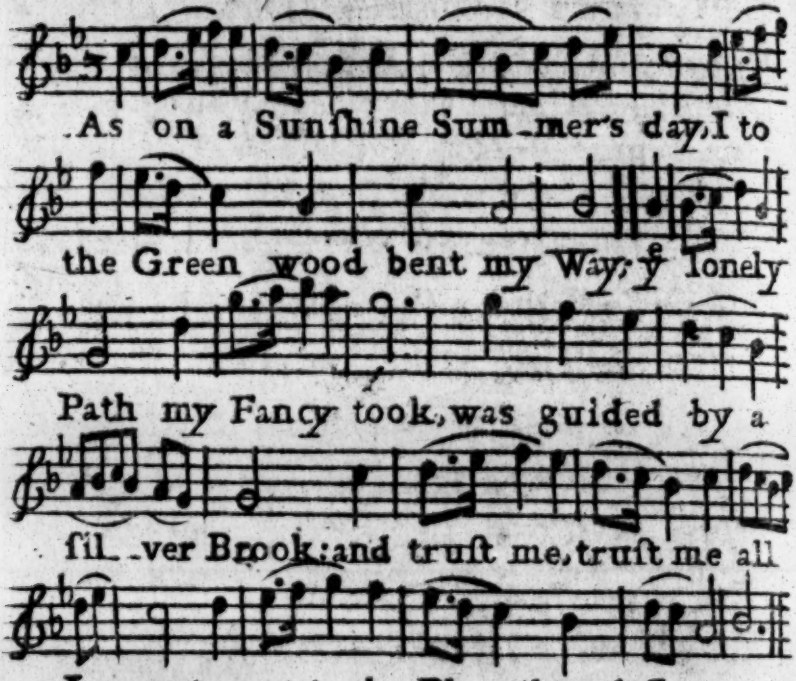
He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Poſſeſſion,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature Reſolving,
Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her,
In ſafteſt Flames diſſolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your wit and Beauty.

FLUTE



The Words by Mr Ben Griffin *to a* Minuet.



Upon it's flow'ry Bank I ſate,
Regardleſs of or Love, or Hate,
So took my Pipe, and 'gan to play
The jolly Shepherd's Roundelay:
And truſt me, truſt me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

All in the ſelf-ſame ſhady Grove
Youthful *Silvia* chanc'd to rove;
And, by its Echo led, drew near,

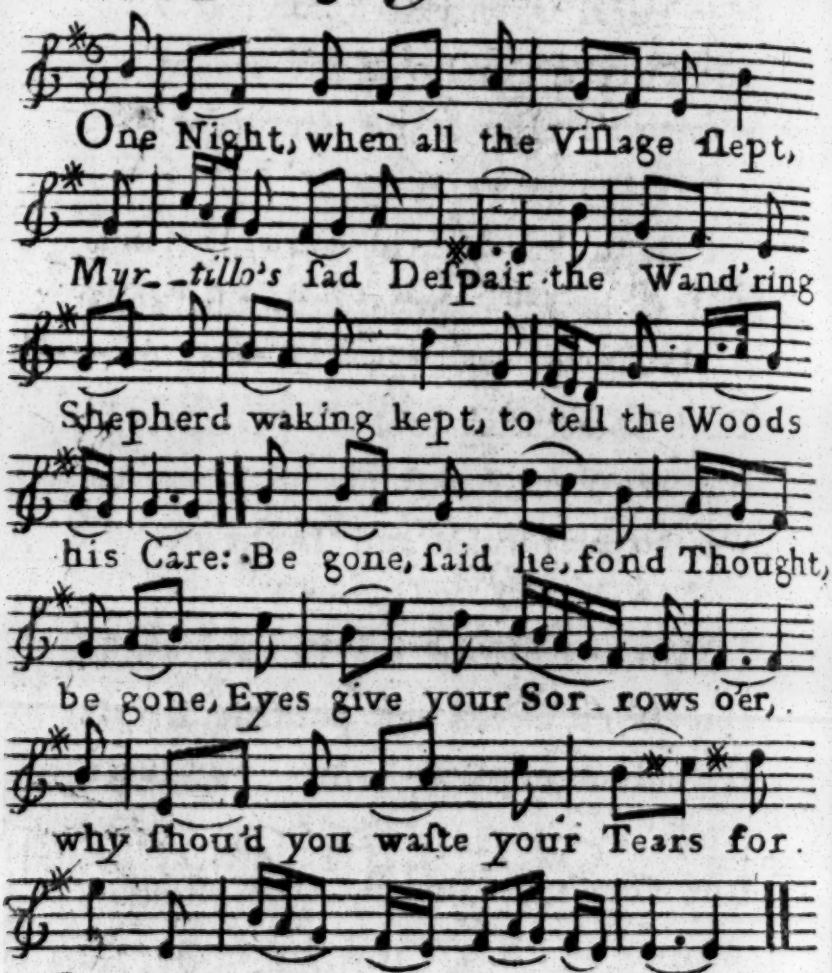
My rural Oaten Reed to hear.
But ſurely, ſurely, all ſhe meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

I, held her by the glowing Hand,
And ſomething ſhe did underſtand;
Her ſwelling Sighs, her melting Look,
That ſomething too, too plainly ſpoke:
But truſt me, truſt me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd, and Innocent.

When I beheld her ſlender Waſte,
Her Iv'ry Neck, her panting Breaſt,
Her blooming Cheek, her ſparkling Eye,
Gods! was there ought I could deny!
But ſure 'till then, all, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and Innocent.

When I her Charms had wander'd o'er,
My Heart was then my own no more;
Into her circling Arms I fell:
What follow'd then, I dare not tell;
We only both were in th' Event
Well pleas'd, if not ſo Innocent.

Deſpairing Myrtillo

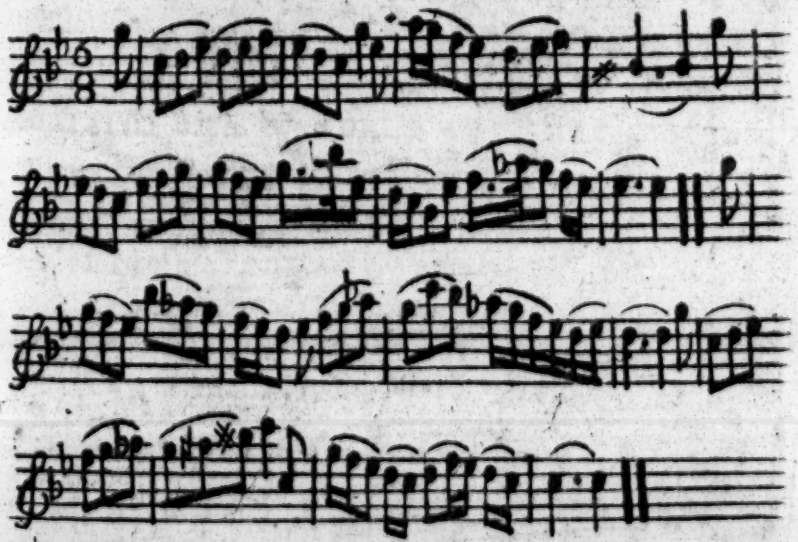


Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within this Grove,
Can tell how many tender Hours,
We here have paſs'd in Love:

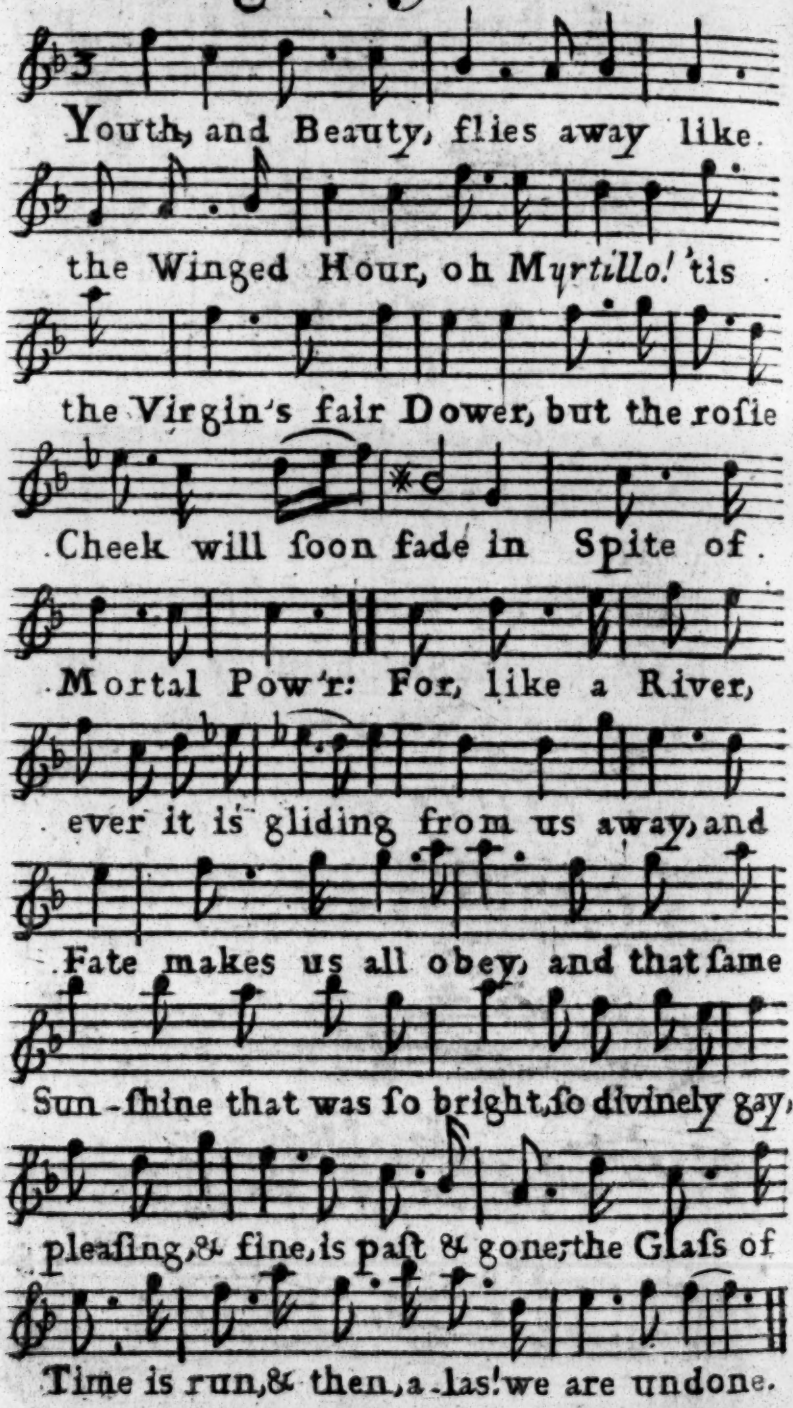
The Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how ſhe has ſworn
A thouſand times, that like to Thoſe
Her Flame ſhou'd ever burn.

But, ſince ſhe's loſt, oh! let me have
My Wiſh, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
And kindly here Complain;
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
And never wak'd again.

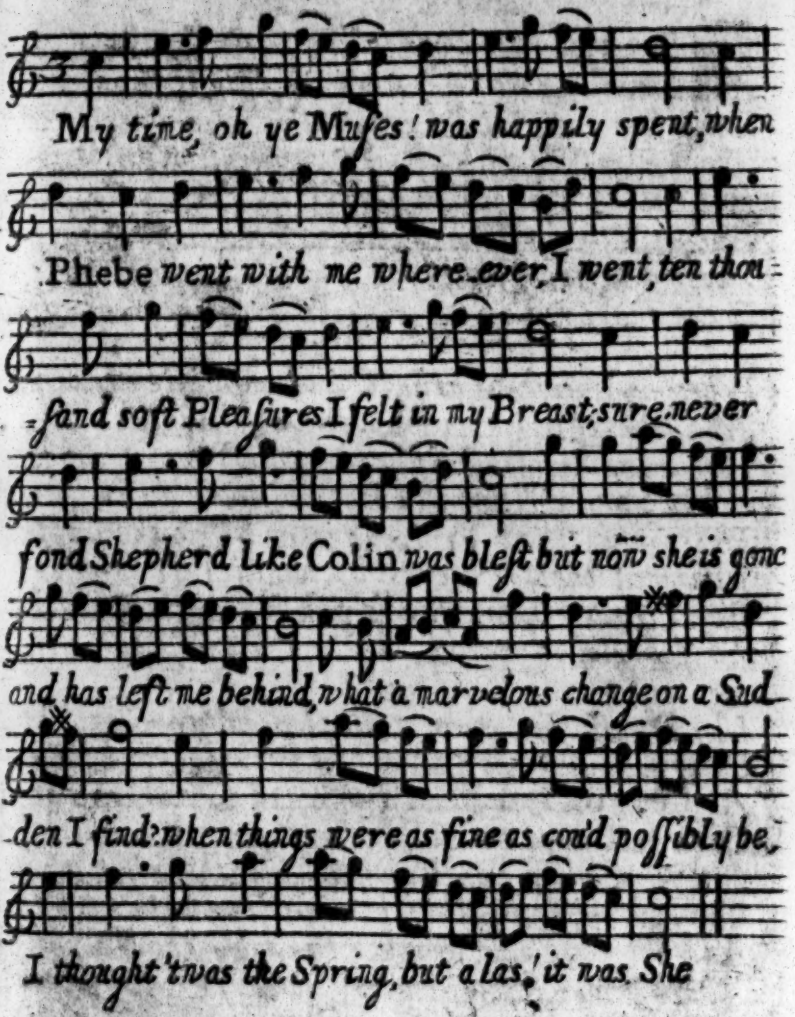
FLUTE



Fleeting Beauty.



Phebe Set by Mr Gouge



With Such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lye down and Sleep,
I was So good-humour'd, so chearfull and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day.
But now I so cross and so Peevish am grown,
So Strangely uneasy as never was known;
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart I am sure it weighs more than a Pound

The Fountain that wont to run Sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so chearfull, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe *and I were as Joyfull as they,*
How Pleasant their Sporting, how happy the time,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime!
But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To See you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to See
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one, and Me;
And Phebe *was Pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,*
Come hither, poor fellow; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's Fawning, I with a sour Look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as Dull as his Master, when Phebe's *away?*

When walking with Phebe *what Sights have I Seen!*
How fair was a Flower, how fresh was the Green!
What a lovely appearance the trees & the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, & ev'ry thing made;
But Since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

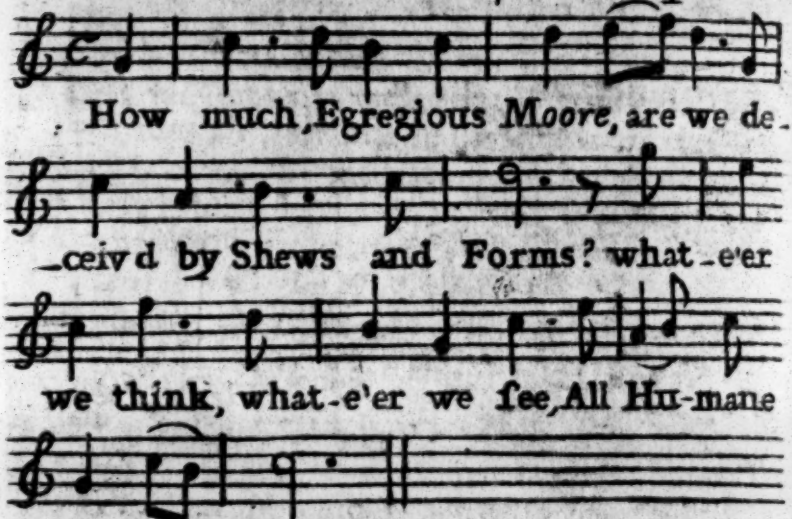
Sweet Muſick went with us both all ỹ wood thro,
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, & Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And Chirp went the Graſhopper under our Feet.
But now she is abſent, tho' ſtill they Sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone:
Her Voice in ỹ Conſort, as now I have Found,
Gave every thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does ought of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſom beguile?
That Meadow thoſe Daiſies why do they not Smile
Ah Rivals, I See what it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine for a Place in her Breaſt:
You put on your Colours to Pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

How Slowly time creeps, till my Phebe *return?*
While amidſt ỹ Soft Zephyr's *cool Breezes I Burn*
Methinks, if I knew where-about he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, & 'twould melt down ỹ
Lead.
Fly Swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer for't, when she is here.
Ah Colin: old time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter for all thou canſt say

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, thy Paſſion remove,
But what Swain is ſo Silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For Ne'er was Poor Shepherd ſo Sadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I Shall die with Deſpair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how you love one ſo fair.

To the Ingenious Mr Moore Author of the Celebrated Worm Powder By Mr Pope



Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Proud Reptile, vile and vain,
A-while he crawls upon the Earth;
Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er since our Grandam's Evil;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That Ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves we Book-worms Name,
The Block-head is a Slow-Worm:
The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is Aptly term'd a Glow-Worm,

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,
That Flutter for a Day;
First from a Worm they took their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows,
Some Worms ſuit all Conditions:
Miſers are Muck-worms; Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-Watches Phyſicians.

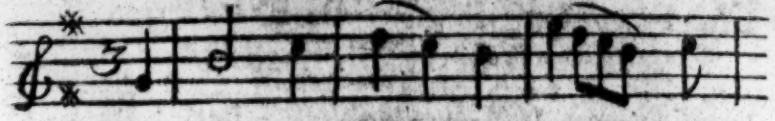
That Stateſman have a Worm is ſeen,
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night an Day.

Ah, *Moore!* thy Skill were well employ'd,
And Greater Gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

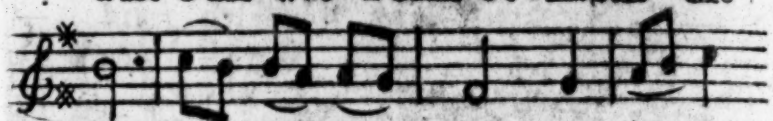
O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who ſett'ſt our Entrails free,
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat e'en thee,

Thou only canſt our fates Adjourn
Some few ſhort Years, no more,
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

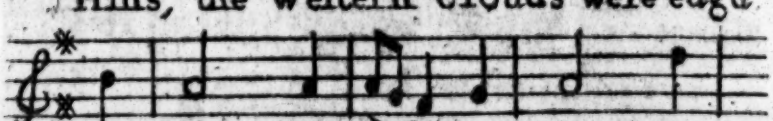
The Poor Shepherd



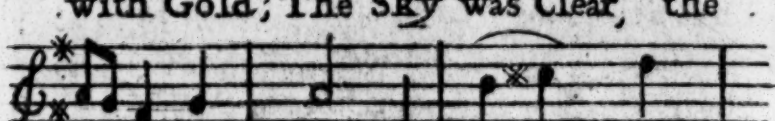
The Sun was ſunk be-neath the



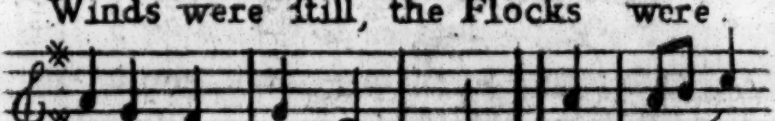
Hills, the Weſtern Clouds were edg'd



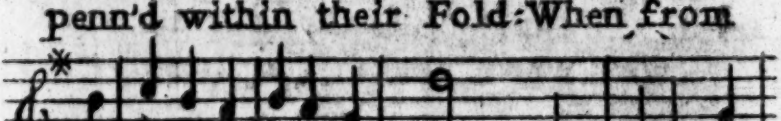
with Gold; The Sky was Clear, the



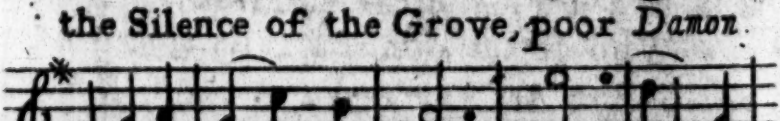
Winds were ſtill, the Flocks were



penn'd within their Fold: When from



the Silence of the Grove, poor *Damon*



thus deſpair'd of Love; Poor *Damon*

thus deſpair'd of Love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant Roſe
From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach;
Who, from each barren Weed that grows,
Expects the Grape and bluſhing Peach;
With equal Faith may hope to find
The Truth of Love in Womankind.
The Truth &c.

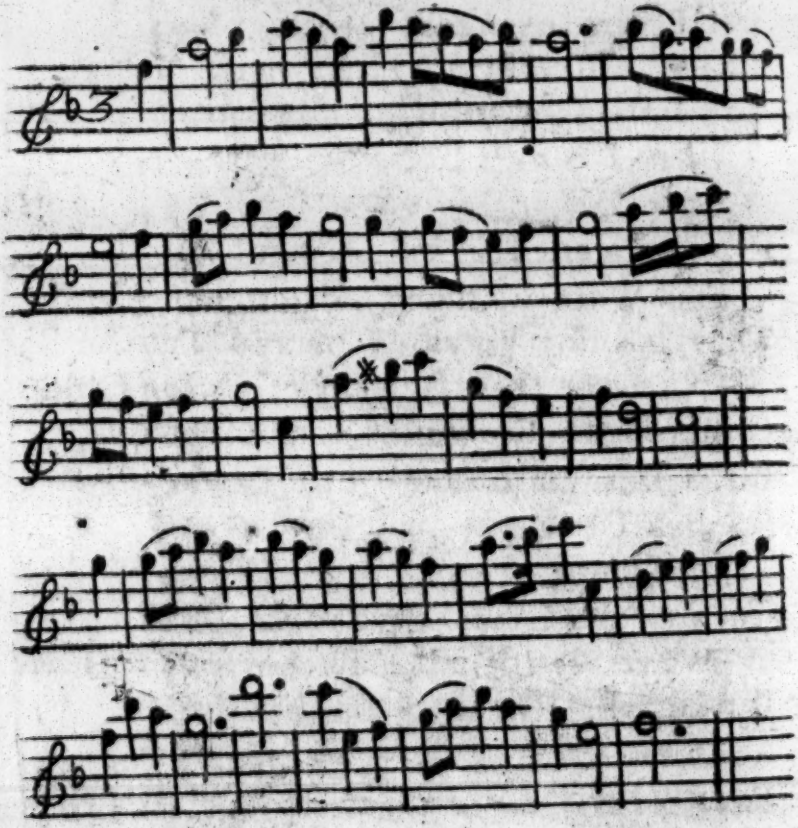
I have no Flocks, nor fleecy Care,
No Fields that ſhine with golden Grain,
Nor Meadows green, nor Gardens fair,
Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain;
Then all in vain my Sighs muſt Prove,
For I, alas! am nought but Love.
For I &c.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
Since Women's hearts are bought & ſold;
They ask not Vows of Sacred Truth;
Whene'er they ſigh, they ſigh for Gold.
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove;
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I &c.

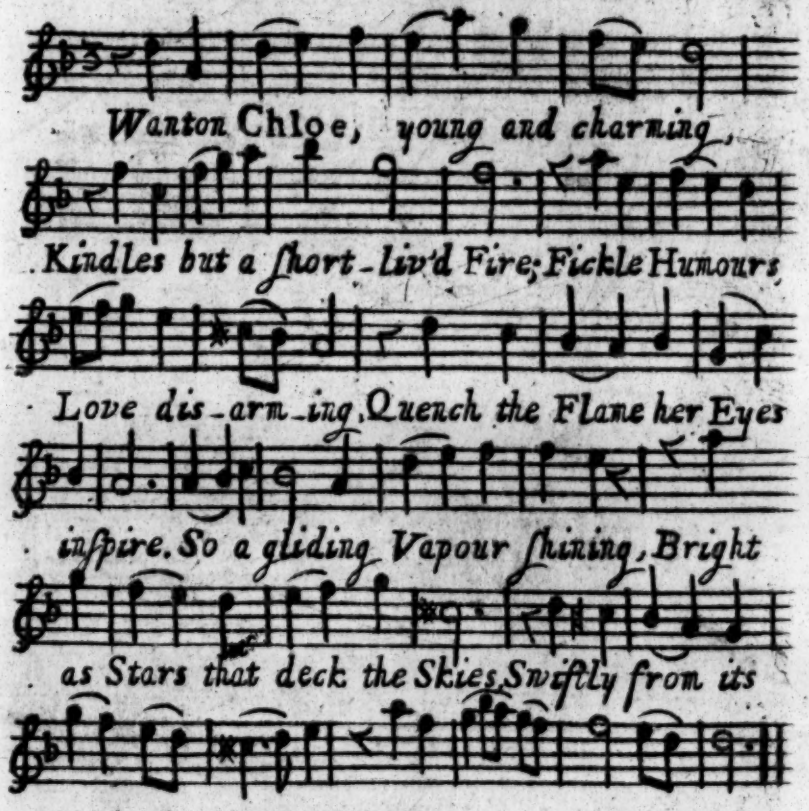
To buy the Gems of *India's* Coaſt,
What Wealth, what Riches can ſuffice?
But all their Fire can never boaſt
The living Luſtre of her Eyes;
For there ye World to cheap would Prove,
But I, alas! am nought but Love.
But I &c.

Oh, *Sylvia*, since nor Gems, nor Ore,
Can with thy brighter Charms compare,
Consider, that I Proffer more,
(More seldom found) a Heart sincere.
Let Treasure meaner Beauties move;
Who pays thy Worth, must pay with Love.
Who pays &c.

For the Flute.

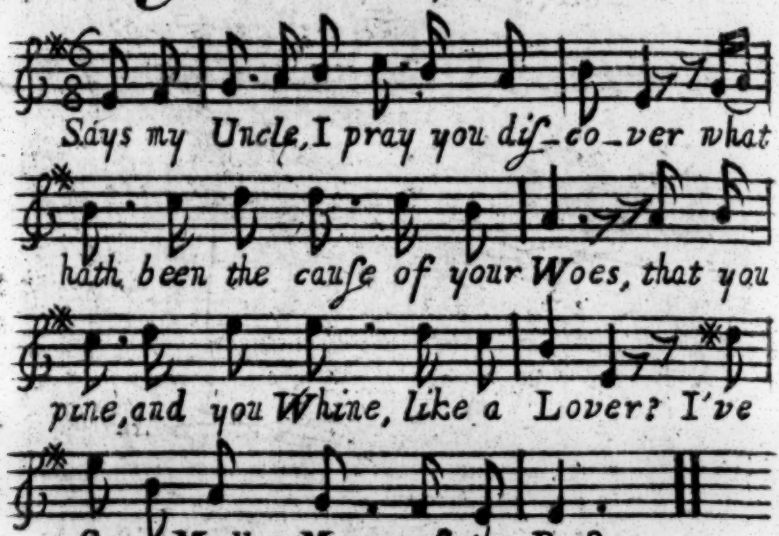


Chloe and Iris



Iris, *ev'ry Grace adorning,*
Gently warms my fond Desire;
Sighs for ev'ry Sigh returning,
Like a Vestal, feeds the Fire
Hiding still the Secret Pleasure,
From the prying Vulgar Eye;
Still resigning all her Treasure,
Giving, without Pain, the Joy.

Molly Mog: *Set by* M^r. Greene



O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
In Town you may find better Prog:
Half a Crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited
That Women at best are a Clog;
But I'm not so Easily frighted
From Loving of Sweet Molly Mog.

The School-boy's-Desire is a Play-day,
The School-master's Joy is to flog;
The Milk-maid's Delight is on May-day,
But mine is on Sweet Molly Mog.

Will a wisp leads the Trav'ler a gadding
Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
But no Light can set me a madding,
Like the Eyes of my Sweet Molly Mog.

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches
Your Gamesters will palm and will Cog;
But I envy them none of their Riches,
So I may win Sweet Molly Mog.

The Heart, when half-wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a Frog,
But my Heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fixt upon Sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,
In Pleasure is thought but a Hog;
All the Sex cannot give so good Measure
Of Ioys, as my Sweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,
My Senses all lost in a Fog,
Now there's Nothing can give Satisfaction
But thinking of Sweet Molly Mog.

A Letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a Iog;
And I fill all the Paper with writing
Of Nothing, but Sweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd Like a Dog;
And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,
For a Glance of my Sweet MollyMog.

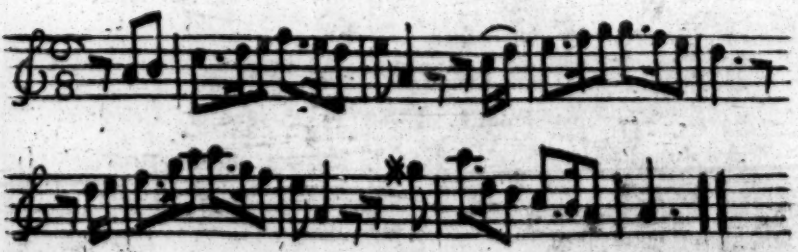
Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,
And seem as cut out of a Log;
Juno, Venus, *and* Pallas's *Merit*
Unite in my Sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
In Bumpers of Hogan *and* Nog,
Have Hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my Sweet Molly Mog.

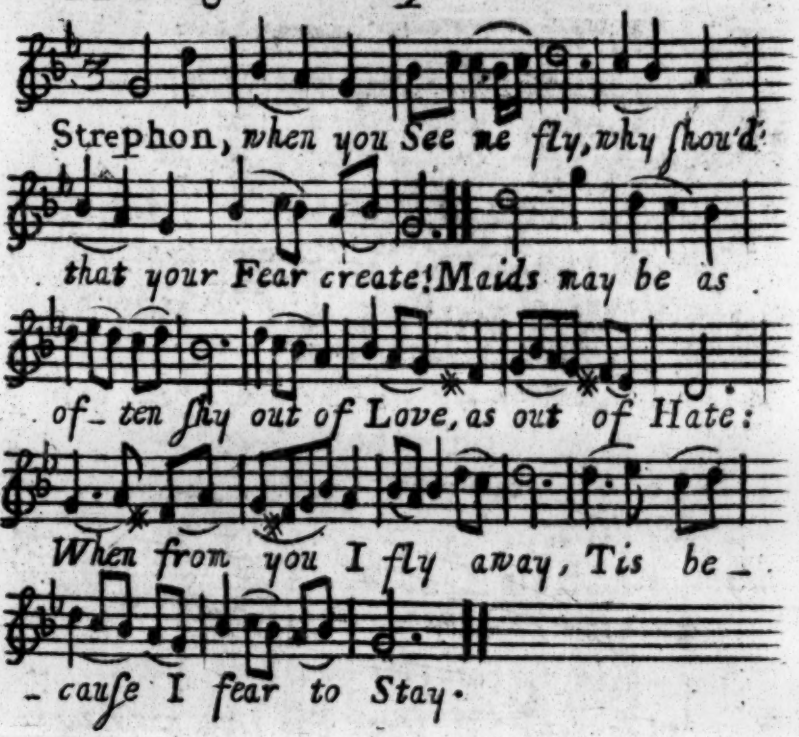
Were Virgil *alive with his* Phillis,
And writing another Eclogue,
Both his Phillis *and Fair* Amaryllis
He'd give up for my Sweet Molly Mog.

When she Smiles on each Guest, like her Liquor,
Then Iealousie sets me agog.
To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.

FLUTE



A Song *to* Denoye's Minuet.



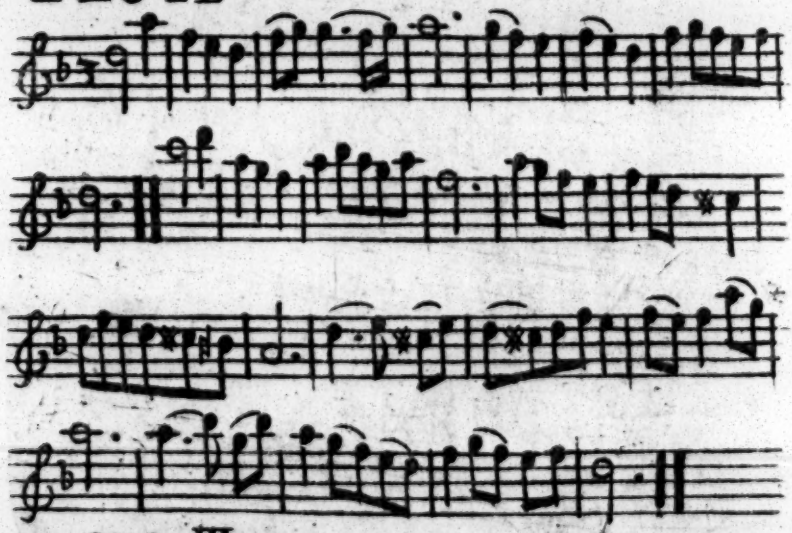
Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs wou'd be my Pain and Care;
But, the Youth I Love, to Shun!
Who cou'd ſuch a Tryal bear?
Who, that Such a Swain did See,
Who cou'd love, and fly, like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go;
Gentle Love commands my Stay:
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe;
Shall I this, or that, obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid Smiles;
That defends, and This beguiles.

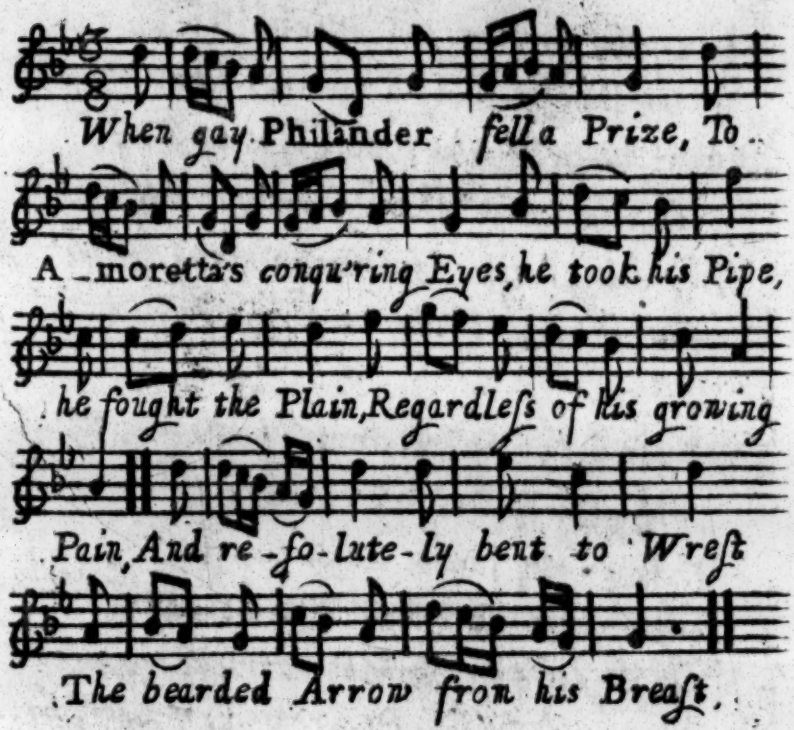
Ever, by this cryſtal Stream
I cou'd ſit, and See thee Sigh:
Raviſh'd with this pleaſing Dream,
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to fly!
But, the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings inſtead of Feet.

If you love me, Strephon, leave me,
If you Stay, I am undone:
Oh, you may with Eaſe deceive me,
Pr'ythee, charming Boy, be gone:
The Gods decree that we muſt part;
They have my Vow, but you my Heart.

FLUTE



Philander *and* Amoret.



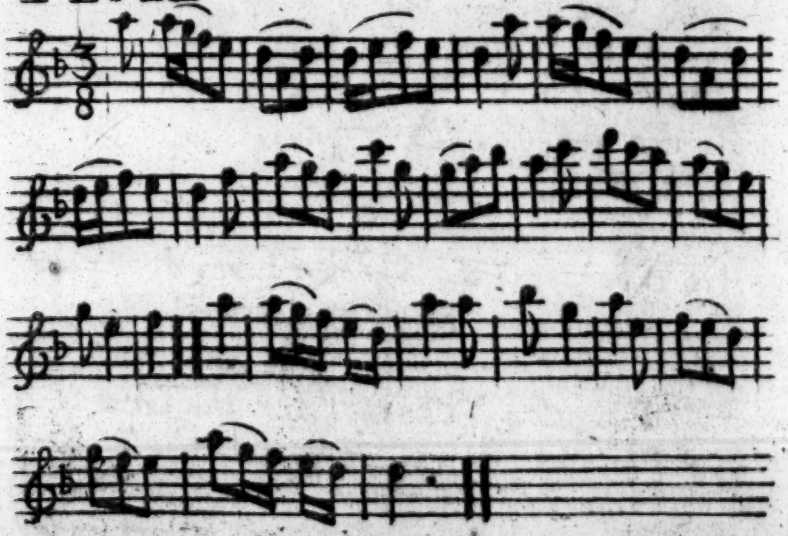
Come, gentle Gales, the Shepherd cry'd,
Be Cupid *and his Bow defy'd:*
But as the Gales obsequious flew,
With Flow'ry Scents, and Spicy Dew,
He *did unknowingly repeat,*
The Breath of Amoret *is Sweet.*

His Pipe again the Shepherd try'd,
And Warbling Nightingales reply'd,
Their Sounds in rival Measures move,
And meeting Echoes charm the Grove.
His Thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,
The Voice of Amoret *is Sweet*

Since ev'ry fair and lovely View
His Thoughts of Amoret *renew,*
From flow'ry Lawn, and shady Green,
To Prospect gloomy, chang'd the Scene:
Sad Change for him, for sighing there,
He thought of Lovers in Despair.

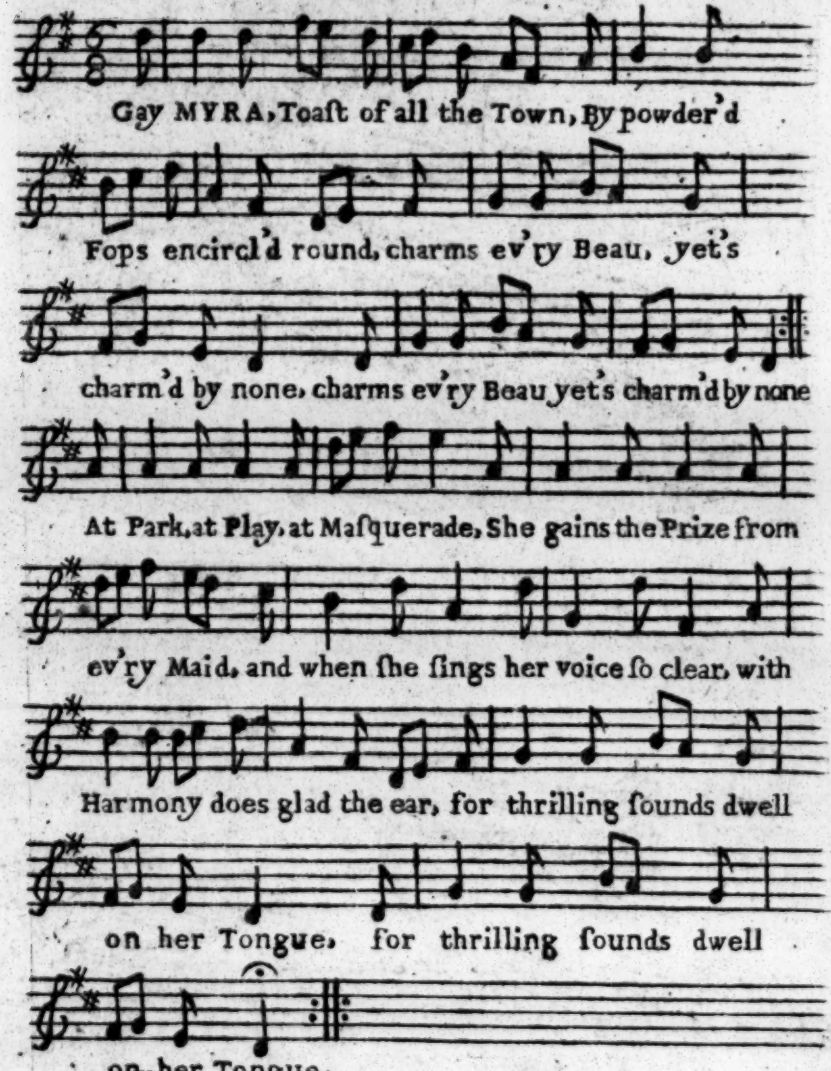
Convinc'd, the Sad Philander *cries,*
Now, cruel God, assert thy Prize;
For Love its fatal Empire gains:
Yet grant, in Pity to my Pains,
These Lines the Nymph may oft repeat,
And own Philander's *Lays are Sweet.*

FLUTE



MYRA'S CHOICE. To the Tune of the WHITE OAK.

The Words by a GENTLEMAN.



2

FIDELIO, Grac'd with ev'ry Charm
That cou'd the Heart of Virgin warm,
For MYRA ſigh'd, for her alone,
For MYRA &c.
Yet wou'd not pity touch the Fair,
To gently ſooth his deep deſpair,

And tho' ſhe ever frown'd diſdain,
He ſtill muſt languiſh tho' in vain,
For ſweeteſt ſounds dwelt on her Tongue.
For ſweeteſt, &c.

3

PAPILIO Smart with flutt'ring Air,
Breath'd Artfully his mimmick care,
With gaudy Charms the Foplin ſhone,
With gaudy, &c.
No one like him cou'd Sing or Dance,
The Spark was newly come from FRANCE,
He Ap'd, careſs'd, and fondly ſwore,
He never Lov'd a BELLE before,
For melting ſounds dwelt on her Tongue.
For melting, &c.

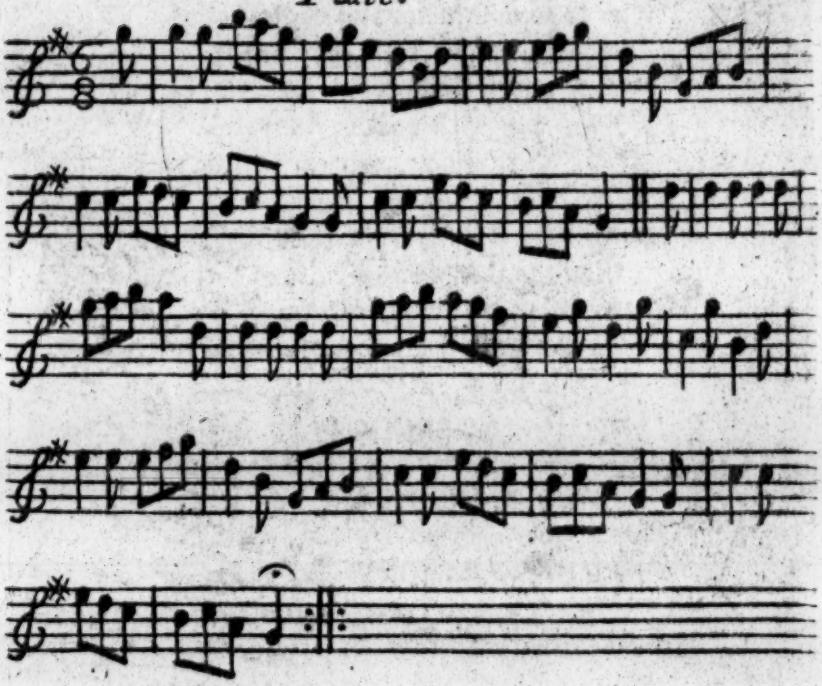
4

CORDELIO, Generous, Prudent, Wiſe,
The ſprightly Dame did thus adviſe,
Young FLORIO'S borrow'd Love to ſhun:
Young FLORIO'S, &c.
Since falſe PAPILIO ſoon wou'd prove,
And was not worthy of her Love,
FIDELIO'S Flame was Chaſte and pure,
And wou'd till ebbing Life endure,
His Heart ſincere as was his Tongue.
His Heart, &c.

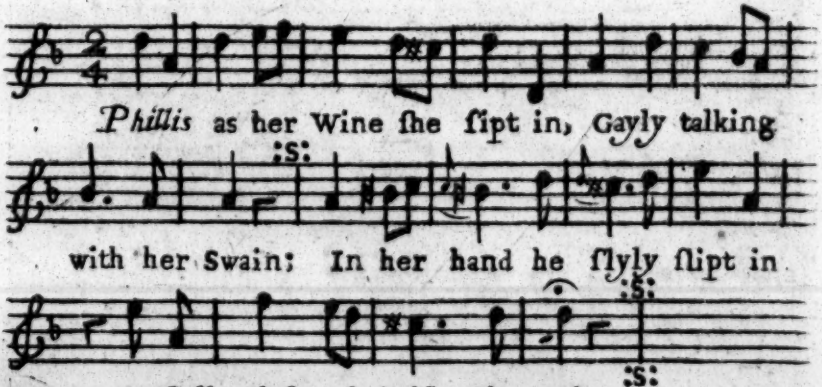
5

At length with flatt'ring courtſhip cloy'd,
And faithleſs vows of paſſion void,
She found She'd been amuſ'd too long:
She found, &c.
She FLORIO told he ne'er was true,
PAPILIO he was falſe ſhe knew,
FIDELIO'S ſighs ſhe muſt approve,
And when ſhe Crown'd his conſtant Love,
Enchanting ſounds dwelt on her Tongue.
Enchanting, &c.

Flute.



The DOUBLE ENTENDRE.



2

Why ſo Coy ſaid he, and ſicle,
Muſt I always ſigh in vain;
Muſt I never hope to ticle
Your Ear with a merry Strain.

3

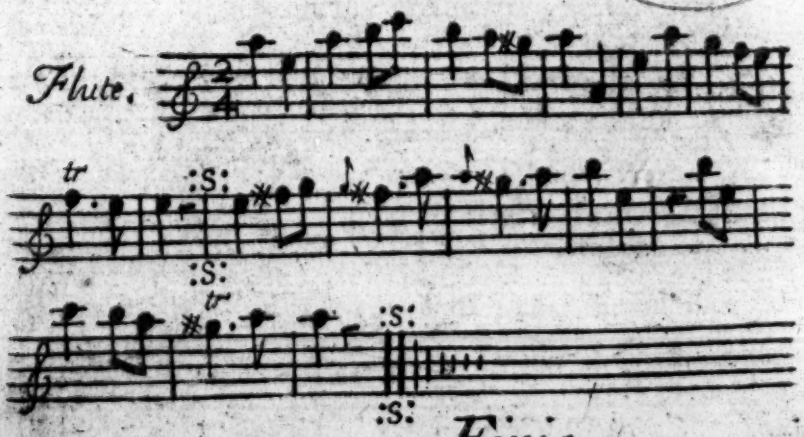
Long have I been toſs'd and fretting,
Like a Sailor on the main;
Sure at length 'tis time to get in
To the Port I hope to gain.

4

Hearts you take delight in ſtealing,
Of new Conqueſts ſtill are vain;
Torture others whilſt I'm feeling
Pleaſures that's devoid of pain.

5

Won at length ſhe liſtn'd kindly,
And from Love cou'd not refrain;
So in the nick the Nymph was finely
Fitted for her cold diſdain.



Finis.

B. 353

Wm Hough his s.

October the 11 1788

BRITISH MUSEUM